

A. B. Niehl.

New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

Volume XIX.

New Oxford, Pa., Friday, Dec. 24, 1897.

Number 33



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E. James, Esq., of Brooklyn (P. O. Box 28), Cuyahoga Co., Ohio, writes: "We received the 'People's Medical Adviser' all safe and on time; we have looked it through carefully, and we are satisfied that the book will be of great value to us in raising our family of seven children. My wife has found great help from Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, as when she takes cold from any cause, it generally settles on her lungs. The 'Favorite Prescription' we keep on hand all the time. It is a wonderful medicine. My wife has great faith in it. By being careful in the way we live and by using Dr. Pierce's medicines when we don't feel just right, we have had to call a doctor only once in fifteen years in our family."

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on hand at all times
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Sale or Exchange
—AT—
C. J. SMITH'S
Sale and Exchange
Stables, HANOVER.

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The Illinois legislature yesterday adopted a joint resolution strongly endorsing Bryan's selection.

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General Lew Wallace predicts a war between Japan and the United States unless we annex Hawaii now.

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Washington Hesing, ex-postmaster of Chicago, died suddenly in that city on Saturday, aged 48.

Alfred Sanford, of St. Louis, who was once engaged to Julia Dent, now General Grant's widow, is dying in that city.

Albert Hoff, arrested on suspicion of killing Mrs. Clute, at San Francisco, is believed to have also killed Emma Hawkes.

Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, says the adoption of Secretary Gage's financial scheme would defeat Republicans in 1900.

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Polish seceders from the Roman Catholic church in Chicago are said to be gaining many recruits all over the world for the Independent Catholic Church of America.

Wednesday, Dec. 22.

In spite of the new tariff the trade of Nuremberg, Germany, with this country has increased greatly.

Two men were buried in a snowslide on Pike's Peak. One of them was killed and the other is in a dying condition.

Stacey Betzler, a medical student at the University of Virginia, is charged with chloroforming and robbing a college caterer.

In a street fight between Ida Lemon and Queenie Skinner, at Anderson, Ind., the Skinner woman was fatally carved with a butcher knife.

The manager of Major's tar distillery at Hull, England, and four of the employees were killed by an explosion in the works last evening.

The Sweden-Norway Controversy.
London, Dec. 20.—A dispatch from Christiania to The Daily Chronicle says the political situation, since the failure of the united committee on foreign affairs, has become critical, and it is feared that Sweden will seek an occasion for armed intervention in Norway.

The dispatch adds that the Swedish press hopes for assistance from Emperor William.

Indianapolis' Curfew Ordinance.
Indianapolis, Dec. 21.—The city council last night, by a vote of 12 to 7, two members being absent, passed a curfew ordinance prohibiting children under 15 from using the streets after 9 p. m. in the summer and 8 p. m. in the winter. An effort will be made to defeat it on a reconsideration.

SUICIDE OF MISS HERBERT.

Jumped From a Third Story Window After Severing an Artery.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Miss Lella Herbert, daughter of former Secretary of the Navy Herbert, of Alabama, died at her home in this city yesterday. She jumped from the third story of her home, which is situated on New Hampshire avenue, in the most fashionable part of the city, just off Dupont Circle. Miss Herbert at the time of the occurrence was suffering from acute melancholia. It developed several weeks ago as the final result of injuries received by being thrown from her horse in September.

Early yesterday morning the nurse on duty noticed a small spot of blood on the bed covering. She inquired what it meant, but the invalid endeavored to pass it by lightly. On making an investigation, however, the nurse found that the under bedclothes were saturated with blood, and that Miss Herbert had severed the artery of her wrist with a pair of scissors. Feeling that the emergency was great, the nurse hastened to the door and called an alarm. In this momentary absence from the bedside Miss Herbert leaped out and sprang from the window. The plunge was made headforemost, so that she lighted on the top of her head on the asphalt pavement. This injury alone was sufficient to have caused death from concussion, and it was doubtless the immediate cause. She died an hour after the leap.

Britons Want Our Fish.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 22.—The report of a combine of the menhaden interests of the country is true. It was learned today that menhaden factory steamers from Delaware to Maine have been bought by a syndicate of English and American capitalists. An Englishman named Stanley has invented a new process for cooking menhaden, extracting the oil and drying the guano. A model of the Stanley machine was brought to the United States last summer, and was shown to the fishermen here. Rather than meet an opposition with so much advantage over them they sold their business and goodwill to the capitalists that own the patent.

Francis Lingo Indicted.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 22.—The case of Francis Lingo, the negro who was held in \$17,000 bail on a number of charges in connection with the charge of enticing Miss Berry from her home in Philadelphia, was yesterday taken up by the grand jury and five indictments were found against him. Lingo's ostensible purpose was to engage the young woman as a companion for an aged woman, but his real purpose is believed to have been to accomplish the girl's ruin and death. He will be tried on Friday. The case against Eli Shaw, charged with the murder of his mother and grandmother, went over until today.

Trades Unionists in the Militia.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—Trades unionists are required by the Chicago Federation of Labor to leave the national guard at once. This was the unanimous decision reached by the delegates at their regular weekly meeting. It was said without contradiction that a union man could not consistently serve in the militia and incur the risk of being called out to shoot down his fellow tradesmen who were on strike for the betterment of their economic condition.

The Altoona Wreck Killed Three.

Altoona, Pa., Dec. 22.—Three lives were lost and \$75,000 worth of damage was done to property of the Pennsylvania railroad as a result of Monday night's freight wreck on the Pennsylvania road, which was caused by a runaway train. The dead are: S. Kuster, Hagerstown, Ind.; Charles J. Numer, brakeman; S. G. Corbin, brakeman. Numer could be heard talking for four hours, but could not be reached, and Corbin's body was found in a pile of debris 30 feet high. Kuster died shortly after midnight.

Mayor Quincy Re-Elected.

Boston, Dec. 22.—Mayor Josiah Quincy, Democrat, was re-elected yesterday by a decreased plurality over ex-Mayor Curtis, his opponent of two years ago, although the city went Republican at the state election last month. The attempt to split the Democratic vote in the city by vigorous work on the part of Thomas Riley, running as a Silver Democrat, proved futile, less than 3,000 voters supporting him at the polls. The city voted for license by an increased majority.

Proposed Whipping Post For Virginia.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 22.—A whipping post bill was introduced in the state senate yesterday. The measure provides "that all persons convicted of petit larceny shall, instead of being punished as now provided by law, be punished with not less than ten nor more than 30 stripes, but in cases of conviction of females or male infants under the age of 15 years it shall be optional with said female and the parent or guardian of said infant whether they shall be punished with stripes or according to statutes in force at this time." The act does not apply to persons over 65 years of age.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Shamokin, Pa., Dec. 22.—William McNamara died yesterday from the bullet sent through his left lung on Friday morning last by James Chalney, the confidence man. Chalney, who broke a leg in trying to escape, will be committed for murder as soon as he can be removed.

Pittsburg, Dec. 20.—Notices have been posted in the majority of the 40 lamp chimney factories of the country that instead of the usual two weeks' shutdown there will be only one day of idleness (Christmas) during the holidays this year. The extra work means thousands of dollars in the aggregate to the workmen in wages, and the Christmas gift is highly appreciated.

Stroudsburg, Pa., Dec. 21.—T. Charles Beatty, former supreme secretary of the A. P. A., and a prominent lawyer of the middle west, and Harry Howard, were taken yesterday to Philadelphia to serve a term of 15 months in the Eastern penitentiary for forgery. Before he left Beatty wrote in jail an account of his life, which he headed "Life's Experience of a Smart Fool."

Susquehanna, Pa., Dec. 20.—Flora Sweet, aged 40, about midnight shot her mother, Mrs. Elvira Sweet, aged 60, in the breast with a revolver, inflicting a wound from which the latter died in about an hour. The daughter said the shooting was the result of a quarrel. The mother, in her ante-mortem statement, said the daughter had been in ill health for many years, and was not to blame.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 21.—Dr. Charles A. Heinisch, of this city, has received a cablegram from Paris announcing that the late Dr. Thomas Evans, the celebrated American dentist, who recently died in Paris, left a will in which he bequeathed the greater portion of his estate to relatives in America. It is intimated in the cablegram that the deceased has provided for a memorial in Philadelphia. It is said that Dr. Evans left an estate valued at several millions. The heirs have already taken steps to send legal representatives to France to look after their interests.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 20.—Thomas H. Hanton, aged 63 years, died last evening at the County hospital as the result of swallowing a number of opium pills Saturday night, which he followed up by turning on the gas in the room of the hotel at which he was stopping and closing all the means of ventilation. Hanton came here about a week ago, and registered at the Hoffman House as from Washington. He represented himself as a pensioner, engaged a week's board at the hotel, paying in advance, and spent money liberally until he went broke on Saturday.

Harrisburg, Dec. 22.—There will be no more dragging the river for the body of the missing Rev. Samuel Spurrier, of Bainbridge, for the reason that Chief Western is in possession of information which leads him to abandon the suicide and foul play theories and inaugurate a search for a live man, as he believes. He thinks Spurrier wandered away with no other purpose than to find a more ready sale for his subscription books elsewhere. He may be out of range of the newspapers and totally oblivious of the sensation which his disappearance has created.

Pittsburg, Dec. 22.—Contracts aggregating in amount almost \$600,000 were awarded yesterday by Chief Engineer Brown, of the Pennsylvania railroad, for the improvement of the main line of that road between Altoona and Gallitzin tunnel, on the eastern slope of the Allegheny mountains. Almost 500 men will be given employment on the improvements, which will be started at once. Between Altoona and Bennington, a short distance east of the Gallitzin tunnel, the Pennsylvania will lay an additional track, making three main tracks for the ten miles west of Altoona.

Pittsburg, Dec. 20.—The initial step toward securing the G. A. R. encampment for Pittsburg in 1900 was taken Saturday night by the Allegheny County G. A. R. association, and the plan will be agitated at the coming Cincinnati gathering. In connection with the encampment, if it should be held here, it is proposed to unveil a grand soldiers' monument, to cost in the neighborhood of \$500,000. It is believed by the veterans hereabouts that 1900 will be the last year for encampments, and it is their ambition to have the organization wind up its career in this city.

Easton, Pa., Dec. 20.—President Warfield, of Lafayette college, has issued a call for a meeting of the local members of the board of trustees, when arrangements are to be made for continuing the different courses of study disturbed by the burning of Pardee Hall on Saturday. President Hallenbach, of the board, has instructed Dr. Warfield to make all necessary arrangements for temporary relief and to call a meeting of the trustees to arrange for rebuilding the structure without unnecessary delay. Among the property saved by the students have been found Dr. T. C. Porter's Pennsylvania flora and the new instruments lately added to the department of geology.

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Polish seceders from the Roman Catholic church in Chicago are said to be gaining many recruits all over the world for the Independent Catholic Church of America.

Wednesday, Dec. 22.

In spite of the new tariff the trade of Nuremberg, Germany, with this country has increased greatly.

Two men were buried in a snowslide on Pike's Peak. One of them was killed and the other is in a dying condition.

Stacey Betzler, a medical student at the University of Virginia, is charged with chloroforming and robbing a college caterer.

In a street fight between Ida Lemon and Queenie Skinner, at Anderson, Ind., the Skinner woman was fatally carved with a butcher knife.

The manager of Major's tar distillery at Hull, England, and four of the employees were killed by an explosion in the works last evening.

The Sweden-Norway Controversy.

London, Dec. 20.—A dispatch from Christiania to The Daily Chronicle says the political situation, since the failure of the united committee on foreign affairs, has become critical, and it is feared that Sweden will seek an occasion for armed intervention in Norway. The dispatch adds that the Swedish press hopes for assistance from Emperor William.

Indianapolis' Cursfew Ordinance.

Indianapolis, Dec. 21.—The city council last night, by a vote of 12 to 7, two members being absent, passed a cursfew ordinance prohibiting children under 15 from using the streets after 9 p. m. in the summer and 8 p. m. in the winter. An effort will be made to defeat it on a reconsideration.

SUICIDE OF MISS HERBERT.

Jumped From a Third Story Window After Severing an Artery.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Miss Lella Herbert, daughter of former Secretary of the Navy Herbert, of Alabama, died at her home in this city yesterday. She jumped from the third story of her home, which is situated on New Hampshire avenue, in the most fashionable part of the city, just off Dupont Circle. Miss Herbert at the time of the occurrence was suffering from acute melancholia. It developed several weeks ago as the final result of injuries received by being thrown from her horse in September.

Early yesterday morning the nurse on duty noticed a small spot of blood on the bed covering. She inquired what it meant, but the invalid endeavored to pass it by lightly. On making an investigation, however, the nurse found that the under bedclothes were saturated with blood, and that Miss Herbert had severed the artery of her wrist with a pair of scissors. Feeling that the emergency was great, the nurse hastened to the door and called an alarm. In this momentary absence from the bedside Miss Herbert leaped out and sprang from the window. The plunge was made headforemost, so that she lighted on the top of her head on the asphalt pavement. This injury alone was sufficient to have caused death from concussion, and it was doubtless the immediate cause. She died an hour after the leap.

Britons Want Our Fish.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 22.—The report of a combine of the menhaden interests of the country is true. It was learned today that menhaden factory steamers from Delaware to Maine have been bought by a syndicate of English and American capitalists. An Englishman named Stanley has invented a new process for cooking menhaden, extracting the oil and drying the guano. A model of the Stanley machine was brought to the United States last summer, and was shown to the fishermen here. Rather than meet an opposition with so much advantage over them they sold their business and goodwill to the capitalists that own the patent.

Francis Lingo Indicted.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 22.—The case of Francis Lingo, the negro who was held in \$17,000 bail on a number of charges in connection with the charge of enticing Miss Berry from her home in Philadelphia, was yesterday taken up by the grand jury and five indictments were found against him. Lingo's ostensible purpose was to engage the young woman as a companion for an aged woman, but his real purpose is believed to have been to accomplish the girl's ruin and death. He will be tried on Friday. The case against Eli Shaw, charged with the murder of his mother and grandmother, went over until today.

Trades Unionists in the Militia.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—Trades unionists are required by the Chicago Federation of Labor to leave the national guard at once. This was the unanimous decision reached by the delegates at their regular weekly meeting. It was said without contradiction that a union man could not consistently serve in the militia and incur the risk of being called out to shoot down his fellow tradesmen who were on strike for the betterment of their economic condition.

The Altoona Wreck Killed Three.

Altoona, Pa., Dec. 22.—Three lives were lost and \$75,000 worth of damage was done to property of the Pennsylvania railroad as a result of Monday night's freight wreck on the Pennsylvania road, which was caused by a runaway train. The dead are: S. Kuster, Hagerstown, Ind.; Charles J. Numer, brakeman; S. G. Corbin, brakeman. Numer could be heard talking for four hours, but could not be reached, and Corbin's body was found in a pile of debris 30 feet high. Kuster died shortly after midnight.

Mayor Quincy Re-Elected.

Boston, Dec. 22.—Mayor Josiah Quincy, Democrat, was re-elected yesterday by a decreased plurality over ex-Mayor Curtis, his opponent of two years ago, although the city went Republican at the state election last month. The attempt to split the Democratic vote in the city by vigorous work on the part of Thomas Riley, running as a Silver Democrat, proved futile, less than 3,000 voters supporting him at the polls. The city voted for license by an increased majority.

Proposed Whipping Post For Virginia.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 22.—A whipping post bill was introduced in the state senate yesterday. The measure provides "that all persons convicted of petit larceny shall, instead of being punished as now provided by law, be punished with not less than ten nor more than 30 stripes, but in cases of conviction of females or male infants under the age of 15 years it shall be optional with said female and the parent or guardian of said infant whether they shall be punished with stripes or according to statutes in force at this time." The act does not apply to persons over 65 years of age.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Shamokin, Pa., Dec. 22.—William McNamara died yesterday from the bullet sent through his left lung on Friday morning last by James Chalney, the confidence man. Chalney, who broke a leg in trying to escape, will be committed for murder as soon as he can be removed.

Pittsburg, Dec. 20.—Notices have been posted in the majority of the 40 lamp chimney factories of the country that instead of the usual two weeks' shutdown there will be only one day of idleness (Christmas) during the holidays this year. The extra work means thousands of dollars in the aggregate to the workmen in wages, and the Christmas gift is highly appreciated.

Stroudsburg, Pa., Dec. 21.—T. Charles Beatty, former supreme secretary of the A. P. A., and a prominent lawyer of the middle west, and Harry Howard, were taken yesterday to Philadelphia to serve a term of 15 months in the Eastern penitentiary for forgery. Before he left Beatty wrote in jail an account of his life, which he headed "Life's Experience of a Smart Fool."

Susquehanna, Pa., Dec. 20.—Flora Sweet, aged 40, about midnight shot her mother, Mrs. Elvira Sweet, aged 60, in the breast with a revolver, inflicting a wound from which the latter died in about an hour. The daughter said the shooting was the result of a quarrel. The mother, in her ante-mortem statement, said the daughter had been in ill health for many years, and was not to blame.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 21.—Dr. Charles A. Heinlsh, of this city, has received a cablegram from Paris announcing that the late Dr. Thomas Evans, the celebrated American dentist, who recently died in Paris, left a will in which he bequeathed the greater portion of his estate to relatives in America. It is intimated in the cablegram that the deceased has provided for a memorial in Philadelphia. It is said that Dr. Evans left an estate valued at several millions. The heirs have already taken steps to send legal representatives to France to look after their interests.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 20.—Thomas H. Hanton, aged 68 years, died last evening at the County hospital as the result of swallowing a number of opium pills Saturday night, which he followed up by turning on the gas in the room of the hotel at which he was stopping and closing all the means of ventilation. Hanton came here about a week ago, and registered at the Hoffman House as from Washington. He represented himself as a pensioner, engaged a week's board at the hotel, paying in advance, and spent money liberally until he went broke on Saturday.

Harrisburg, Dec. 22.—There will be no more dragging the river for the body of the missing Rev. Samuel Spurrier, of Bainbridge, for the reason that Chief Western is in possession of information which leads him to abandon the suicide and foul play theories and inaugurate a search for a live man, as he believes. He thinks Spurrier wandered away with no other purpose than to find a more ready sale for his subscription books elsewhere. He may be out of range of the newspapers and totally oblivious of the sensation which his disappearance has created.

Pittsburg, Dec. 22.—Contracts aggregating in amount almost \$600,000 were awarded yesterday by Chief Engineer Brown, of the Pennsylvania railroad, for the improvement of the main line of that road between Altoona and Gallitzin tunnel, on the eastern slope of the Allegheny mountains. Almost 500 men will be given employment on the improvements, which will be started at once. Between Altoona and Bennington, a short distance east of the Gallitzin tunnel, the Pennsylvania will lay an additional track, making three main tracks for the ten miles west of Altoona.

Pittsburg, Dec. 20.—The initial step toward securing the G. A. R. encampment for Pittsburg in 1900 was taken Saturday night by the Allegheny County G. A. R. association, and the plan will be agitated at the coming Cincinnati gathering. In connection with the encampment, if it should be held here, it is proposed to unveil a grand soldiers' monument, to cost in the neighborhood of \$500,000. It is believed by the veterans hereabouts that 1900 will be the last year for encampments, and it is their ambition to have the organization wind up its career in this city.

Easton, Pa., Dec. 20.—President Warfield, of Lafayette college, has issued a call for a meeting of the local members of the board of trustees, when arrangements are to be made for continuing the different courses of study disturbed by the burning of Pardee Hall on Saturday. President Hallenbach, of the board, has instructed Dr. Warfield to make all necessary arrangements for temporary relief and to call a meeting of the trustees to arrange for rebuilding the structure without unnecessary delay. Among the property saved by the students have been found T. C. Porter's Pennsylvania flora and the new instruments lately added to the department of geology.

"THE WIND THAT BLOWS."

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so,
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas,
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might clash another with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to wait on my way,
But leave me to a higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so,
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

STEPHIE'S HERO.

BY ANNABEL DWIGHT.

"Stephie" was short for Stephana, which rather peculiar name had been bestowed upon her at baptism by her sponsors.

Her life was not very pleasant. After her mother's death, her father, a mild, shiftless man, had married again—a black-eyed widow, with four small children; and a year later a pair of twins were added to the number.

The girl's life became a round of household drudgery—washing, scrubbing, baking, and attending babies.

By nature she was dreamy and poetical, and cherished romantic notions, which she dared not speak of at home.

When she was nineteen, Roland Harvey went to Rome. Roland was her hero then.

They had promised to be true to each other until such time as he could make a home for her.

He was something of an artist, and had glowing visions of the future.

He was very enthusiastic, and Stephie's faith in him was boundless. So at last when his uncle from the city offered to take him across the ocean, the poor girl put aside her own pain at the thought of parting from him, and listened patiently to his rhapsodies.

It did not occur to Stephie that her lover was selfish, when he had no thought for her own sorrow. She would have resented such an insinuation indignantly. Roland was to her the embodiment of all that was noble and gracious. She felt sure that he would do great things some day—now that he had got away from that stupid little seaport where they lived. It was her place to wait and hope, living her dull life as best she could; soothing the riotous children, and doing her share of the housework.

Sometimes, however, after reading one of Roland's letters, she experienced an unutterable sense of disappointment. He wrote invariably of himself, his hopes, his pleasures, his hardships. There was no word of sympathy for her, and very few words of love; and Stephie had all a tender-hearted woman's longing for affection.

One afternoon, strolling along the beach, surrounded as usual by the children, she came suddenly upon a man lying at full length, with his head pillowed upon his hands, and his eyes fastened dreamily upon the distant horizon.

Johnnie—one of the twins—who was running at full speed, pursued by the other twin, Josie, pitched headlong across the stranger's breast.

"Hold up there, my little man!" said the gentleman, laughing a little, as he set the young hopeful upon his feet, and arose himself at the same time. "You are far from being killed, I'll be bound. What's your name, sir?"

"Name? Cuninin' dog," responded Johnnie, giving his father's pet appellation for him, while he forgot to cry, and eyed the gentleman boldly.

"Johnnie!" said Stephie, reprovingly, a tinge of mortification coming into her cheeks.

"'Tis!" declared Johnnie, stolidly.

"Name, cuninin' dog!"

"He is only three years old, sir," said Stephie, apologetically.

The man patted Johnnie's head, and glanced in a kindly way at Stephie.

"You have a beautiful view here," he remarked, motioning seaward with one hand.

"Do you think so?" she returned.

"I get tired of it sometimes; I have seen it so much," with a little sigh. "Roland used to call it pretty."

"And who is Roland?" queried the stranger, in a quiet, friendly voice, an amused expression drifting into his eyes.

"A friend of mine, sir."

He saw the color drift into her cheeks again.

"An artist. He has gone to Rome to study," she added.

"Ah? I hope he may have good luck. I paint a little myself sometimes."

"Oh, do you?" cried Stephie, looking at him with new interest.

And directly they drifted off into a long conversation, in which Stephie innocently revealed the whole story of her life, and almost unconsciously took on a patronizing tone as she spoke of Roland's talents and plans for the future.

It astonished her to discover how freely she could talk with this man;

never guessing that he was drawing her on all the time.

At the same time he contrived to make friends with the children, and promised them a boat-ride if they would come to the beach on the following day.

"I will bring some sketches made in Rome by an acquaintance of mine," he said, as he bade Stephie good-by. "They may interest you."

Stephie thanked him, and went home with smiling eyes.

How pleasant he was! How pleasant the afternoon had been! How nice it would be to have an elder brother to talk to like that!

She was glad to have met him. He was spending a few weeks at the lower village, he had told her. He had a yacht there. His name was David Preston.

"Did he know the painter, Charles Preston, whom Roland had raved so about, and whose paintings commanded such prices?"

"Yes, he had heard of him—was related to him. Was inclined to think, though, that people rated him higher than he deserved."

They had a spirited argument over this point, and he seemed greatly amused at her earnest defense of Roland's paragon.

The next day, the children having informed their mother that a nice man had promised them a boat-ride, she declared that she should be glad to get rid of them, only Stephie must go to see that none of them tumble overboard.

So away they trooped, Stephie in the midst, and found their new friend awaiting them with a beautiful little yacht. And Stephie passed another delightful afternoon.

This was but the beginning. The long summer days drifted away one by one. Stephie worked eagerly at her household duties in order that she might spend a half-hour with David Preston on the beach.

A new life had come to her. It was delightful to have so congenial a companion. Even Roland had never talked with her and sympathized with her as David Preston did.

Roland could talk of nothing but his art. The children made him cross, and he frowned at poor Stephie's faded gowns and toil-stained fingers.

But, then, Roland was a genius. The commonplace of every-day life jarred and fretted against his finer tastes.

David Preston was altogether different, but Stephie was happier than she had ever been that summer.

Her new friend would talk with her and amuse the children at the same time. He was careful to select a comfortable seat for her on the beach. He brought a cluster of flowers at one time, a basket of fruit at another, a book at another. He treated her with a tender deference, with a kind and respectful familiarity that the poor girl had never known before in all her poor, cramped existence; and so naturally was this done, that she hardly noticed it at first, until one day she was looking back over her past life, and it came to her all of a sudden that this summer had been brighter to her because of David Preston.

Even then she did not see the whole truth.

For a long while she had heard nothing from Roland, and before that long silence his letters had been brief and unsatisfactory.

This did not cause her the pain and uneasiness that it would once have caused her. Roland had been absent a whole year, and, unconsciously to herself, Stephie had been growing away from him.

One day, she was sitting in her favorite niche of the rocks upon the beach, looking over a newspaper, which she had taken from the post-office on her way thither.

The twins were building miniature mountains of the white sand, while she glanced—woman fashion—through the list of "Deaths and Marriages."

Among the latter she caught sight of a name which brought her heart to her mouth.

"In Rome, Italy, on the 7th instant, Roland G. Harvey, of Seaport, Maine, to Ella D. Revere, of New York city."

This was the notice that Stephie read, and then she looked up, with quivering lips and flushing face, to see David Preston gravely observing her.

She tried to speak, but could not, and hot, indignant tears rushed to her eyes; yet, through her pain and mortification she felt a strange sensation of relief.

"Are you in trouble, my little friend?" Preston queried, kindly.

Then Stephie's voice returned to her.

"Well, no," she said, her tone faintly scornful. "At least it is nothing serious, though it is rather humiliating to my vanity. See!"

And she handed the paper, folded at the marriage notice, to him.

He read it and made no comment, but gave Stephie a strangelook—long and searching, and tender—a look that thrilled her with a vague sense of happiness.

Then, taking both her hands, he drew her up from her low seat, and said, gently:

"Stephie, I love you! Will you marry me?"

She could not answer him for a moment, the surprise was so great.

She knew absolutely nothing of

him, except his name; but while he waited patiently, with her hands in his, her thoughts flew swiftly back over their short acquaintance, and she began to realize how surely this plain, quiet man had taken Roland's place in her affections.

"How do you know," she said, obeying a sudden roguish impulse, "that I shall not accept you out of spite?"

He smiled quietly.

"You are a child, Stephie—you do not understand yourself. I know that you love me."

He said it simply. From another man such a statement would have been intolerable, but he was so utterly free from self-love that Stephie's momentary vexation died out instantly, and she said, softly:

"Yes, I believe I do."

His call upon her father that evening created a good deal of surprise.

The weak little man was quite taken aback, and Stephie's stepmother ran into the girl's room after David had gone and laughed meaningly.

"Well, you are a pretty clever girl after all, Stephie! Dear, dear! to think of your making such a match! So he is the 'nice man' that the young ones have been telling about all summer? You'll be a fine lady now, sure enough!"

"Oh, no, mother," responded Stephie, trying not to show her annoyance. "Mr. Preston is only a poor man."

"A poor man! Why, Stephana Bryant, one of his paintings is worth more than your father's wages for a whole year!"

"Mother, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? For pity sake has the girl lost her senses? Don't you know that that man who wants to marry you is Charles D. Preston, the great artist? I heard a few days ago that he was boarding at the lower village, but I hadn't the slightest idea of this!"

Neither had Stephie.

Poor Stephie! She remembered with sudden shame how condescendingly she had talked to him of Roland's talents. How she had thought of him, even with her growing regard, as a matter-of-fact man, with not much poetry or appreciation of the beautiful in his nature. And he was a great landscape painter whose name was in everybody's mouth. And he asked her—a poor, little, lonely girl to marry him!

She pondered for a long while over this, and when he came to see her on the following day he found a very shame-faced little maiden.

They were married in the fall, and Stephie went away from the old, toil-some life into a comfortable home of her own.

Roland Harvey degenerated into an idle, seedy-looking fellow, his fancied talents amounting to nothing at all. He had jilted Stephie for an heiress who had been fascinated by his grace and beauty, and after having spent her money, they lived from hand to mouth, until David Preston got a situation for him at cabinet painting, where he managed to earn a fair salary.

As for Stephie she has found her real hero.—Saturday Night.

Trees and Men.

A single tree, according to a computation in knowledge, is able, through its leaves, to purify the air from the carbonic acid arising from the respiration of a considerable number of men, perhaps a dozen or even a score. The volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a human being in twenty-four hours is put at about 100 gallons; but by Boussingault's estimate, a single square yard of leaf-surface, counting both the upper and under sides of the leaves, can, under favorable circumstances, decompose at least a gallon of carbonic acid in a day. One hundred square yards of leaf-surface then would suffice to keep the air pure for one man, but the leaves of a tree of moderate size present a surface of many hundred square yards.

Insisted on Her Rights.

The Duchess of Aosta, who is closely related to the King of Italy, is a woman with a distinct mind of her own. When she first began to cycle the king gave orders that she should not be saluted by a sentry as she rode by on her wheel. Obedient to the royal command, the first sentry ignored her presence, whereupon the duchess quietly dismounted and boxed the man's ears. Now, however, the omnipotent cycle rules the court of Italy, just as it does all the other courts in the world, and the sentry salutes the royal family as it goes wheeling by.

Her Uncertainty.

Ethel—Oh, dear me! I don't know what to think! Algy asked me last night if I wouldn't like to have something around the house that I could love and that would love me.

Edith—Well?

Ethel—Well, I don't know whether he means himself, or whether he is thinking of buying me a dog!—Tit-Bits.

Bergen, Norway, boasts a paper church large enough to seat 1000 persons. The building is rendered waterproof by a solution of quicklime, curdled milk and white of eggs.

CALIFORNIA OSTRICHES.

THE NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY THAT IS BEING DEVELOPED.

African Feathers Being Rapidly Driven Out of the Field by Our Own Product—How the Birds Have Been Put to the Front in This Country.

Ostrich farming is now one of the profitable industries of the country, there being in southern California several large farms, those of Pasadena, Norwalk and San Diego being particularly noticeable. Here birds of various ages, from the newly-hatched chick to the full grown, may be seen. The climate is particularly adapted to this bird, and the transplanted industry may be said to be a perfect success.

The first birds were brought here in 1885, an Englishman securing fifty-two South African ostriches. Forty-two arrived in southern California in good condition and formed the basis of all future operations, their descendants today numbering over 200 California-born birds.

The Pasadena ostrich farm is the most convenient to the general public, and lies on the north side of the Arroyo Seco—the river, often dry in summer, which forms the western boundary to the city. Here a large inclosure is divided off into yards and corrals, in which are found birds of all ages, while in a small building are exhibited the products of the farm. Up to within a few years all the ostrich plumes worn were brought from Africa, but now there is a duty of 28 per cent. on the plumes, and the young American industry is able to compete. At the Pasadena farm the feathers are to be had at cost. Here one may purchase a cape of feathers, if one wishes, for twenty-five or thirty dollars, or the plumes made into a variety of articles useful and ornamental, which are distributed all over the country.

A flock of fifty or one hundred birds presents a most interesting and singular appearance. They have a jaunty, debonnaire air as they approach the fence, and when startled they rush away with wings and feathers erect, presenting a very peculiar appearance.

The birds in Pasadena are kept in small corrals, separated by a space of five or six feet to prevent them from fighting. In this pastime they strike with their feet forward with a force often sufficient to kill a man or horse, the long, sharp toe being a terrible weapon. When the Pasadena attendants are attacked they throw themselves upon the ground and lie flat, escaping for the singular reason that the birds cannot strike anything less than three feet from the ground. The old birds first attract the visitor's attention—a flock of fifty, each standing seven feet high and weighing about 250 pounds, their great, white, bare thighs working, their rich plumes falling gracefully from wing and tail. They appear to have unbounded curiosity, coming up to the fences and gazing at the observers with their mild eyes. In one pen sits a nesting bird in the hot sun. The nest is simply a depression in the soil. When the bird nests it deposits in all ten or fifteen eggs, over which she distributes a little sand. From now on the two birds devote themselves equally to the hatching process. The male bird takes his place at 4 p. m. and sets until nine in the morning; then the female, who has been feeding and exercising, relieves him. The male also relieves the female an hour in the middle of the day, that she may feed.

For forty days this regime is faithfully followed, when an observer will hear the tap-tap from the shells, and soon they begin to break, aided by the female, and the strange, wire-haired young appear. They are immediately taken from the mother and placed in a brooder, and the female will soon begin to lay again.

No feathers equal in beauty those obtained from the wild ostrich, but the California production meets the demand so well that it would be difficult to distinguish them.—Philadelphia Times.

Bennett's Coach Line.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the New York Herald, is an enthusiastic whip, and when in Paris or in the south of France a seat in his four-in-hand is free to anybody paying a regulation fare. The proceeds of his coaching tours are devoted to charitable purposes. A peculiarity of the millionaire driver is that he not only expects tips from his fares, but is much annoyed should any one dismount without "remembering the coachman," even to the extent of a very small "pourboire." What Mr. Bennett does with his tips is a matter of conjecture. Some people aver that he treasures them as ever-precious evidences of his own hard work.

Well Matched.

"I'm a plain, every-day business man," said Meritt, "and am nothing if not practical. Miss Wisely, will you be my wife?"

"I admire your frankness, Mr. Meritt," replied the fair object of his affections, "because I am inclined to be rather matter of fact myself. How much are you worth?"—Chicago News.

AN EXPENSIVE HONOR.

It Costs Something to Be Lord Mayor of London.

The expenditures for subscriptions and entertainment are largely in excess of the salary and the official allowances. It costs every lord mayor anywhere from £10,000 (\$50,000) to £20,000 (\$100,000) to occupy the office. The outgoing lord mayor, Sir George Faudel-Phillips, has probably spent from £25,000 (\$125,000) to £30,000 (\$150,000) in excess of his salary and allowances. He has taken charge of the Indian famine relief fund and many of the jubilee funds, and has been the patron of all the charities during an "annus mirabilis" of subscription lists and systematic cadging. He has subscribed liberally to every fund. His gracious hospitality has been enjoyed by thousands of jubilee guests at the mansion house. The last year has been an exceptional one, but the office is always a costly one. Whoever accepts it expects to pay heavily for the honor. No lord mayor ever emerges from the office without being at least £10,000 (\$50,000) poorer for the experience, but the honor of knighthood is invariably bestowed upon him, and his wife enjoys the distinction of being addressed as Lady So-and-So. No alderman who has passed the chair ever returns to it. Re-election to the office never occurs. No alderman is willing to pay the tolls twice. He might be if he could get a peerage for a second term.

The election of the lord mayor is a burlesque performance, with touches of mediæval mummery, like the November procession, with its tinsel splendors and grotesque pageantry. Half a dozen ex-sheriffs have an informal conference, and one of them agrees to take the office and to pay the costs for a year. The commoner, the recorder, the common sergeant, the mace-bearers, the sword-bearers and the chaplains appear for dress parade, and a small knot of liveries gives assent. The lord mayor is elected by representatives of the liveryed guilds, and he exercises jurisdiction over a square mile of territory, with a resident population of 35,000. The Greater London, with its 700 square miles and 7,000,000 residents—a world within itself—has no executive head and no centralized system of government. It is the centre of a worldwide empire, yet it is an anomalous jumble of "dissected provinces" without unity of action or enlightened and progressive municipal policies. The modern art of municipal government can offer no more startling contrast than that between the choice of the lord mayor of London by half a dozen rich gentlemen who have been sheriff and the popular election of a municipal dictator for Greater New York.—London Letter to New York Tribune.

A Battle Caused by Lightning Bugs.

G. H. Bell, a prominent merchant of Liberty, Neb., told an interesting story of how a swarm of lightning bugs caused a shot and shell engagement between two armies during the late war.

"I was a member of the Twenty-fifth Ohio regiment," said Mr. Bell, "and Mr. G. W. Harris, whom I met on my visit here, was with the Fifty-fifth Tennessee. I just discovered that we fought each other one night, in May, 1864, at New Hope church, Ga. Lightning bugs in Georgia are more plentiful than watermelons in August by several millions to the square mile, and on more than one occasion they gave us trouble.

"About two o'clock in the morning as the two armies lay in their respective works, 400 yards apart, a nest of bugs hove in sight, as we afterward learned. The armies were too close for pickets. Suddenly there was a flash of light. Each side thought the other had opened fire in some mysterious way and we began to shoot. We blazed away at one another for an hour or more, and bedlam reigned with shot and shell. The timber between the lines was all killed as if belted with an axe. Fortunately, no lives were lost.

"It was only the other day that I learned the extent of the damage caused by that swarm of lightning bugs. I asked Harris how long his side was firing, and he said until their ammunition gave out. We were in the same fix, and if it hadn't been for our poverty in this respect, that engagement would have been terribly fatal."—St. Louis Republic.

Languages in America.

There are, according to an eminent archaeologist, says the New York Mail and Express, no less than from 120 to 130 absolutely distinct languages in North and South America. As the growth of language is very slow, he thinks the fact of the existence of so great variety of speech on the Western continent proves that the native red men have inhabited them for many thousands of years.

Frightened for a Moment.

He—They say that George Hartley has been talking a good deal behind your back lately.

She (turning pale)—I'd like to know what he's been saying.

He—Oh, you know well enough. It was all done on his tandem.

Then she drew a long sigh of relief.

—Cleveland Leader.

"THE WIND THAT BLOWS."

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so,
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas,
And what for me were favoring breezes
Might elash another with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave me to a higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every port past,
Within His sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so,
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

STEPHIE'S HERO.

BY ANNABEL DWIGHT.

"Stephie" was short for Stephana, which rather peculiar name had been bestowed upon her at baptism by her sponsors.

Her life was not very pleasant. After her mother's death, her father, a mild, shiftless man, had married again—a black-eyed widow, with four small children; and a year later a pair of twins were added to the number.

The girl's life became a round of household drudgery—washing, scrubbing, baking, and attending babies.

By nature she was dreamy and poetical, and cherished romantic notions, which she dared not speak of at home.

When she was nineteen, Roland Harvey went to Rome. Roland was her hero then.

They had promised to be true to each other until such time as he could make a home for her.

He was something of an artist, and had glowing visions of the future.

He was very enthusiastic, and Stephie's faith in him was boundless. So at last when his uncle from the city offered to take him across the ocean, the poor girl put aside her own pain at the thought of parting from him, and listened patiently to his rhapsodies.

It did not occur to Stephie that her lover was selfish, when he had no thought for her own sorrow. She would have resented such an insinuation indignantly. Roland was to her the embodiment of all that was noble and gracious. She felt sure that he would do great things some day—now that he had got away from that stupid little seaport where they lived. It was her place to wait and hope, living her dull life as best she could; soothing the riotous children, and doing her share of the housework.

Sometimes, however, after reading one of Roland's letters, she experienced an unutterable sense of disappointment. He wrote invariably of himself, his hopes, his pleasures, his hardships. There was no word of sympathy for her, and very few words of love; and Stephie had all a tender-hearted woman's longing for affection.

One afternoon, strolling along the beach, surrounded as usual by the children, she came suddenly upon a man lying at full length, with his head pillowed upon his hands, and his eyes fastened dreamily upon the distant horizon.

Johnnie—one of the twins—who was running at full speed, pursued by the other twin, Josie, pitched headlong across the stranger's breast.

"Hold up there, my little man!" said the gentleman, laughing a little, as he set the young hopeful upon his feet, and arose himself at the same time. "You are far from being killed, I'll be bound. What's your name, sir?"

"Name? Cunin' dog," responded Johnnie, giving his father's pet appellation for him, while he forgot to cry, and eyed the gentleman boldly.

"Johnnie!" said Stephie, reprovingly, a tinge of mortification coming into her cheeks.

"Tis!" declared Johnnie, stolidly.

"Name, cunin' dog!"

"He is only three years old, sir," said Stephie, apologetically.

The man patted Johnnie's head, and glanced in a kindly way at Stephie.

"You have a beautiful view here," he remarked, motioning seaward with one hand.

"Do you think so?" she returned. "I get tired of it sometimes; I have seen it so much," with a little sigh.

"Roland used to call it pretty."

"And who is Roland?" queried the stranger, in a quiet, friendly voice, an amused expression drifting into his eyes.

"A friend of mine, sir."

He saw the color drift into her cheeks again.

"An artist. He has gone to Rome to study," she added.

"Ah? I hope he may have good luck. I paint a little myself sometimes."

"Oh, do you?" cried Stephie, looking at him with new interest.

And directly they drifted off into a long conversation, in which Stephie innocently revealed the whole story of her life, and almost unconsciously took on a patronizing tone as she spoke of Roland's talents and plans for the future.

It astonished her to discover how freely she could talk with this man;

never guessing that he was drawing her on all the time.

At the same time he contrived to make friends with the children, and promised them a boat-ride if they would come to the beach on the following day.

"I will bring some sketches made in Rome by an acquaintance of mine," he said, as he bade Stephie good-by. "They may interest you."

Stephie thanked him, and went home with smiling eyes.

How pleasant he was! How pleasant the afternoon had been! How nice it would be to have an elder brother to talk to like that!

She was glad to have met him. He was spending a few weeks at the lower village, he had told her. He had a yacht there. His name was David Preston.

"Did he know the painter, Charles Preston, whom Roland had raved so about, and whose paintings commanded such prices?"

"Yes, he had heard of him—was related to him. Was inclined to think, though, that people rated him higher than he deserved."

They had a spirited argument over this point, and he seemed greatly amused at her earnest defense of Roland's paragon.

The next day, the children having informed their mother that a nice man had promised them a boat-ride, she declared that she should be glad to get rid of them, only Stephie must go to see that none of them tumble overboard.

So away they trooped, Stephie in the midst, and found their new friend awaiting them with a beautiful little yacht. And Stephie passed another delightful afternoon.

This was but the beginning. The long summer days drifted away one by one. Stephie worked eagerly at her household duties in order that she might spend a half-hour with David Preston on the beach.

A new life had come to her. It was delightful to have so congenial a companion. Even Roland had never talked with her and sympathized with her as David Preston did.

Roland could talk of nothing but his art. The children made him cross, and he frowned at poor Stephie's faded gowns and toil-stained fingers.

But, then, Roland was a genius. The commonplace of every-day life jarred and fretted against his finer tastes.

David Preston was altogether different, but Stephie was happier than she had ever been that summer.

Her new friend would talk with her and amuse the children at the same time. He was careful to select a comfortable seat for her on the beach. He brought a cluster of flowers at one time, a basket of fruit at another, a book at another. He treated her with a tender deference, with a kind and respectful familiarity that the poor girl had never known before in all her poor, cramped existence; and so naturally was this done, that she hardly noticed it at first, until one day she was looking back over her past life, and it came to her all of a sudden that this summer had been brighter to her because of David Preston.

Even then she did not see the whole truth.

For a long while she had heard nothing from Roland, and before that long silence his letters had been brief and unsatisfactory.

This did not cause her the pain and uneasiness that it would once have caused her. Roland had been absent a whole year, and, unconsciously to herself, Stephie had been growing away from him.

One day, she was sitting in her favorite niche of the rocks upon the beach, looking over a newspaper, which she had taken from the post-office on her way thither.

The twins were building miniature mountains of the white sand, while she glanced—woman fashion—through the list of "Deaths and Marriages."

Among the latter she caught sight of a name which brought her heart to her mouth.

"In Rome, Italy, on the 7th instant, Roland G. Harvey, of Seaport, Maine, to Ella D. Revere, of New York city."

This was the notice that Stephie read, and then she looked up, with quivering lips and flushing face, to see David Preston gravely observing her. She tried to speak, but could not, and hot, indignant tears rushed to her eyes; yet, through her pain and mortification she felt a strange sensation of relief.

"Are you in trouble, my little friend?" Preston queried, kindly.

Then Stephie's voice returned to her.

"Well, no," she said, her tone faintly scornful. "At least it is nothing serious, though it is rather humiliating to my vanity. See!"

And she handed the paper, folded at the marriage notice, to him.

He read it and made no comment, but gave Stephie a strangelook—long and searching, and tender—a look that thrilled her with a vague sense of happiness.

Then, taking both her hands, he drew her up from her low seat, and said, gently:

"Stephie, I love you! Will you marry me?"

She could not answer him for a moment, the surprise was so great. She knew absolutely nothing of

him, except his name; but while he waited patiently, with her hands in his, her thoughts flew swiftly back over their short acquaintance, and she began to realize how surely this plain, quiet man had taken Roland's place in her affections.

"How do you know," she said, obeying a sudden roguish impulse, "that I shall not accept you out of spite?"

He smiled quietly. "You are a child, Stephie—you do not understand yourself. I know that you love me."

He said it simply. From another man such a statement would have been intolerable, but he was so utterly free from self-love that Stephie's momentary vexation died out instantly, and she said, softly:

"Yes, I believe I do."

His call upon her father that evening created a good deal of surprise.

The weak little man was quite taken aback, and Stephie's stepmother ran into the girl's room after David had gone and laughed meaningly.

"Well, you are a pretty clever girl after all, Stephie! Dear, dear! to think of your making such a match! So he is the 'nice man' that the young ones have been telling about all summer? You'll be a fine lady now, sure enough!"

"Oh, no, mother," responded Stephie, trying not to show her annoyance. "Mr. Preston is only a poor man."

"A poor man! Why, Stephie Bryant, one of his paintings is worth more than your father's wages for a whole year!"

"Mother, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? For pity sake has the girl lost her senses? Don't you know that that man who wants to marry you is Charles D. Preston, the great artist? I heard a few days ago that he was boarding at the lower village, but I hadn't the slightest idea of this!"

Neither had Stephie.

Poor Stephie! She remembered with sudden shame how condescendingly she had talked to him of Roland's talents. How she had thought of him, even with her growing regard, as a matter-of-fact man, with not much poetry or appreciation of the beautiful in his nature. And he was a great landscape painter whose name was in everybody's mouth. And he asked her—a poor, little, lonely girl to marry him!

She pondered for a long while over this, and when he came to see her on the following day he found a very shame-faced little maiden.

They were married in the fall, and Stephie went away from the old, toil-some life into a comfortable home of her own.

Roland Harvey degenerated into an idle, seedy-looking fellow, his fancied talents amounting to nothing at all. He had jilted Stephie for an heiress who had been fascinated by his grace and beauty, and after having spent her money, they lived from hand to mouth, until David Preston got a situation for him at cabinet painting, where he managed to earn a fair salary.

As for Stephie she has found her real hero.—Saturday Night.

Trees and Men.

A single tree, according to a computation in Knowledge, is able, through its leaves, to purify the air from the carbonic acid arising from the respiration of a considerable number of men, perhaps a dozen or even a score. The volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a human being in twenty-four hours is put at about 100 gallons; but by Bousisingault's estimate, a single square yard of leaf-surface, counting both the upper and under sides of the leaves, can, under favorable circumstances, decompose at least a gallon of carbonic acid in a day. One hundred square yards of leaf-surface then would suffice to keep the air pure for one man, but the leaves of a tree of moderate size present a surface of many hundred square yards.

Insisted on Her Rights.

The Duchess of Aosta, who is closely related to the King of Italy, is a woman with a distinct mind of her own. When she first began to cycle the king gave orders that she should not be saluted by a sentry as she rode by on her wheel. Obedient to the royal command, the first sentry ignored her presence, whereupon the duchess quietly dismounted and boxed the man's ears. Now, however, the omnipotent cycle rules the court of Italy, just as it does all the other courts in the world, and the sentry salutes the royal family as it goes wheeling by.

Her Uncertainty.

Ethel—Oh, dear me! I don't know what to think! Algy asked me last night if I wouldn't like to have something around the house that I could love and that would love me.

Edith—Well?

Ethel—Well, I don't know whether he means himself, or whether he is thinking of buying me a dog!—Tit-Bits.

Bergen, Norway, boasts a paper church large enough to seat 1000 persons. The building is rendered waterproof by a solution of quicklime, curdled milk and white of eggs.

CALIFORNIA OSTRICHES.

THE NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY THAT IS BEING DEVELOPED.

African Feathers Being Rapidly Driven Out of the Field by Our Own Product—How the Birds Have Been Put to the Front in This Country.

Ostrich farming is now one of the profitable industries of the country, there being in southern California several large farms, those of Pasadena, Norwalk and San Diego being particularly noticeable. Here birds of various ages, from the newly-hatched chick to the full grown, may be seen. The climate is particularly adapted to this bird, and the transplanted industry may be said to be a perfect success.

The first birds were brought here in 1885, an Englishman securing fifty-two South African ostriches. Forty-two arrived in southern California in good condition and formed the basis of all future operations, their descendants today numbering over 200 California-born birds.

The Pasadena ostrich farm is the most convenient to the general public, and lies on the north side of the Arroyo Seco—the river, often dry in summer, which forms the western boundary to the city. Here a large inclosure is divided off into yards and corrals, in which are found birds of all ages, while in a small building are exhibited the products of the farm. Up to within a few years all the ostrich plumes worn were brought from Africa, but now there is a duty of 28 per cent. on the plumes, and the young American industry is able to compete. At the Pasadena farm the feathers are to be had at cost. Here one may purchase a cape of feathers, if one wishes, for twenty-five or thirty dollars, or the plumes made into a variety of articles useful and ornamental, which are distributed all over the country.

A flock of fifty or one hundred birds presents a most interesting and singular appearance. They have a jaunty, debonair air as they approach the fence, and when startled they rush away with wings and feathers erect, presenting a very peculiar appearance.

The birds in Pasadena are kept in small corrals, separated by a space of five or six feet to prevent them from fighting. In this pastime they strike with their feet forward with a force often sufficient to kill a man or horse, the long, sharp toe being a terrible weapon. When the Pasadena attendants are attacked they throw themselves upon the ground and lie flat, escaping for the singular reason that the birds cannot strike anything less than three feet from the ground. The old birds first attract the visitor's attention—a flock of fifty, each standing seven feet high and weighing about 250 pounds, their great, white, bare thighs working, their rich plumes falling gracefully from wing and tail. They appear to have unbounded curiosity, coming up to the fences and gazing at the observers with their wild eyes. In one pen sits a nesting bird in the hot sun. The nest is simply a depression in the soil. When the bird nests it deposits in all ten or fifteen eggs, over which she distributes a little sand. From now on the two birds devote themselves equally to the hatching process. The male bird takes his place at 4 p. m. and sits until nine in the morning; then the female, who has been feeding and exercising, relieves him. The male also relieves the female an hour in the middle of the day, that she may feed.

For forty days this regime is faithfully followed, when an observer will hear the tap-tap from the shells, and soon they begin to break, aided by the female, and the strange, wire-haired young appear. They are immediately taken from the mother and placed in a brooder, and the female will soon begin to lay again.

No feathers equal in beauty those obtained from the wild ostrich, but the California production meets the demand so well that it would be difficult to distinguish them.—Philadelphia Times.

Bennett's Coach Line.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the New York Herald, is an enthusiastic whip, and when in Paris or in the south of France a seat in his four-in-hand is free to anybody paying a regulation fare. The proceeds of his coaching tours are devoted to charitable purposes. A peculiarity of the millionaire driver is that he not only expects tips from his fares, but is much annoyed should any one dismount without "remembering the coachman," even to the extent of a very small "pourboire." What Mr. Bennett does with his tips is a matter of conjecture. Some people aver that he treasures them as ever-precious evidences of his own hard work.

Well Matched.

"I'm a plain, every-day business man," said Meritt, "and am nothing if not practical. Miss Wisely, will you be my wife?"

"I admire your frankness, Mr. Meritt," replied the fair object of his affections, "because I am inclined to be rather matter of fact myself. How much are you worth?"—Chicago News.

AN EXPENSIVE HONOR.

It Costs Something to Be Lord Mayor of London.

The expenditures for subscriptions and entertainment are largely in excess of the salary and the official allowances. It costs every lord mayor anywhere from £10,000 (\$50,000) to £20,000 (\$100,000) to occupy the office. The outgoing lord mayor, Sir George Fandel-Phillips, has probably spent from £25,000 (\$125,000) to £30,000 (\$150,000) in excess of his salary and allowances. He has taken charge of the Indian famine relief fund and many of the jubilee funds, and has been the patron of all the charities during an "annus mirabilis" of subscription lists and systematic cadding. He has subscribed liberally to every fund. His gracious hospitality has been enjoyed by thousands of jubilee guests at the mansion house. The last year has been an exceptional one, but the office is always a costly one. Whoever accepts it expects to pay heavily for the honor. No lord mayor ever emerges from the office without being at least £10,000 (\$50,000) poorer for the experience, but the honor of knighthood is invariably bestowed upon him, and his wife enjoys the distinction of being addressed as Lady So-and-So. No alderman who has passed the chair ever returns to it. Re-election to the office never occurs. No alderman is willing to pay the tolls twice. He might be if he could get a peerage for a second term.

The election of the lord mayor is a burlesque performance, with touches of medieval mummery, like the November procession, with its tinsel splendors and grotesque pageantry. Half a dozen ex-sheriffs have an informal conference, and one of them agrees to take the office and to pay the costs for a year. The common crier, the recorder, the common sergeant, the mace-bearers, the sword-bearers and the chaplains appear for dress parade, and a small knot of liveries gives assent. The lord mayor is elected by representatives of the liveried guilds, and he exercises jurisdiction over a square mile of territory, with a resident population of 35,000. The Greater London, with its 700 square miles and 7,000,000 residents—a world within itself—has no executive head and no centralized system of government. It is the centre of a worldwide empire, yet it is an anomalous jumble of "dissected provinces" without unity of action or enlightened and progressive municipal policies. The modern art of municipal government can offer no more startling contrast than that between the choice of the lord mayor of London by half a dozen rich gentlemen who have been sheriff and the popular election of a municipal dictator for Greater New York.—London Letter to New York Tribune.

A Battle Caused by Lightning Bugs.

G. H. Bell, a prominent merchant of Liberty, Neb., told an interesting story of how a swarm of lightning bugs caused a shot and shell engagement between two armies during the late war.

"I was a member of the Twenty-fifth Ohio regiment," said Mr. Bell, "and Mr. G. W. Harris, whom I met on my visit here, was with the Fifty-fifth Tennessee. I just discovered that we fought each other one night in May, 1864, at New Hope church, Ga. Lightning bugs in Georgia are more plentiful than watermelons in August by several millions to the square mile, and on more than one occasion they gave us trouble.

"About two o'clock in the morning as the two armies lay in their respective works, 400 yards apart, a nest of bugs hove in sight, as we afterward learned. The armies were too close for pickets. Suddenly there was a flash of light. Each side thought the other had opened fire in some mysterious way and we began to shoot. We blazed away at one another for an hour or more, and bedlam reigned with shot and shell. The timber between the lines was all killed as if belted with an axe. Fortunately, no lives were lost.

"It was only the other day that I learned the extent of the damage caused by that swarm of lightning bugs. I asked Harris how long his side was firing, and he said until their ammunition gave out. We were in the same fix, and if it hadn't been for our poverty in this respect, that engagement would have been terribly fatal."—St. Louis Republic.

Languages in America.

There are, according to an eminent archaeologist, says the New York Mail and Express, no less than from 120 to 130 absolutely distinct languages in North and South America. As the growth of language is very slow, he thinks the fact of the existence of so great variety of speech on the Western continent proves that the native red men have inhabited them for many thousands of years.

Frightened for a Moment.

He—They say that George Hartley has been talking a good deal behind your back lately.

She (turning pale)—I'd like to know what he's been saying.

He—Oh, you know well enough. It was all done on his tandem.

Then she drew a long sigh of relief.—Cleveland Leader.

Rheumatism

Caused Great Suffering—A Well Man Since Taking Hood's.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism and have been a great sufferer with this disease and also with stomach and heart troubles, but thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla I am now a well man. My wife has been cured of kidney disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla." **AVO. SCHMIDTKE, 347 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.**

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Do You Love Music?

If so, secure one of the latest and prettiest Two-Steps of the day, by mailing Ten Cents (silver or stamps) to cover mailing and postage, to the undersigned, for a copy of the "BIG FOUR TWO-STEP." (Mark envelope "Two-Step.") We are giving this music, which is regular fifty-cent sheet music, at this exceedingly low rate, for the purpose of advertising, and testing the value of the different papers as advertising mediums.

E. O. MCCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager, "Big Four Route," Cincinnati, O.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERRER, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

One pound of Indian tea will make 170 strong cups of tea.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

A Practical Test.

Dom Pedro, the last emperor of Brazil, was a man of a practical turn of mind, as the following story told of him well illustrates, says Harper's Round Table.

He once gave an audience to a young engineer who came to show him a new appliance for stopping railway engines. The emperor was pleased with the idea, but wished to put it to a practical test.

"Day after to-morrow," said he, "have your engine ready. We will have it coupled to my saloon-carriage and start. When going at full speed I will give the signal to stop and then we will see how your invention works."

At the appointed time all was in readiness. The emperor entered his carriage, the young inventor mounted his engine and on they sped for several miles as fast as they could go. There came no signal, and the engineer began to fear that the emperor had fallen asleep. Suddenly the engineer came to a sharp curve around the edge of the cliff, when, to his horror, on the track directly ahead of them the engineer saw a huge bowlder.

He had just sufficient presence of mind to turn the crank of his brake and pull the engine up within a couple of yards of the fatal block.

Here the emperor put his head out of his car window and demanded to know the cause of the sudden stoppage. The engineer pointed to the rock, and, much to his surprise, Dom Pedro began to laugh.

"Push it to one side and go on," he said, calmly.

The engineer obeyed and kicking the stone was still further astonished to see it crumble into dust before him.

It was nothing more nor less than a block of starch which the emperor had had placed on the rails the night before.

A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly.

"For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. I had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt quite comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back.

"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying \$1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to women it is!"—Mrs. JENNIE L. SMITH, No. 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.



HELPS FOR INVALIDS.

Jelly for an Invalid.

A nutritious and appetizing jelly to tempt the capricious palate of an invalid—who rebels at broth and gruel—is made in this way: Take a quart of strong beef broth, without a particle of fat, and clear with the white and shell of one egg, as per bouillon. Season as you wish, with celery seed and thin shavings from a half lemon, or with cinnamon and other spices, and set away to harden. Turn out on a pretty dish and serve while cold and firm.

To Make Toast.

Lay the bread on top of a hot stove (in the toaster) or on a plate in the oven until it is well dried on both sides. If it can be entirely toasted on top of the stove, as it may easily be if the stove is very hot, so much the better. If not, when it has dried apply it to the coals. A few minutes will suffice to give it a delicate brown evenly distributed. Now lay it on a hot plate and do not cut off the crust; it need not be eaten if disliked, but should not be removed in the making. Pour enough hot water over the toast to soak it to the leathery stage. Now quickly butter and salt it on both sides. When that is done add more water if desired, but if all the water be put on at first it will be impossible to turn the slices. If the bread be buttered before it is wet, as most people do, it will not penetrate into the bread, but be washed off. The bread will also have a sort of crust over it. When all is done, pour over it hot milk or slightly warmed cream if desired. Take care not to get it too rich for a very delicate stomach.—Klara Kooke, in New England Homestead.

Chartreuse of Spinach.

Boil one large carrot and one large white turnip until tender. When cold cut lengthwise into strips one-quarter of an inch thick and one inch wide. Butter a medium-sized oval pudding dish about four inches high, and line the sides with alternate strips of carrot and turnip and arrange a few pieces cut in small fancy shapes in the bottom. Prepare the spinach as follows: Wash four quarts through a half dozen waters to remove all sand and grit. Have ready a large pot three-quarters full of boiling water, to which add one tablespoonful of salt. Put in the spinach, press well under the water, but do not cover. Cook fifteen minutes, drain thoroughly, then chop fine. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add the spinach, stir until the butter is well mixed through; sprinkle over it one tablespoonful of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper and stir again for five minutes; add one-half cupful of cream or rich milk and cook for five minutes longer. Fill the centre of the dish with the prepared spinach and press it down firmly and evenly; trim off the tops of the strips even with the spinach. Heat in a steamer or set the mold in a pan of hot water and place in the oven until hot through. Turn out on a platter and pour round it a white sauce to which a little lemon juice is added.—Chicago Record.

Household Hints.

Stone jars are far better than tin boxes for keeping bread during hot weather.

A little vinegar added to water in which salt fish is soaked will improve its flavor.

A tablespoonful of kerosene oil added to the boiler when scalding clothes will help to whiten them.

Lamp chimneys can be cleaned by rubbing with a clean, soft cloth and polishing with a piece of newspaper.

Two bottles should be kept for a bottle-fed baby. The one not in use should be filled with cold water and soda.

Ivory-handled knives should be kept in a cotton flannel bag having separate compartments for each knife.

If grease is spilled on the floor cold water poured on it at once will prevent the spot from soaking into the wood.

In wiping china dishes do not pile one upon another while still hot. Spread out to cool off, then pack. Piling together while warm is apt to make the glaze crack.

In making any of the desserts where milk and gelatine are employed, it must be remembered that if the gelatine is mixed with the sugar before dissolving it in the milk, there will be no danger of the milk curdling.

Pretty and effective lamp shades that can be readily changed when soiled are made from the little Japanese or Chinese umbrellas. These can be bought for a few cents at any of the Japanese stores. A round hole is cut in the centre to fit the globe, and the whilom umbrella is tied into position with a piece of baby ribbon.

When shaking heavy rugs hauled from the sides, never from the ends. If possible, spread on clean grass or boards with the wrong side up; beat first to dislodge the dirt, then brush thoroughly and hang on the line to air, using judgment about leaving too long in the hot sun. This is the method employed by the Turks, who should be connoisseurs in the care of rugs.

SINCE BABY CAME.

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Since baby came The world is joyful and the home life sweet, And every day with brightness is replete, And time speeds by on swift and lightsome feet Since baby came.

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—Florence C. Baird, in Ladies' Home Journal.

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Penmarck lighthouse, on the Brittany coast, with its 10,000,000 candle power electric light, 180 feet above sea level and visible 60 miles away, is a monument to Marshal Davoust. Duke of Auerstadt, his daughter having given the French government \$60,000 for the purpose.



(Mail orders filled promptly.) We will mail anyone, free of all charges, our new 112 page Special Catalogue, containing Furniture, Draperies, Lamps, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, etc. This is the most complete book ever published, and we pay all postage. Our lithographed Carpet Catalogue, showing carpets in colors, is also yours for the asking. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 8c. in stamps. There is no reason why you should pay your local dealer 60 per cent. profit when you can buy from the mill. Drop a line now to the money-savers.

JULIUS HINES & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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Whenever you see a man visiting a chiropodist there is something on foot.

HOW?

By soothing and subduing the pain. That's the way

St. Jacobs Oil

CURES Neuralgia.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited, Dorchester, Mass.

(Established 1780.)

"He That Works Easily Works Successfully." 'Tis Very Easy To Clean House With

SAPOLIO

Rheumatism

Caused Great Suffering—A Well Man Since Taking Hood's.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism and have been a great sufferer with this disease and also with stomach and heart troubles, but thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla I am now a well man. My wife has been cured of kidney disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla." **Aug. Schreiber, 347 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.**

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and if the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be restored for ever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

P. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Do You Love Music?

If so, secure one of the latest and prettiest Two-Steps of the day, by mailing 10 cents (silver or stamps) to cover mailing and postage, to the undersigned for a copy of the "BIG FOUR TWO-STEP." (Mark envelope "Two-Step.") We are giving this music, which is regular fifty-cent sheet music, at this exceedingly low rate, for the purpose of advertising, and testing the value of the different papers as advertising mediums.

E. O. McORMICK,
Passenger Traffic Manager,

"Big Four Route," Cincinnati, O.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 23 trial bottles and treatise free. **Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.**

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years. **LIZZIE FEMER, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.**

One pound of Indian tea will make 70 strong cups of tea.

Chow Star Tobacco—The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

A Practical Test.

Dom Pedro, the last emperor of Brazil, was a man of a practical turn of mind, as the following story told of him well illustrates, says Harper's Round Table.

He once gave an audience to a young engineer who came to show him a new appliance for stopping railway engines. The emperor was pleased with the idea, but wished to put it to a practical test.

"Day after to-morrow," said he, "have your engine ready. We will have it coupled to my saloon-carriage and start. When going at full speed I will give the signal to stop and then we will see how your invention works."

At the appointed time all was in readiness. The emperor entered his carriage, the young inventor mounted his engine and on they sped for several miles as fast as they could go. There came no signal, and the engineer began to fear that the emperor had fallen asleep. Suddenly the engineer came to a sharp curve around the edge of the cliff, when, to his horror, on the track directly ahead of them the emperor saw a huge boulder.

He had just sufficient presence of mind to turn the crank of his brake and pull the engine up within a couple of yards of the fatal block.

Here the emperor put his head out of his car window and demanded to know the cause of the sudden stoppage. The engineer pointed to the rock, and, much to his surprise, Dom Pedro began to laugh.

"Push it to one side and go on," he said, calmly.

The engineer obeyed and kicking the stone was still further astonished to see it crumble into dust before him.

It was nothing more nor less than a block of starch which the emperor had had placed on the rails the night before.

A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly. For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. I had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt quite comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back.

"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying \$1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman it is!"—Mrs. JENNIE L. SMITH, No. 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.



HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Jelly for an Invalid.

A nutritious and appetizing jelly to tempt the capricious palate of an invalid—who rebels at broth and gruel—is made in this way: Take a quart of strong beef broth, without a particle of fat, and clear with the white and shell of one egg, as per bouillon. Season as you wish, with celery seed and thin shavings from a half lemon, or with cinnamon and other spices, and set away to harden. Turn out on a pretty dish and serve while cold and firm.

To Make Toast.

Lay the bread on top of a hot stove (in the toaster) or on a plate in the oven until it is well dried on both sides. If it can be entirely toasted on top of the stove, as it may easily be if the stove is very hot, so much the better. If not, when it has dried apply it to the coals. A few minutes will suffice to give it a delicate brown evenly distributed. Now lay it on a hot plate and do not cut off the crust; it need not be eaten if disliked, but should not be removed in the making. Pour enough hot water over the toast to soak it to the leathery stage. Now quickly butter and salt it on both sides. When that is done add more water if desired, but if all the water be put on at first it will be impossible to turn the slices. If the bread be buttered before it is wet, as most people do, it will not penetrate into the bread, but be washed off. The bread will also have a sort of crust over it. When all is done, pour over it hot milk or slightly warmed cream if desired. Take care not to get it too rich for a very delicate stomach.—Klara Kooke, in New England Homestead.

Chartreuse of Spinach.

Boil one large carrot and one large white turnip until tender. When cold cut lengthwise into strips one-quarter of an inch thick and one inch wide. Butter a medium-sized oval pudding dish about four inches high, and line the sides with alternate strips of carrot and turnip and arrange a few pieces cut in small fancy shapes in the bottom. Prepare the spinach as follows: Wash four quarts through a half dozen waters to remove all sand and grit. Have ready a large pot three-quarters full of boiling water, to which add one tablespoonful of salt. Put in the spinach, press well under the water, but do not cover. Cook fifteen minutes, drain thoroughly, then chop fine. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add the spinach, stir until the butter is well mixed through; sprinkle over it one tablespoonful of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper and stir again for five minutes; add one-half cupful of cream or rich milk and cook for five minutes longer. Fill the centre of the dish with the prepared spinach and press it down firmly and evenly; trim off the tops of the strips even with the spinach. Heat in a steamer or set the mold in a pan of hot water and place in the oven until hot through. Turn out on a platter and pour round it a white sauce to which a little lemon juice is added.—Chicago Record.

Household Hints.

Stone jars are far better than tin boxes for keeping bread during hot weather.

A little vinegar added to water in which salt fish is soaked will improve its flavor.

A tablespoonful of kerosene oil added to the boiler when scalding clothes will help to whiten them.

Lamp chimneys can be cleaned by rubbing with a clean, soft cloth and polishing with a piece of newspaper.

Two bottles should be kept for a bottle-fed baby. The one not in use should be filled with cold water and soda.

Ivory-handled knives should be kept in a cotton flannel bag having separate compartments for each knife.

If grease is spilled on the floor cold water poured on it at once will prevent the spot from soaking into the wood.

In wiping china dishes do not pile one upon another while still hot. Spread out to cool off; then pack. Piling together while warm is apt to make the glaze crack.

In making any of the desserts where milk and gelatine are employed, it must be remembered that if the gelatine is mixed with the sugar before dissolving it in the milk, there will be no danger of the milk curdling.

Pretty and effective lamp shades that can be readily changed when soiled are made from the little Japanese or Chinese umbrellas. These can be bought for a few cents at any of the Japanese stores. A round hole is cut in the centre to fit the globe, and the whilom umbrella is tied into position with a piece of baby ribbon.

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No. 203.
This quarter-sawn oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 9-inch beveled plate glass in top and a deep drawer below. Artistic French legs; also finished in mahogany.

\$3.95

is our special price for this \$10 desk.

(May orders filled promptly.)
We will mail anyone, free of all charges, our new 112 page Special Catalogue, containing Furniture, Draperies, Tapestries, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, etc. This is the most complete book ever published, and we pay all postage. Our Lithographed Carpet Catalogue, showing carpets in colors, is also yours for the asking. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us \$0. in stamps. There is no reason why you should pay your local dealer 60 per cent. profit when you can buy from the mill. Drop a line now to the money-savers.

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SAPOLIO

Natu'ro Hates a Bachelor.
Some curious figures have lately been made public by a celebrated Berlin physician, which seem to point to the fact that if a man wants to live long and preserve his health and strength he ought to marry. Among unmarried men between the ages of 30 and 45 the death rate is twenty-seven per cent. Among married men between the same ages it is only eighteen per cent. For forty-one bachelors who live to be 40 years of age seventy-eight married men triumphantly arrive at the same period. The difference gets all the more marked as time goes on. At 60 years of age there are only twenty-two bachelors to forty-eight married men; at 70, there are eleven bachelors to twenty-seven who are married; and by the time they reach 90 the married men are three to one, for there are nine of them to every three bachelors.

New Tunnel Completed.

The Improvement on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 22 miles west of Cumberland at Falls Cut, will be completed by December 1st and trains will be running over it within ten days thereafter. Falls Cut is a cutting through a spur of the mountain and is about 60 feet in depth and has continually given trouble by rock sliding down on the track. It has had to be braced with heavy timber every few feet for its entire length, some 300 feet, and requiring constant care and watchfulness, was, therefore, very expensive to keep up.

In order to eliminate this cut it was necessary to build one mile of new roadway which involved the construction of a double track tunnel 530 feet in length and three bridges.

By this change the road was straightened considerably taking out some sharp curvature and introducing curves of a longer radii. The improvement is on what is known as the eastern slope of the Alleghenies and the grade is about 44 feet to the mile. The tunnel and bridges were constructed with the view of double tracking the entire Pittsburg Division sometime in the future.

A woman has far more chances of marriage at 23 than at 21.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
Cleanses the scalp and puts new life into the hair. It restores the lost color to gray hair. It means youth and beauty.

CANCER AND TUMOR
PERMANENTLY CURED
without knife, plaster or pain.
All forms of BLOOD DISEASES
thoroughly eradicated from the system. Six weeks Home Treatment for \$10. Book of Information free.
NATURAL REMEDY CO., Westfield, Mass.

PATENTS are Property. Represented. Can be Sold. Are Assignable. INVENT improvements in tools, implements, household articles, etc. Write F. S. APPLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, Warder Bldg., Washington, D. C. Free circular and advice. Low fees.

SHREWD INVESTORS! Don't waste money on Patent Agencies advertising prizes, medals. No patent to pay. We do a regular patent business. Low fees. No charge for advice. Highest references. Write us. **WATSON E. COLEMAN,** Solicitor of Patents, 902 F. St., Washington, D. C.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH
Are result of Contracted Nostrils. Drugs Cannot Cure. Send 50c. for NASAL INSPIRATOR or 5c. for pamphlet G. B. Farnham, Perth, Ont., Canada.

THIS GOLD PLATED, SCARF PIN, Handle Bars for Bicycle, with our handsome CATALOGUE FREE to anyone sending 3 cents for postage.
D. M. WATKINS & CO., Mfg. Jewelers, Prov., R. I.

Life, Endowment and Tontine **INSURANCE POLICIES PURCHASED**
Richard Herzfeld, 35 Nassau St., New York.

CANCERS AND TUMORS CURED or no pay. Merrill's Inst., Middlebourne, W. Va.

P N U 49 '97.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 24, 1897.

A Merry Christmas.

Ought to be Paid.

The bill to pay the war claims of citizens of York, Adams, and other border counties for property destroyed and taken during the rebel raids of 1863 and 1864, has again been introduced into Congress, but there is no prospect of its passage. The York County claims aggregate \$53,994.08 and the Adams County claims \$48,438.96 while Franklin County, including burned Chambersburg, asks \$27,741,408.85. There is no shadow of doubt about the justice of most of these claims, a State Commission having examined into each of them many years ago, soon after the war, and issued certificates for the amount of each claim then presented.

African Missionary Dead.

Rev. David A. Day, D. D., the veteran missionary of the Lutheran Church in charge of the African mission, died on Friday on the steamship Lucania, bound for New York from England and only a few hours from port. He was ill with cirrhosis of the liver when he left Africa for home, and was for some weeks sick in the Royal Infirmary at Liverpool. He had been laboring in Africa since 1874, and had lived longer than any other missionary in that deadly climate. He was a native of Huntington township, this county, aged 47 years, and educated at Selin's Grove. He had visited this country several times and was widely known in the Lutheran Church. He was twice married, his second wife to whom he was united a year ago, accompanying him on his voyage home. The body arrived in Baltimore, Sunday, and was taken to the home of Rev. Dr. George Schoil secretary of the Lutheran Foreign Missionary Board. The body was taken to Selin's Grove for interment on Wednesday morning.

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CHIEF CAUSE

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, set your urine aside for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney, and bladder remedy is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention THE ITEM and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

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An Amendment to Ordinance No. 54,

RELATING TO THE BETTER PRESERVATION OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

Be it enacted and ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of M'Sherrystown, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by authority of the same, That for the better preservation of the public health, and to prevent the spread of communicable diseases, all persons are forbidden to go into, or out of any premises in said Borough where any contagious or infectious disease exists, or to carry into or out of said premises, any material whereby any contagious disease may be conveyed, except by permission of the Board of Health under a penalty of not less than five (\$5) dollars, or more than twenty-five dollars, for any violation of this ordinance, said penalty or fine to be recovered before the Burgess or any Justice of the Peace, of the Borough, as all such fines are now by law recoverable. JNO. A. ELINE, President.

Approved the 8th day December, 1897.
Attest: JOS. BURKE, Sec'y.
JOS. M. LAWRENCE, Burgess.

TO L. J. WEIKERT

FOR YOUR PATENT MEDICINES AND JEWELRY!

REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry will receive special attention.

CALL TO SEE ME IN THE—

LIVINGSTON'S BUILDING, CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PENNA.

Go to the NEW OXFORD

Monumental Works

FOR YOUR CEMETERY WORK.

I sell my work according to the times; guarantee good work and lower than anywhere else for good work. I deliver my work free of charge anywhere in the county. Come see me. I have some of the latest designs to pick from.

E. C. LOUGH, Proprietor

Established, 1871.

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The best calicos, 4c. per yard.

Double-width Dress Goods, 5c. yard.

All colors of cambric by the pound at 6c. per pound.

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Our stock of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Wraps is now complete and owing to trade conditions this fall we are enabled to give lower prices now than at any later period when these lines must be duplicated by us.

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To the Ladies!

These frosty mornings you will be wanting a Coat or Wrap of some kind, and we take great pleasure in informing you that our beautiful stock is ready for your inspection. Prices and Styles are sure to suit you. May we expect you in?

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THE ITEM, NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 24, 1897.

A Merry Christmas.

Ought to be Paid.

The bill to pay the war claims of citizens of York, Adams, and other border counties for property destroyed and taken during the rebel raids of 1863 and 1864, has again been introduced into Congress, but there is no prospect of its passage. The York County claims aggregate \$53,994.08 and the Adams County claims \$48,438.96 while Franklin County, including burned Chambersburg, asks \$2,741,408.85. There is no shadow of doubt about the justice of most of these claims, a State Commission having examined into each of them many years ago, soon after the war, and issued certificates for the amount of each claim then presented.

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FOR YOUR CEMETERY WORK.

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THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates—liberal reduction to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 24, 1897.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

George Reichert, of near Abbottstown, killed a hog that weighed 583 lbs.

Patronize the merchants whose advertisements are found in these columns.

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The personal property of the late Joseph Stambaugh, of McSherrystown, was appraised at \$9,400.

William Shaffer, of East Berlin, has shipped over two tons of shellbark kernels to the city markets.

Mrs. Sarah Spangler, of Arendtsville, underwent a successful appendicitis operation in Philadelphia, recently.

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Thrown from a Carriage.

The following is taken from the Wichita, (Kansas,) Daily Beacon, of December 9th.

"Mr. and Mrs. William Wyrick were thrown from a carriage and severely hurt near their home, three miles northwest of the city, this morning. Mr. Wyrick had one of his ankles badly sprained, and Mrs. Wyrick had her shoulder fractured and received other injuries. Mr. Wyrick is one of the prominent farmers of this county, and well known among the business men of the city. He and Mrs. Wyrick got into their carriage this morning to come to this city. When a short distance from home the horse took fright at something by the side of the road and turned quickly round, upsetting the carriage and throwing Mr. and Mrs. Wyrick violently to the ground. Some neighbors near by where the accident occurred, hurried to their assistance and Mr. and Mrs. Wyrick were taken to their home and Dr. Cave was called to attend the injured man and woman. Dr. Cave said this afternoon that the injuries received by Mrs. Wyrick may prove serious or cause her a good deal of suffering."

Mrs. Wyrick is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Hemler, of near Brush Run, Mountpleasant township, and with her husband and two daughters spent several months with friends in this vicinity this fall.

From Granite Hill.

Mr. W. J. Duttera, residing on Mr. Baughman's farm, near this place, killed an owl which he says was after his chickens and lit on the barn roof. He procured his gun and shot the owl, which was perfectly white and measured 4 feet 8 inches from tip to tip of wings.

Public Sales.

If you intend making public sale of your stock and farming implements next spring now is the time to select your day and have a notice inserted in THE ITEM. The notice costs you nothing in case you get the bills printed at this office. Call to see samples and learn prices.

A Merry Christmas.

PERSONAL.

The students have a short vacation. Messrs. Harvey Hoover and George Livingston are home from Selins Grove, to spend the Christmas holidays with their parents. Miss Myrna Miller from National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md.; Miss Rhoda Swartz from Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, and Miss Anna Himes from Swathmore College, Philadelphia, are also home spending their vacation.

Miss Elmira Ruff, a student of the Shippensburg Normal School, is also spending the holidays with her parents, Prof. D. Ruff and wife, Hanover street.

Mr. Jas. L. Staubb, of Lancaster, visited his parents near town, and gave us a pleasant call on Monday evening.

Miss Eva Stock returned from a visit to her brother in Munhall, near Pittsburgh, where she spent some time.

Mrs. Minnie Hersh returned from a two weeks' visit to her sister at Mount Carmel, Pa., before the Christmas holidays.

W. A. Himes and son William, have returned from a trip to Georgia and Alabama.

Mrs. A. W. Himes spent some days with friends at York.

Miss Nettie Swartz has returned from a visit to friends in Pittsburg and Annapolis.

Mr. J. H. Brown, of Baltimore, spent a few days with his many friends in this place.

Met a Horrible Death.

Miss Millie Wolf, an orphan girl aged 16 years, making her home with her cousin, Mrs. Edward Devine, at Edge Grove, was burned in a horrible manner Monday morning by the explosion of a coal oil can, the explosion taking place while she was pouring oil on the fire to make it burn. The accident happened about 5:45 a. m., in Mrs. Devine's cigar shop. The girl was sent to make the fire. She started to do this, but it seems the fire did not burn freely, so she took the coal oil can and began pouring oil on the fire. Instantly the flames got on the inside of the can, which exploded. The young lady's clothing was covered with the burning oil, and the girl ran screaming into the yard, where Mrs. Devine and a neighbor, Mrs. Kuhn, ran to her aid, and after hard work, with the aid of a blanket and water, succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

The girl was taken into the house and Dr. J. L. Sheetz, of this place, summoned. He found the girl was burned principally about the abdomen, although the flames had eaten their way as low as the knees and up to the shoulders.

The girl suffered intensely during the day and died about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, but was conscious up to within a short time of her death. She was formerly of near Kingsdale, where her parents died a few years ago. Her nearest relative is a step-brother, Oscar Lippy, who lives with his uncle, Samuel Noel, near Kingsdale. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning, services being held at St. James church, near Littlestown, Rev. Ferdinand Hesse, of this place, officiating.

In endeavoring to extinguish the flames Mrs. Devine was burned about her breast and hands, and is suffering much pain from the effects.

Found Dead in Bed.

Mrs. John Krug was found dead in bed at her home in Hanover on Sunday morning. Although Mrs. Krug had been a sufferer from dropsy and heart trouble for some time, she was in comparatively good health on Saturday evening, when she retired. Sunday morning when her husband awoke he called her several times and receiving no reply, touched her, and to his horror discovered that she was cold in death.

Mrs. Krug's maiden name was Agnes Keagy, a daughter of the late Joseph Keagy and wife of Conewago township. Five years ago she became the third wife of John Krug, formerly of Oxford township, now of Hanover, who survives her. Her age was about 58 years.

Death of Mrs. John Essick.

Mrs. Annie, widow of John Essick, died at her home in Hanover early Friday morning, of consumption, after an illness of fourteen weeks, aged 49 years and 3 months. Deceased was born near this place, in 1848, and was a daughter of the late William Melhorn, Sr. Some years ago she was united in marriage to John Essick, and moved to Gettysburg. Nine children were born to them, six of whom survive her. Her husband died in 1887, and three years ago she moved to Hanover with her family, where she has since resided. She is also survived by her mother, Mrs. William Melhorn, Sr., of High Street, this place, and three sisters and two brothers. The funeral took place Monday morning, the remains being taken to Gettysburg, where interment was made in the Catholic Cemetery.

The New Oxford Postoffice.

On Friday, Mr. Wm. H. Emmert was appointed postmaster of New Oxford to succeed Mr. Geo. A. Klingel. Mr. Emmert will remove the office about January 1st, to the room formerly used as a tailor shop, in the Emmert building, on Centre Square, and we feel satisfied that "Billy" will make a very clever and obliging postmaster. We understand that it is his intention to open out the office with an entire new outfit, in the way of office fixtures, letter boxes, etc. Of course he will retain the services of "Jimmy" Barnitz as head clerk.

Thieving.

On last Thursday night, sometime after 9 o'clock, thieves entered the store of John L. Sheads, Gettysburg, through a window in the rear of the store and took about \$30 worth of fancy case pipes, gold mounted, some tobacco and cigars. This was rather a bold robbery as the electric light is always left burning in the store during the night.

On the same night the new dwelling of Amos Newman, which is furnished, but not tenanted, was entered and articles of table use, such as chinaware, glassware, etc., were stolen.

Carpenter tools were also taken from the new college dormitory building, the same night, some of which were found the next day on the campus.

Some of the cigars and tobacco, the property of Mr. Sheads, were found the next morning scattered over the lot in the rear of his factory. The guilty parties have thus far escaped arrest.

Gored to Death by a Bull.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Samuil S. Werner, of near Green Ridge, York county, was gored to death by a vicious bull. Mr. Werner's three children were at school and he went to Green Ridge with milk, leaving his wife alone. When he returned he noticed that a door of the stable was open, and on investigation found his wife's dead body in the stable terribly mutilated. Mr. Werner at once saw what had happened, for the bull's horns were spattered with blood. She had let the cows out and the bull was also unchained, which proved she had loosened him and was attacked by the animal. The sad news spread rapidly and the entire community was shocked.

Sheriff Sales.

On last Saturday Sheriff Miller sold the following properties:

Tract of land No. 1, in Berwick twp., sold as the property of Amos Leahy, to Andrew Rudisill, Penn township, York county, for \$450.

Tract No. 2 of Amos Leahy to same party for \$295.

A lot of ground in East Berlin, the property of Nathaniel Nickey, to Daniel P. Wagner and Wm. T. Spangler, of East Berlin, for \$1025.

A tract of land in Huntington township, sold as the property of Moses Stambaugh, to Clinton D. Gardner, of York Springs, for \$125.

Money Wanted.

Those of our patrons who know themselves indebted to us for subscription, advertising or job printing, will do us a great favor by sending us at least part of amount due.

CHURCH NOTICES.

There will be preaching in St. Paul's Lutheran church Sunday evening at 7 o'clock; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 p. m.; Junior C. E. at 2 p. m.; Sunday school at 9 a. m.; catechetical class on Saturday (Christmas) morning at 10 o'clock; prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. The Sunday school Christmas services will be held on Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

REV. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

Divine Services in St. Paul's Reformed church Sunday at 9 p. m.; Sunday school at 9 a. m.; C. E. Society at 6 p. m. Christmas Celebration Saturday evening at 6:30. This service promises well under the various leaders, and all are invited to be present.

REV. P. E. HEMLER, Pastor.

There will be only one Mass in the Catholic church Sunday morning—Low Mass at 8 o'clock.

On Saturday, the Feast of the Nativity of our Savior, Jesus Christ, (Christmas,) the Masses will be at 6 o'clock and at 10 o'clock. The 6 o'clock Mass will be the High Mass, and the music at this Mass will be with orchestral accompaniment. The latter Mass—at 10 o'clock—is at that hour so that those who are unable to attend the Mass at 6 o'clock, are given a chance to attend services on this day.

REV. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

Preaching in the M. E. church Sunday morning at 10 o'clock; Sunday school at 9 a. m.; Epworth League at 6 p. m.

REV. GEORGE M. GLENN, Pastor.

[We have not been informed as to the time and character of the Christmas services in the M. E. church.—Ed.]

Holiday Goods.

Before purchasing your Holiday Goods don't fail to visit the store of C. E. Diehl, Carlisle street. Here is to be found the largest assortment of Christmas Toys, Fancy Articles, and Holiday Goods of all kinds of any store in town, at bottom prices.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.—At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough medicine is liable to result in that dread disease, pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Olajah, Ind. Ter. Chief.

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case having resulted in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or have reason to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Randolph Wehler.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Lookout for Him.

Farmers and stock raisers should be on the lookout for the glib-tongued stranger who is making the round again selling stock food. You soon know the spectacle man, and to the same sorrow you will learn to know the stock food man, if you don't turn him out before he starts his practiced tongue. Think for yourself a moment. He cannot travel around and pay his horse hire and hotel bills for less than \$5 per day. He wants fancy wages and gets for himself not less than \$3 per day. He has his man to take him to your house whom he must pay \$2 per day,—his expenses therefore are not a cent less than \$10 per day. This \$10, his employers profit and advertising expenses, retailers profit and all must come out of a stock food that is sold at 10c. a pound. Now if you want to cheat your poor animals, throw your money away, and help this fancy "dude" to buy better clothes than you and I can afford to wear, then buy from him and when he is gone with your money he'll laugh and call us country jakes.

But if you want the worth of your money buy sulphur, Glauber Salt, &c., from your druggist, bran and salt from your warehouse man or miller, and for 3 or 4 cts. a pound you can make a far better Stock Food, or on the other hand you can get the Champion Stock Food—known for years and sold under a guarantee, from us at the drug store for 5c. a pound. Remember I am not only after your money, but I am after your friendship and custom which I can only do by treating you fair, and therefore I invite you to try my plan.

RANDOLPH WEHLER.

FREE OF CHARGE TO SUFFERERS—Cut this out and take it to your druggist and get a sample bottle free of Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption, coughs and colds. They do not ask you to buy before trying. This will show you the great merits of this truly wonderful remedy, and show you what can be accomplished by the regular size bottle. This is no experiment, and would be disastrous to the proprietors, did they not know it would invariably cure. Many of the best physicians are now using it in their practice with great results, and are relying on it in most severe cases. It is guaranteed. Trial bottles free at Wehler's drug store. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman	
Choice Wheat.....	\$0.90
No. 2 ".....	87
Baked ".....	45
Rye.....	38 @ 43
Corn.....	28 @ 26
Oats.....	15 @ 20
Clover seed, per lb.....	5 @
Timothy seed.....	1.00 @ 1.25
Timothy hay.....	5.30 @ 5.40
Rye straw.....	5.00 @ 6.00

MARRIED.

Dec. 7, at Hanover, by Rev. Marsby J. Roth, Wm. I. Leister, of Cumberland township, to Miss Sarah M. Bender, of Hanover.

Dec. 19, at Bonneauville, by Rev. W. Martin, Wm. McSherry to Miss Sarah A. Wagerman, both of Mountpleasant twp.

Dec. 19, in Gettysburg, by Rev. A. N. Horn, John Peter Walters to Miss Jennie A. Arentz, both of Mountpleasant twp.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, flowers, &c., 5 cents a line

Dec. 20, in this place, of pneumonia, Mrs. Lydia, widow of the late Philip Thomas, aged about 70 years.

Dec. 17, in Hanover, Mrs. Anna Essick, a daughter of Mrs. Sarah Melhorn, of this place, aged 49 years and 8 months.

Dec. 16, at Hunterstown, William H. Harman, aged 56 years, 9 months and 1 day.

Dec. 15, in Gettysburg, Cyrus A., son of Wm. and Laura Herman, aged 3 years and 11 months.



In these the closing days of this year. I wish to express my highest gratitude to all for your esteemed patronage during the year 1897. Hoping that the New year will bring to all greater prosperity and that our social and business intercourse during 1898 may continue amiable and prove to be of mutual benefit.

RANDOLPH WEHLER,

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their assistance and Mr. and Mrs. Wyrick
were taken to their home and Dr. Cave
was called to attend the injured man
and woman. Dr. Cave said this after-
noon that the injuries received by Mrs.
Wyrick may prove serious or cause her a
good deal of suffering."

Mrs. Wyrick is a daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Henry J. Hemler, of near Brush
Run, Mountpleasant township, and with
her husband and two daughters spent
several months with friends in this vicin-
ity this fall.

From Granite Hill.

Mr. W. J. Duttera, residing on Mr.
Baughman's farm, near this place, killed
an owl which he says was after his chick-
ens and lit on the barn roof. He procur-
ed his gun and shot the owl, which was
perfectly white and measured 4 feet 8
inches from tip to tip of wings.

Public Sales.

If you intend making public sale of
your stock and farming implements next
spring now is the time to select your day
and have a notice inserted in THE ITEM.
The notice costs you nothing in case you
get the bills printed at this office. Call
to see samples and learn prices.

A Merry Christmas.

PERSONAL.

The students have a short vacation.
Messrs. Harvey Hoover and George Liv-
ingston are home from Selins Grove, to
spend the Christmas holidays with their
parents. Miss Myrna Miller from Nat-
ional Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md.;
Miss Rhoda Swartz from Dickinson Sem-
inary, Williamsport, and Miss Anna
Himes from Swathmore College, Phila-
delphia, are also home spending their
vacation.

Miss Elmyra Ruff, a student of the
Shippensburg Normal School, is also
spending the holidays with her parents,
Prof. D. Ruff and wife, Hanover street.
Mr. Jas. L. Staubb, of Lancaster, visit-
ed his parents near town, and gave us a
pleasant call on Monday evening.

Miss Eva Stock returned from a visit
to her brother in Munhall, near Pitts-
burg, where she spent some time.

Mrs. Minnie Hersh returned from a
two weeks' visit to her sister at Mount
Carmel, Pa., before the Christmas holi-
days.

W. A. Himes and son William, have
returned from a trip to Georgia and Ala-
bama.

Mrs. A. W. Himes spent some days
with friends at York.

Miss Nettie Swartz has returned from
a visit to friends in Pittsburg and An-
nville.

Mr. J. H. Brown, of Baltimore, spent
a few days with his many friends in this
place.

Met a Horrible Death.

Miss Millie Wolf, an orphan girl aged
16 years, making her home with her cou-
sin, Mrs. Edward Devine, at Edge Grove,
was burned in a horrible manner Mon-
day morning by the explosion of a coal
oil can, the explosion taking place while
she was pouring oil on the fire to make it
burn. The accident happened about 5:45
a. m., in Mrs. Devine's cigar shop. The
girl was sent to make the fire. She start-
ed to do this, but it seems the fire did not
burn freely, so she took the coal oil can
and began pouring oil on the fire. In-
stantly the flames got on the inside of the
can, which exploded. The young lady's
clothing was covered with the burning
oil, and the girl ran screaming into the
yard, where Mrs. Devine and a neighbor,
Mrs. Kuhn, ran to her aid, and after hard
work, with the aid of a blanket and wa-
ter, succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

The girl was taken into the house and
Dr. J. L. Sheetz, of this place, summon-
ed. He found the girl was burned princi-
pally about the abdomen, although the
flames had eaten their way as low as the
knees and up to the shoulders.

The girl suffered intensely during the
day and died about 5 o'clock in the after-
noon, but was conscious up to within a
short time of her death. She was form-
erly of near Kingsdale, where her par-
ents died a few years ago. Her nearest
relative is a step-brother, Oscar Lippy,
who lives with his uncle, Samuel Noel,
near Kingsdale. The funeral took place
on Wednesday morning, services being
held at St. James church, near Little-
town, Rev. Ferdinand Hesse, of this
place, officiating.

In endeavoring to extinguish the flames
Mrs. Devine was burned about her breast
and hands, and is suffering much pain
from the effects.

Found Dead in Bed.

Mrs. John Krug was found dead in
bed at her home in Hanover on Sunday
morning. Although Mrs. Krug had been
a sufferer from dropsy and heart trouble
for some time, she was in comparatively
good health on Saturday evening, when
she retired. Sunday morning when her
husband awoke he called her several
times and receiving no reply, touched
her, and to his horror discovered that she
was cold in death.

Mrs. Krug's maiden name was Agnes
Keagy, a daughter of the late Joseph
Keagy and wife of Conewago township.
Five years ago she became the third wife
of John Krug, formerly of Oxford town-
ship, now of Hanover, who survives her.
Her age was about 58 years.

Death of Mrs. John Essick.

Mrs. Annie, widow of John Essick,
died at her home in Hanover early Friday
morning, of consumption, after an illness
of fourteen weeks, aged 49 years and 3
months. Deceased was born near this
place, in 1848, and was a daughter of the
late William Melhorn, Sr. Some years
ago she was united in marriage to John
Essick, and moved to Gettysburg. Nine
children were born to them, six of whom
survive her. Her husband died in 1887,
and three years ago she moved to Hano-
ver with her family, where she has since
resided. She is also survived by her moth-
er, Mrs. William Melhorn, Sr., of High
Street, this place, and three sisters and
two brothers. The funeral took place
Monday morning, the remains being tak-
en to Gettysburg, where interment was
made in the Catholic Cemetery.

The New Oxford Postoffice.

On Friday, Mr. Wm. H. Emmert was
appointed postmaster of New Oxford to
succeed Mr. Geo. A. Klingel. Mr. Em-
mert will remove the office about Janu-
ary 1st, to the room formerly used as a
tailor shop, in the Emmert building, on
Center Square, and we feel satisfied that
"Billy" will make a very clever and oblig-
ing postmaster. We understand that it is
his intention to open out the office with
an entire new outfit, in the way of office
fixtures, letter boxes, etc. Of course he
will retain the services of "Jimmy" Barn-
itz as head clerk.

Thieving.

On last Thursday night, sometime after
9 o'clock, thieves entered the store of
John L. Sheads, Gettysburg, through a
window in the rear of the store and took
about \$30 worth of fancy case pipes, gold
mounted, some tobacco and cigars. This
was rather a bold robbery as the electric
light is always left burning in the store
during the night.

On the same night the new dwelling of
Amos Newman, which is furnished, but
not tenanted, was entered and articles
of table use, such as chinaware, glass-
ware, etc., were stolen.

Carpenter tools were also taken from
the new college dormitory building, the
same night, some of which were found
the next day on the campus.

Some of the cigars and tobacco, the
property of Mr. Sheads, were found the
next morning scattered over the lot in
the rear of his factory. The guilty par-
ties have thus far escaped arrest.

Gored to Death by a Bull.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Samuel S. Werner,
of near Green Ridge, York county, was
gored to death by a vicious bull. Mr.
Werner's three children were at school
and he went to Green Ridge with milk,
leaving his wife alone. When he returned
he noticed that a door of the stable was
open, and on investigation found his
wife's dead body in the stable terribly
mutilated. Mr. Werner at once saw
what had happened, for the bull's horns
were spattered with blood. She had let
the cows out and the bull was also un-
chained, which proved she had loosened
him and was attacked by the animal.
The sad news spread rapidly and the en-
tire community was shocked.

Sheriff Sales.

On last Saturday Sheriff Miller sold
the following properties:

Tract of land No. 1, in Berwick twp.,
sold as the property of Amos Leahy, to
Andrew Rudisill, Penn township, York
county, for \$450.

Tract No. 2 of Amos Leahy to same
party for \$295.

A lot of ground in East Berlin, the prop-
erty of Nathaniel Nickey, to Daniel P.
Wagner and Wm. T. Spangler, of East
Berlin, for \$1025.

A tract of land in Huntington town-
ship, sold as the property of Moses Stam-
baugh, to Clinton D. Gardner, of York
Springs, for \$125.

Money Wanted.

Those of our patrons who know them-
selves indebted to us for subscription,
advertising or job printing, will do us a
great favor by sending us at least part of
amount due.

CHURCH NOTICES.

There will be preaching in St. Paul's
Lutheran church Sunday evening at 7 o'-
clock; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 p. m.; Junior
C. E. at 2 p. m.; Sunday school at 9 a. m.;
catechetical class on Saturday (Christ-
mas) morning at 10 o'clock; prayer meet-
ing every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.
The Sunday school Christmas Services
will be held on Saturday evening at 7 o'-
clock.

REV. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

Divine Services in St. Paul's Reform-
ed church Sunday at 2 p. m.; Sunday
school at 9 a. m.; C. E. Society at 6 p. m.
Christmas Celebration Saturday even-
ing at 8:30. This service promises well
under the various leaders, and all are in-
vited to be present.

REV. P. E. HEIMER, Pastor.

There will be only one Mass in the
Catholic church Sunday morning—Low
Mass at 8 o'clock.

On Saturday, the Feast of the Nativ-
ity of our Savior, Jesus Christ, (Christ-
mas), the Masses will be at 6 o'clock and
at 10 o'clock. The 6 o'clock Mass will be
the High Mass, and the music at this Mass
will be with orchestral accompaniment.
The latter Mass—at 10 o'clock—is at that
hour so that those who are unable to at-
tend the Mass at 6 o'clock, are given a
chance to attend services on this day,
Rev. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

Preaching in the M. E. church Sunday
morning at 10 o'clock; Sunday school at
9 a. m.; Epworth League at 6 p. m.

REV. GEORGE M. GLENN, Pastor.

[We have not been informed as to the
time and character of the Christmas ser-
vices in the M. E. church.—ED.]

Holiday Goods.

Before purchasing your Holiday Goods
don't fail to visit the store of C. E. Diehl,
Carlisle street. Here is to be found the
largest assortment of Christmas Toys,
Fancy Articles, and Holiday Goods of all
kinds of any store in town, at bottom pric-
es.

How To PREVENT PNEUMONIA.—At
this time of the year a cold is very easily
contracted, and if left to run its course
without the aid of some reliable cough
medicine is liable to result in that dread
disease, pneumonia. We know of no bet-
ter remedy to cure a cough or cold than
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have
used it quite extensively and it has always
given entire satisfaction.—Olague, Ind.
Ter. Chief.

This is the only remedy that is known
to be a certain preventive of pneumonia.
Among the many thousands who have
used it for colds and la grippe, we have
never yet learned of a single case having
resulted in pneumonia. Persons who have
weak lungs or have reason to fear an at-
tack of pneumonia, should keep the rem-
edy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes
for sale by Randolph Wehler.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
All Druggists refund the money if it fails
to cure. 25c.

Lookout for Him.

Farmers and stock raisers should be on
the lookout for the glib-tongued stranger
who is making the round again selling
stock food. You soon know the spectaco-
man, and to the same sorrow you will
learn to know the stock food man, if you
don't turn him out before he starts his
practiced tongue. Think for yourself a
moment. He cannot travel around and
pay his horse hire and hotel bills for less
than \$5 per day. He wants fancy wages
and gets for himself not less than \$3 per
day. He has his man to take him to your
house whom he must pay \$2 per day,—
his expenses therefore are not a cent less
than \$10 per day. This \$10, his employ-
ers profit and advertising expenses, re-
tailers profit and all must come out of a
stock food that is sold at 10c. a pound.
Now if you want to cheat your poor ani-
mals, throw your money away, and help
this fancy "dude" to buy better clothes
than you and I can afford to wear, then
buy from him and when he is gone with
your money he'll laugh and call us coun-
try jakes.

But if you want the worth of your
money buy Sulphur, Glauber Salt, &c.,
from your druggist, bran and salt from
your warehouse man or miller, and for 3
or 4 cts. a pound you can make a far bet-
ter Stock Food, or on the other hand you
can get the Champion Stock Food—
known for years and sold under a guar-
antee, from us at the drug store for 5c. a
pound. Remember I am not only after
your money, but I am after your friend-
ship and custom which I can only do by
treating you fair, and therefore I invite
you to try my plan.

RANDOLPH WEHLER.

FREE OF CHARGE TO SUFFERERS—Cut
this out and take it to your druggist and
get a sample bottle free of Dr. King's New
Discovery, for consumption, coughs and
colds. They do not ask you to buy be-
fore trying. This will show you the great
merits of this truly wonderful remedy,
and show you what can be accomplished
by the regular size bottle. This is no ex-
periment, and would be disastrous to the
proprietors, did they not know it would
invariably cure. Many of the best phys-
icians are now using it in their practice
with great results, and are relying on it in
most severe cases. It is guaranteed. Trial
bottles free at Wehler's drug store. Reg-
ular size 50 cents and \$1.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman	
Choice Wheat	\$0.90
No. 2 "	87
Raked "	45
Rye	38 @ 43
Corn	28 @ 26
Oats	15 @ 20
Clover seed, per lb.	5 @
Timothy seed	1.00 @ 1.25
Timothy hay	5.50 @ 8.00
Rye straw	5.00 @ 6.00

MARRIED.

Dec. 7, at Hanover, by Rev. Marsby J.
Roth, Wm. I. Leister, of Cumberland
township, to Miss Sarah M. Bender, of
Hanover.

Dec. 19, at Bonneauville, by Rev. W.
Martin, Wm. McSherry to Miss Sarah A.
Wagerman, both of Mountpleasant twp.

Dec. 19, in Gettysburg, by Rev. A. N.
Horn, John Peter Walters to Miss Jennie
A. Arentz, both of Mountpleasant twp.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, flowers, &c., 50 cents a line

Dec. 20, in this place, of pneumonia,
Mrs. Lydia, widow of the late Philip
Thomas, aged about 70 years.

Dec. 17, in Hanover, Mrs. Anna Es-
sick, a daughter of Mrs. Sarah Melhorn,
of this place, aged 49 years and 8 months.

Dec. 16, at Hunterstown, William H.
Harman, aged 55 years, 9 months and 1
day.

Dec. 15, in Gettysburg, Cyrus A., son
of Wm. and Laura Herman, aged 3
years and 11 months.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO YOU ALL.

In these the closing days of this year
I wish to express my highest gratitude to
all for your esteemed patronage during
the year 1897. Hoping that the New
year will bring to all greater prosperity
and that our social and business inter-
course during 1898 may continue amiable
and prove to be of mutual benefit.

RANDOLPH WEHLER,

Druggist and Apothecary.
NEW OXFORD, PA.

The doctors agree that noises may be as injurious to health as bad smells or heaps of refuse.

A Chicago paper offers a cornet as a prize in a popular voting contest, but very wisely provides that the winner must be a man who lives in some other town.

Observers of German political phenomena have noticed that every year a greater proportion of the parliamentary representatives of the Socialist party are professors and other brain workers, who displace the laborers.

The price the farmer will get for his wheat ought to help good roads in the South and West, for the farmer in his hurry to get his product to market will learn the value of rapid transportation, and if he has a long distance to haul over a bad road, as is usual, he cannot compete with his rival on the good road.

The report of a special investigation of the private institutions in New York city that are paid to care for poor and sick shows that \$1,313,491 has been expended on unworthy people. There were 26,561 people being supported. Of these Mr. Bauer has approved 113,776 and disapproved 13,258. The sum saved is \$1,313,471.

As indicating what vigorous, systematic effort can accomplish in fighting noxious insects we note that in '92, the gypsy moth (a very difficult insect with which to deal) infested an area in Massachusetts of 200 square miles; and through the efforts of the board of agriculture of that state the pest is now confined to a area of about seventy-five square miles.

If any one were to undertake to walk, one way only, through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of 2600 miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of the distance one would have to go to see thoroughly even the greater part of the city of London—the largest city in the world.

Widespread discussion is growing out of a statement or appeal made by President Woodruff, the head of the Mormon church, in a recent conference at Salt Lake. His words were: "The day has come when the mouths of Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, Joseph Smith, and the twelve apostles should not be closed. God Almighty requires you to unite in your temple work and unite in your politics. You should unite to elect your city council and all the state organizations. You must put aside Democracy and Republicanism, and as Latter Day Saints unite and you will not be taxed to death." This, coming from the head of the church, is practically an order to all Mormons to stand together politically.

As compiled by United States Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, of the department of labor, the figures bearing on the number of persons engaged in the various industrial and professional lines of employment in the United States are decidedly interesting. According to the latest report of Commissioner Wright, based upon the census of 1890, there are now 22,132,648 persons employed in what are known as the gainful occupations. Of this number 18,420,504 are males and 3,712,144 females. Divided into five comprehensive groups the showing is as follows:

Agriculture, fisheries and mining...	8,673,359
Professional service.....	913,422
Domestic and personal service.....	4,332,565
Trade and transportation.....	3,251,796
Manufacturing and mechanical industries.....	5,001,465
Total.....	22,132,648

Although it appears from the foregoing table that agriculture has the list a comparison with the figures for 1880 shows that manufacturing enterprises have steadily increased since that time in the number of men employed. In 1880 only 6.81 per cent. of those employed in the gainful occupations were found in the various manufacturing industries. In 1890, however, the number had increased to 8.13 per cent., which shows a decided gain. The number of those engaged in agricultural pursuits at the present time aggregates 14.39 per cent., against 15.96 per cent. for 1880, showing something of a decrease.

SWEET CHRISTMAS TIME.

Oh Christmas chimes! O Christmas times!
The sweetest and the brightest;
When hearts beat high and pulses fly,
And childhood's steps are lightest!
When ruddy cheeks are ruddiest,
And red lips like a cherry.
O Christmas near! O Christmas here!
So sparkling and so merry!

Old Santa Claus—with ample cause,
For children all adore him—
While they're asleep, takes many a peep
At trundle-beds before him;
And then he laughs—not in his sleeve,
For that is full, believe it,
Of Christmas toys, for girls and boys,
And could not well receive it.

The good old man will plot and plan
Like any great commander,
Or swim deep seas—the young to please—
As did the brave Leander.
Not only packs of jumping-jacks
Adorn his ample shoulders,
But hats and boots and stylish suits
Astonish all beholders.

O Christmas bells, your music tells
A tale of joy and gladness—
Of fireside peace, of sweet increase—
And not a tale of sadness;
For even Poverty lifts up
Her thousand, thousand voices,
And for this time, this one bright time
Of goodly cheer, rejoices!

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

SMALL PERTATERS' CHRISTMAS PARTY.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

I was about nine o'clock on Christmas Eve. Small Pertaters was standing on one leg, with the other twisted around it, looking into one of the windows of Purcell's large bakery. He could smell the mince pies, that, fresh from the oven a short time before, had just been placed in it.

"They smells bully good," he said, giving a great sniff. "I wished I had one."

But he might as well, poor little fellow, have wished for the moon (he would have stood as good a chance of getting it), for not one cent was there, either in the ragged pockets of his ragged trousers, or the ragged pockets of his ragged coat. (This coat had once been the spring overcoat of some one twice as big as Small Pertaters, and it was worn to a fringe all around the bottom from trailing on the ground.)

"I'd rather," said Small Pertaters, "have one of them nor any thin' else. They's meat an' vegetables an' candy an' cake all to wunst, they is. An' how brown their kivers is. I never seen sich werry brown kivers on a pie afore."

At this moment a gentleman and a lovely fair-haired little girl, followed by a small white dog, went into the shop, stayed there a short time, and coming out again, hastened up the avenue. Small Pertaters gazed after them.

"Her hair was jist like shiny gole," he said. "S'pect she has mince pie every day of her life. But it's no use me standin' here. It makes me hunger an' hunger lookin' at them pies. I'll go home an' eat my supper; an' 'tain't every boy what's got a soup-bone, with a lot of marrer in it an' a hunk of gristle an' meat a-hangin' to it, an' a fresh biscuit, an' a cole billed pertater, in his coat tail pocket."

And, turning quickly from the window, he spied the small white dog which had been following the gentleman and the golden haired child sniffing at the same coat-tail pocket.

"Jimmy Jinks!" said Small Pertaters; "if that hog of a dog ain't a-tryin' to hook my bone. An' I s'pect he has more soup bones nor what he knows what to do with where he lives, for he's a nobby dog, he is. Git out, you swell pup."

And the "swell pup," starting to get out, discovered that he had lost his master and mistress, and ran to and fro, with nose to the snow-covered pavement, eagerly seeking a trail of them, for five or ten minutes. Then, giving up in despair, he seated himself before the boy, who stood watching him, and shaking his muddy little paws, looked up into his face in the most beseeching manner.

"It's too bad," said Small Pertaters, patting his head with a very dirty hand. "Guess they must have got on to a car, ole feller; an' the best thing you kin do is to come home with me, an' we'll look for 'em to-morrer."



"THEY SMELLS BULLY GOOD," HE SAID.

And, as though he understood his new friend perfectly, the dog trotted after him as he went a few blocks down the avenue, and turned, first into Thirteenth street, and then into Gansevoort street. Here the boy strode quickly along, whistling cheer-

ily, his hands in what was left of his trousers pockets, until he stumbled over something that was lying on the sidewalk. Stooping to see what it was, he found a brown hen, with her legs sticking up straight and stiff.

"It's got shut out of its lodgin's," said he, "an' it's froze. But p'r'ps 'tain't a hull goner. I'll git it loose an' take it home with me, anyhow."

So he searched about until he found a stone, with which he broke the ice around the hen, and, setting it free, with the loss of a few feathers, he went on again, carrying it with him, the dog still following. But he had only gone a block farther, when he heard a pitiful mewing come from an ash-barrel that stood before a tenement house, and, peeping in, he saw a black and white kitten sitting on the ashes.

"Pears to me I'm boun' to have a party ter-night," said Small Pertaters. "Here's another young friend a-waitin' to come home with me. All right, pussy; here goes." And he lifted her out of the barrel, and stowed her away inside of his big coat. "There's nothin' 'bout me, 'specially roun' Christmas times."

And in another minute or two he and his three guests had arrived at the end of the street, and the end of their journey. They had reached



"MERRY CHRISTMAS, SMALL PERTATERS."

Small Pertaters' home—"sweet, sweet home," indeed, in one sense of the word; for what do you think it was? An old molasses cask lying upon its side on the wharf, near the river. Getting down on his hands and knees, Small Pertaters, by the aid of a street lamp that stood near by, took a survey of the inside of the cask, and finding no intruder there, crawled in, laid down the hen and kitten, and then went back for the dog, who lingered at the entrance.

"Come in, ole feller," said he coaxingly.

But the dog suddenly turned tail, and was making off, when Small Pertaters sprung out and flourished the bone before his nose. The temptation was too much. Master Dog joined the party in the molasses cask; and, when the supper was served, Small Pertaters gave him the larger part of the meat and gristle, and, spreading the marrow as well as he could—for it was hard and cold—on the biscuit, he fed half of it to the kitten, keeping the other half and the cold potato for himself. As for the hen, she lay on her back as stiff as ever.

"Guess she must be froze all through," said Small Pertaters; and then, with a sigh, he murmured: "I ain't so werry full as I might be. Wished—I—had—one—of—them—mince—" and fell fast asleep, the cat and dog snuggled up, one each side of him.

Bright and early Christmas morning a gentleman and a lovely little girl called upon the owner of the bakery into the window of which Small Pertaters had been looking the night before.

"Did you see anything of a little white dog, after we left your shop last night?" they both asked, in the same breath.

"No; I did not, I am sorry to say," was the answer.

The tears started to the child's eyes.

"Don't cry, dear," said her papa. "We haven't half looked for him yet. We'll find the policeman who was no-

this beat at the time we lost him, and very likely he can tell us something about him. If he can't, I'll advertise in all the papers to-morrow."

But, fortunately, the policeman, whom they soon found, remembered seeing a small white dog trotting after a boy, between 9 and 10 o'clock the night before.

"The boy was Small Pertaters," he said, "and that's the reason I didn't ask anything about the dog. He's an honest, good-hearted little chap, though he is a reg'lar street-boy, with no friends except such as he makes in the street. They call him 'Small Pertaters' 'cause he's no bigger than a boy of 6 or 7, though he must be 9 or 10. But, small as he is, he can beat and boy I ever saw at climbing and jumping. And, as I was saying, when I saw the dog with him I didn't give it a second thought."

"Where does he live?" asked the child, eagerly.

"Most anywhere, I guess, Miss," answered the policeman. "He ain't got any reg'lar home."

"And you can't tell us where to find him?" said the gentleman. "My little girl's Christmas won't be a very merry one unless she gets some tidings of her pet."

"Well, sir, you might make a try for it. Go along the north side of Gansevoort street till you come to the river; Small Pertaters has a sleeping place somewhere in that neighborhood, and maybe you'll meet him coming over to the avenue a looking for his breakfast."

So, leaving many thanks and a silver dollar for the officer's baby son behind them, the child and her father started off again, and, reaching Gansevoort street, turned into it, walking slowly along and watching both sides of the way, when, just as they arrived at the last corner, they met another policeman.

"Small Pertaters?" said he, in answer to a question of Mr. Mitchell's (that was the name of the little girl's father). "I guess you'll find him at home."

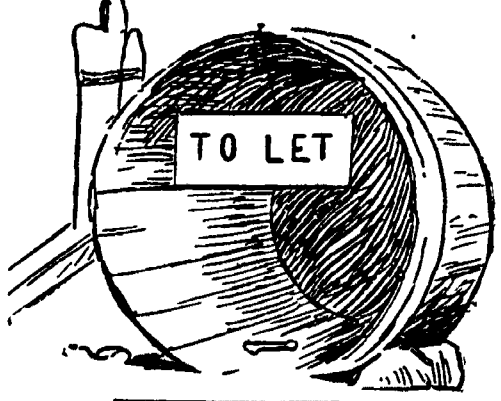
"And is his home near?" asked Dolly (that was the name of the little girl herself).

"Right over there," replied the policeman. But, as there was no house where he pointed, the gentleman began to laugh. "Do you see that molasses cask?" said he. "Well, that's Small Pertaters' home."

"What a queer home!" said Dolly;

breast. And after they reached the gentleman's house it wasn't long before the unexpected visitor had had a warm bath and a warm breakfast, and only a little longer before he found himself dressed in new clothes from head to foot.

And the next day a bright-faced, neat-looking lad tacked a paper, on which was printed the words "To Let," on the big molasses cask that lay on the wharf, and then, stepping backward a few steps, he made a flying leap over it, and ran away from his old street life forever.



Two Legends of the Christ-Child.

The following quaint story is from the history of "The Nativity of Mary," a work that has for centuries furnished themes for poets and artists: "Mary and the child Jesus were resting in a cave with Joseph and a maid and three boys, who were with them on their journey. There came suddenly out of the sides of the cave a great number of dragons, and when Jesus, slipping down from his mother's knee, stood on His feet before them, the dragons fell down and worshipped Him. Then the Divine Child, seeing that Mary and Joseph were filled with terror lest He should be harmed, said to them, 'Do not be afraid and do not consider Me as a little child, for I am and always have been perfect, and all the beasts of the field must be tame before Me.' Many of the old painters have given us the terror stricken group in the cave, including the girl and the three boys, but minus the monsters who caused them such a fright.

The most beautiful of all the legends is "The Light of the World," which Bouguereau has so exquisitely pictured for us in his "Repose in Egypt." Some travelers crossing the desert saw a brilliant light proceeding apparently from the Sphinx. Knowing that the altar of the sun stood there, they asked of one another in amaze, "Can the people be sacrificing again to the sun?" And when they drew nearer they saw that a little group of wanderers was resting beneath the shadow of the mystery of the desert. A man of middle age, dusky and travel-stained, was feeding a small grey ass, while on the arms of the Sphinx rested a young woman holding an infant to her breast. The radiant light which had dazzled them shone from the face of the young child with a great and exceeding brilliancy. Now the travelers going on their way, were filled with awe and astonishment. Yet they did not know that they had beheld the "Light of the World."—Demorest.

Leather Unlucky at Christmas.

Christmas being the period in which gifts are numerous it seems rather curious that it should be thought unlucky to bring shoes or leather articles into the house at this period, but such things are forbidden in an English county. In another it is counted unlucky to bring any holly into the house before Christmas Eve, and in London it must all be burned on Twelfth Day morning.

On Christmas.

"The church-bells of innumerable sects are all chime-bells to-day, ringing in sweet accordance throughout many lands and awaking a great joy in the heart of our common humanity."—Rev. Dr. Chapin.

The Christmas Tree.

A stately fir tree rears its head,
With stars and tapers all ablaze;
And quivering in the fairy ray,
The glittering loaded branches spread.

And childish eyes are sparkling bright,
And childish hearts with joy o'erflow,



And on that Birthday long ago
They ponder with a grave delight.

Then to their gifts they turn once more,
And in the present sunshine lost,
They fear no future tempest toss'd,
But into fairy regions soar.

The doctors agree that noises may be as injurious to health as bad smells or heaps of refuse.

A Chicago paper offers a cornet as a prize in a popular voting contest, but very wisely provides that the winner must be a man who lives in some other town.

Observers of German political phenomena have noticed that every year a greater proportion of the parliamentary representatives of the Socialist party are professors and other brain workers, who displace the laborers.

The price the farmer will get for his wheat ought to help good roads in the South and West, for the farmer in his hurry to get his product to market will learn the value of rapid transportation, and if he has a long distance to haul over a bad road, as is usual, he cannot compete with his rival on the good road.

The report of a special investigation of the private institutions in New York city that are paid to care for poor and sick shows that \$1,313,491 has been expended on unworthy people. There were 26,561 people being supported. Of these Mr. Bauer has approved 113,776 and disapproved 13,258. The sum saved is \$1,313,471.

As indicating what vigorous, systematic effort can accomplish in fighting noxious insects we note that in '92, the gypsy moth (a very difficult insect with which to deal) infested an area in Massachusetts of 200 square miles; and through the efforts of the board of agriculture of that state the pest is now confined to a area of about seventy-five square miles.

If any one were to undertake to walk, one way only, through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of 2600 miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of the distance one would have to go to see thoroughly even the greater part of the city of London—the largest city in the world.

Widespread discussion is growing out of a statement or appeal made by President Woodruff, the head of the Mormon church, in a recent conference at Salt Lake. His words were: "The day has come when the months of Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, Joseph Smith, and the twelve apostles should not be closed. God Almighty requires you to unite in your temple work and unite in your politics. You should unite to elect your city council and all the state organizations. You must put aside Democracy and Republicanism, and as Latter Day Saints unite and you will not be taxed to death." This, coming from the head of the church, is practically an order to all Mormons to stand together politically.

As compiled by United States Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, of the department of labor, the figures bearing on the number of persons engaged in the various industrial and professional lines of employment in the United States are decidedly interesting. According to the latest report of Commissioner Wright, based upon the census of 1890, there are now 22,132,648 persons employed in what are known as the gainful occupations. Of this number 18,420,504 are males and 3,712,144 females. Divided into five comprehensive groups the showing is as follows:

Agriculture, fisheries and mining	8,673,389
Professional service	943,421
Domestic and personal service	4,232,567
Trade and transportation	3,281,796
Manufacturing and mechanical industries	5,001,465

Total..... 22,132,648
Although it appears from the foregoing table that agriculture heads the list a comparison with the figures for 1880 shows that manufacturing enterprises have steadily increased since that time in the number of men employed. In 1880 only 6.81 per cent. of those employed in the gainful occupations were found in the various manufacturing industries. In 1890, however, the number had increased to 8.13 per cent., which shows a decided gain. The number of those engaged in agricultural pursuits at the present time aggregates 14.39 per cent., against 15.96 per cent. for 1880, showing something of a decrease.

SWEET CHRISTMAS TIME.

Oh Christmas chimes! O Christmas times!
The sweetest and the brightest!
When hearts beat high and pulses fly,
And childhood's steps are lightest!
When ruddy cheeks are ruddiest,
And red lips like a cherry,
O Christmas near! O Christmas here!
So sparkling and so merry!

Old Santa Claus—with ample cause,
For children all adore him—
While they're asleep, takes many a peep
At tangle-beds before him;
And then he laughs—not in his sleeve,
For that is full, believe it,
Of Christmas toys, for girls and boys,
And could not well receive it.

The good old man will pilot and plan
Like any great commander,
Or swim deep seas—the young to please—
As did the brave Leander.
Not only packs of jumping-jacks
Adorn his ample shoulders,
But hats and boots and stylish suits
Astound all beholders.

O Christmas bells, your music tells
A tale of joy and gladness—
Of festive peace, of sweet increase—
And not a tale of sadness;
For even Poverty lifts up
Her thousand, thousand voices,
And for this time, this one bright time
Of goodly cheer, rejoices!

—Mrs. M. A. Kiddle.

SMALL PERTATERS' CHRISTMAS PARTY.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.



wished I had one."

But he might as well, poor little fellow, have wished for the moon (he would have stood as good a chance of getting it), for not one cent was there, either in the ragged pockets of his ragged trousers, or the ragged pockets of his ragged coat. (This coat had once been the spring overcoat of some one twice as big as Small Pertaters, and it was worn to a fringe all around the bottom from trailing on the ground.)

"I'd rather," said Small Pertaters, "have one of them nor any thin' else. They's meat an' vegetables an' candy an' cake all to wunst, they is. An' how brown their kivers is. I never seen sich werry brown kivers on a pie afore."

At this moment a gentleman and a lovely fair-haired little girl, followed by a small white dog, went into the shop, stayed there a short time, and coming out again, hastened up the avenue. Small Pertaters gazed after them.

"Her hair was jist like shiny gole," he said. "S'pect she has mince pie every day of her life. But it's no use me standin' here. It makes me hunger an' hunger lookin' at them pies. I'll go home an' eat my supper; an' tain't every boy what's got a soup-bone, with a lot of marrer in it an' a hunk of gristle an' meat a-hangin' to it, an' a fresh biscuit, an' a cole biled pertater, in his coat tail pocket."

And, turning quickly from the window, he spied the small white dog which had been following the gentleman and the golden haired child sniffing at the same coat-tail pocket.

"Jimmy Jinks!" said Small Pertaters; "if that hog of a dog ain't a-tryin' to hook my bone. An' I s'pect he has more soup bones nor what he knows what to do with where he lives, for he's a nobby dog, he is. Git out, you swell pup."

And the "swell pup," starting to get out, discovered that he had lost his master and mistress, and ran to and fro, with nose to the snow-covered pavement, eagerly seeking a trail of them, for five or ten minutes. Then, giving up in despair, he seated himself before the boy, who stood watching him, and shaking his muddy little paws, looked up into his face in the most beseeching manner.

"It's too bad," said Small Pertaters, patting his head with a very dirty hand. "Guess they must have got on to a car, ole feller; an' the best thing you kin do is to come home with me, an' we'll look for 'em to-mor'."



"THEY SMELLS BULLY GOOD," HE SAID.

And, as though he understood his new friend perfectly, the dog trotted after him as he went a few blocks down the avenue, and turned, first into Thirteenth street, and then into Gansevoort street. Here the boy strode quickly along, whistling cheer-

ily, his hands in what was left of his trousers pockets, until he stumbled over something that was lying on the sidewalk. Stopping to see what it was, he found a brown hen, with her legs sticking up straight and stiff.

"It's got shut out of its lodgin's," said he, "an' it's froze. But p'rps tain't a hull goner. I'll git it loose an' take it home with me, anyhow."

So he searched about until he found a stone, with which he broke the ice around the hen, and, setting it free, with the loss of a few feathers, he went on again, carrying it with him, the dog still following. But he had only gone a block farther, when he heard a pitiful meowing come from an ash-barrel that stood before a tenement house, and, peeping in, he saw a black and white kitten sitting on the ashes.

"Pears to me I'm boun' to have a party ter-night," said Small Pertaters. "Here's another young friend a-waitin' to come home with me. All right, pussy; here goes." And he lifted her out of the barrel, and stowed her away inside of his big coat. "There's nothin' mean 'bout me, 'specially roun' Christmas times."

And in another minute or two he and his three guests had arrived at the end of the street, and the end of their journey. They had reached



"MERRY CHRISTMAS, SMALL PERTATERS."

Small Pertaters' home—"sweet, sweet home," indeed, in one sense of the word; for what do you think it was? An old molasses cask lying upon its side on the wharf, near the river. Getting down on his hands and knees, Small Pertaters, by the aid of a street lamp that stood near by, took a survey of the inside of the cask, and finding no intruder there, crawled in, laid down the hen and kitten, and then went back for the dog, who lingered at the entrance.

"Come in, ole feller," said he coaxingly.

But the dog suddenly turned tail, and was making off, when Small Pertaters sprung out and flourished the bone before his nose. The temptation was too much. Master Dog joined the party in the molasses cask; and, when the supper was served, Small Pertaters gave him the larger part of the meat and gristle, and, spreading the marrow as well as he could—for it was hard and cold—on the biscuit, he fed half of it to the kitten, keeping the other half and the cold potato for himself. As for the hen, she lay on her back as stiff as ever.

"Guess she must be froze all through," said Small Pertaters; and then, with a sigh, he murmured: "I ain't so werry full as I might be. Wished—I—had—one—of—them—mince—" and fell fast asleep, the cat and dog snuggled up, one each side of him.

Bright and early Christmas morning a gentleman and a lovely little girl called upon the owner of the bakery into the window of which Small Pertaters had been looking the night before.

"Did you see anything of a little white dog, after we left your shop last night?" they both asked, in the same breath.

"No; I did not, I am sorry to say," was the answer.

The tears started to the child's eyes.

"Don't cry, dear," said her papa. "We haven't half looked for him yet. We'll find the policeman who was no

this beat at the time we lost him, and very likely he can tell us something about him. If he can't, I'll advertise in all the papers to-morrow."

But, fortunately, the policeman, whom they soon found, remembered seeing a small white dog trotting after a boy, between 9 and 10 o'clock the night before.

"The boy was Small Pertaters," he said, "and that's the reason I didn't ask anything about the dog. He's an honest, good-hearted little chap, though he is a reg'lar street-boy, with no friends except such as he makes in the street. They call him 'Small Pertaters' 'cause he's no bigger than a boy of 6 or 7, though he must be 9 or 10. But, small as he is, he can beat and boy I ever saw at climbing and jumping. And, as I was saying, when I saw the dog with him I didn't give it a second thought."

"Where does he live?" asked the child, eagerly.

"Most anywhere, I guess, Miss," answered the policeman. "He ain't got any reg'lar home."

"And you can't tell us where to find him?" said the gentleman. "My little girl's Christmas won't be a very merry one unless she gets some tidings of her pet."

"Well, sir, you might make a try for it. Go along the north side of Gansevoort street till you come to the river; Small Pertaters has a sleeping place somewhere in that neighborhood, and maybe you'll meet him coming over to the avenue a looking for his breakfast."

So, leaving many thanks and a silver dollar for the officer's baby son behind them, the child and her father started off again, and, reaching Gansevoort street, turned into it, walking slowly along and watching both sides of the way, when, just as they arrived at the last corner, they met another policeman.

"Small Pertaters?" said he, in answer to a question of Mr. Mitchell's (that was the name of the little girl's father). "I guess you'll find him at home."

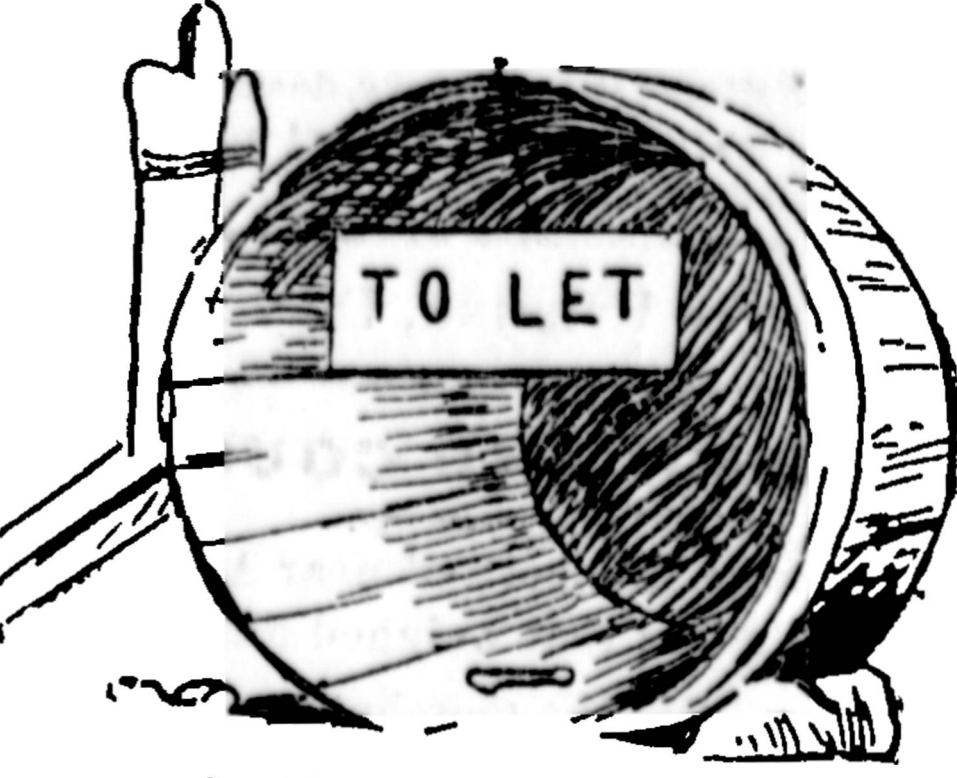
"And is his home near?" asked Dolly (that was the name of the little girl herself).

"Right over there," replied the policeman. But, as there was no house where he pointed, the gentleman began to laugh. "Do you see that molasses cask?" said he. "Well, that's Small Pertaters' home."

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breast. And after they reached the gentleman's house it wasn't long before the unexpected visitor had had a warm bath and a warm breakfast, and only a little longer before he found himself dressed in new clothes from head to foot.

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IN BLOCKS OF THIRTY.

LANDING IMMIGRANTS AT THE NEW YORK BARGE OFFICE.

Boatloads of Foreigners Make Their Entry Into the New World—Italian and Polish Women the Most Picturesque Arrivals.—All Bear Burdens.

One of the most curious sights which the city has to offer is the scene which takes place almost daily at the barge office dock when the boatloads of immigrants from all parts of the world make their entry into this country. It is not, strictly speaking, the first time that they have set foot upon American soil, for they have been landed an hour or so previously at the pier of the steamship on which they came over, and, after picking out their several pieces of baggage there, have been re-embarked, with all their worldly goods, upon the barge office boat which is waiting to receive them. But their arrival at the battery marks their formal entrance into the United States, and it is not until after they have successfully passed the careful inquiries of the registry office that they can be sure that the new land they have chosen is willing to adopt them.

As the barge office boat draws up to her dock there is usually great animation to be observed on her deck. The passengers are standing about in little groups, either talking earnestly, with the abundance of gestures characteristic of foreigners, or else gazing silently toward the new city as if fascinated by its appearance. Every man, woman and child manifests a desire to go ashore immediately, and if it were not for the wholesome respect which they entertain for the blue uniforms of the officials there would probably be something like a stampede upon the gangplank. To facilitate the work of the registry clerks, the immigrants are divided off while on the boat into groups of thirty, and intervals are allowed between the landing of the different groups, so that there may be no crowding. The only way in which the groups can be preserved intact is by fencing them apart with ropes, and the appearance of the deck thus divided into pens is amusing.

On the forward end of the boat are huge piles of the larger pieces of baggage, too heavy and unwieldy for the immigrants to carry in their arms. Judging from the poverty expressed in the costumes of the people, one would not expect them to bring many possessions with them, but the fact remains that there are bundles, baskets, boxes and budgets of all descriptions, in addition to the trunks and chests which must be moved by the expressman.

The most picturesque arrivals are the Italian and Polish women, with their resplendent shawls and the gaily decorated handkerchiefs which cover their heads in lieu of hats. Their gowns are always short enough to satisfy the most advanced dress reformer, and the most popular style of foot covering seems to be high-knee boots of stout leather, precisely like those worn by the men. The women march ashore with the heavy, clumping tread which the boots compel, frequently carrying huge bundles upon their heads and smaller ones in their arms. Sometimes, however, it is a baby which takes the place of the second bundle, and there may be two or three toddlers clinging to their mother's skirts.

The father of the family is not idle, either; his arms are full of what are presumably more family treasures in boxes and bags. The wrappings of the bundles are remarkable for their diversity. Besides the brown sacking, there are brilliant pink calicos and multi-colored plaids, corresponding in kind to the clothes of the owners. Not even the children are exempt from burden bearing. Nearly every one that can walk has something to look after, and many of them are seen to be lugging fast little wicker or wooden chairs, evidently their own private property. Sometimes a band of Hollanders are conspicuous among their poorer neighbors by reason of their clattering wooden shoes and general air of better health and prosperity.—New York Tribune.

A Mystery of the Heavens.

There is a curious light in the sky, which only a keen eye can detect, and which few astronomers even ever have seen, but which Prof. E. E. Barnard, who five years ago discovered the fifth satellite of Jupiter, has been studying for many years. His latest account of it comes from the new Yerkes observatory. It is a faint patch, roughly circular, several degrees in diameter, and keeping always in that part of the heavens which is directly opposite to the sun. The stars shine through it as they do through a comet's tail. German astronomers have given to this strange light the name of the gegenschein. Precisely what causes it remains to be determined.—Youth's Companion.

Atchison (Kan.) society people thirsting for novelty gave an imitation circus parade in trolley cars, which they had decorated as bandwagons, chariots of \$10,000 beauties and tanks and closed cages of aquatic and wild animals.

HUMAN OXEN.

Men and Women Who Carry Heavy Loads in Colombia.

In an article on "Difficulties of Transportation in the Tropics," in the Engineering Magazine, C. P. Yeatman tells some remarkable stories of the strength and endurance of pack-carriers in Colombia. Says Mr. Yeatman:

"There are professional pack-carriers on some roads who make a specialty of carrying burdens which the sturdy and much enduring mule cannot stagger under. On some of the roads you will see at times what appears to be a live box, staggering slowly and painfully down the mountain side ahead of you; as you draw nearer you may hear the box grunt, very much as an old pack mule does at each downward step on a steep road. There is something uncanny about the whole proceeding, if it is your first experience, and you happen suddenly to overtake the box, going down hill, for the moving, swaying and grunting mass has no visible means of support, and no apparent excuse for behaving in such a manner. Perhaps you may read on its back: 'Mason and Hamlin Organ company,' or some similar legend, but that is no help in solving the perambulating mystery, for whoever heard of a boxed-up organ wandering alone down a steep mountain path and grunting as it reeled along? Very likely the road is too narrow for you to pass your fellow traveler; so you are obliged to follow in its wake. But at last you are able to pass ahead, and you find that the organ is in no way to blame for moving, for it has a man under it. Short and stumpy he may be, but the muscle on him reminds you of the pictures of old Atlas holding the world on his brawny shoulders. In one hand he carries a long, stout cane, with which he steadies himself on the slippery clay, and, when he wishes to rest, he backs up to the bank on the side of the road, settles the lower end of his load against the higher ground, and props up the upper end with his stick; then he is free to slip the plaited magnery-fiber bands off his shoulders and forehead, and step out from under his burden.

"Up the next hill perhaps you will overtake a woman pack-carrier. Ask her now much weight she carries and you may get the answer, as if it were a child's load, 'echo arrobas, no mas'—equivalent to 'only two hundred and twenty pounds.' As you catch sight of her wrinkled face, you may thoughtlessly remark that it is a heavy load for one of her years; her answer is apt to be: 'You should see my grandmother; she does carry heavy loads; I am not full grown yet.' This is said with so injured an air that you are wondering why you had not remembered that a woman has a right to be touchy about her age, even if she is not dressed in the height of fashion. As to the grandmother, and the probability of her still being able to carry burdens in this world, you are apt to be strongly of the opinion that the pack-mulish old lady has drawn entirely on her imagination; but do not be too sure of that, for the glaring tropical sun brings wrinkles quickly, and, where women are frequently mothers at fourteen years of age, a great grandmother may still be a very active member of society.

"Is this sort of freight-carrying expensive? Rather! A twelve-arroba, 330-pound package, which is generally the maximum for men, as a nine-arroba is for women, may cost \$150 for one hundred miles, or \$10.18 paper per ton per mile."

REINDEER IN THE KLONDIKE.

Best Animals to Carry Heavy Loads in the Gold Fields in Winter.

The revenue cutter Corwin, which arrived in port last night from St. Michael, had on board the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, United States general agent of education in Alaska, and Lieutenant Jarvis, executive officer of the revenue cutter Bear. Dr. Jackson has been associated for years with the introduction of reindeer in Alaska for use among the native Indians.

In discussing the probable scarcity of food supplies at Dawson City this winter, Dr. Jackson said last night: "It has been proved by experience that the reindeer are the only animals which are fitted to render practical service in carrying heavy loads under the conditions of climate which prevail in Alaska. The time will come when the miners of the Yukon will rely altogether upon these animals in winter. The United States government owns about 1500 reindeer at present—625 at Port Clarence, 360 at Behring Straits, 168 at Cape Nome and 300 at Golovin bay. Unfortunately we are handicapped by lack of drivers. Of the six Laplanders who were sent to Alaska under contract with the government, four are expected to return on the revenue cutter Bear in a few days. As none of the Indians can be trusted alone to handle the reindeer on long trips, it is out of the question to attempt to use them this winter in transporting supplies to Dawson.

"The reindeer are peculiarly fitted by nature for work in that country, because they are self-supporting and need little care. At the end of a day's journey they can be turned loose to shift for themselves. Last winter Superintendent Kgelman made a trip of 2000 miles in midwinter without car-

rying a pound of fodder. One reindeer in ordinary good condition can draw a sled loaded with 500 pounds of freight, and one driver can handle ten sleds. When they are broken to pack, they will carry 150 pounds apiece.

"There is an unlimited quantity of the animals on the coast of Siberia, where they can be bought for \$3 in trade. Transportation across Behring sea is cheap, and I believe that before another summer passes, some enterprising trader will establish a freight line by the use of reindeer on the Yukon.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

Something About This Strange and Useful Plant.

The bread-fruit tree is a native of Southern Asia, the Pacific Islands and the Archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut; it grows to a height of forty or fifty feet, has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaved bread-fruit grows; it is a sorcerer, is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds, and has a thick yellow rind. The fruit is the chief food of the South Sea Islanders—they seldom eat a meal without it. The eatable part lies between the rind and the core, and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. It is better for food before it is matured, and the natives gather it when the pulp is white.

Before it is ready for table use it must be roasted, when it looks like like wheat bread, and is both palatable and nutritious. Usually the fruit is cut into three or four slices and roasted or baked in an oven.

Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred bread-fruits may be baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without it costing any of them much labor. Prepared in this way the bread will keep for weeks.

The bread-fruit is in season eight months of the year; when the season finally draws to a close, the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste called 'mahai.' This paste will keep good for months and is made into balls, wrapped in leaves, and baked as needed.

Bread is not the only product of the bread-fruit tree; from it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with coconut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels. The lumber is light, of a rich yellow color, and is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this, the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled.—Philadelphia Times.

Buffalo Raising in Wisconsin.

Albert and Charles Huber, living a few miles south of Durand, Wis., have a herd of about twenty-five full-blood bison and some eighteen crossed bulls and heifers, bison and native cows.

About six years ago they were hunting in the western part of North Dakota and succeeded in capturing alive three young bison, a bull and two cows, and these they brought to their farm here. The animals grew and thrived amazingly, and are pastured in an enclosure of about four hundred acres, running down to the valley of Rose creek, where they have ample room and shelter. Experiments were early made with crossed breeds, and it has now been found that the cross is very successful, the half-breed combining the docility of the domestic animals with the endurance and large size of the bison. They are also very fine fur producers, and grow to maturity in less time than domestic cattle. The flesh of crossed animals is very palatable, and the fur has all the good qualities of that of the bison, and is softer and more silky. The crossed bloods can also stand far more exposure in winter than can the native cow.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Clock Ticks for Insomnia.

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"One day I mentioned the fact to a friend, who said, 'Get a clock.' I always have a clock in my room at home, and I am accustomed to the sound of its ticking. It is curious how silent and strange a room may seem without it. That was what I wanted, a clock, and I bought one. Now, when I go to my room in a hotel usually the first thing I do is to put my clock on the mantelpiece or table. It ticks away bravely, a friendly and familiar sound, and I go to sleep without any trouble whatever."—Washington Star.

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One Sq. from Depot, Littlestown, Pa.
G. BROOK YANTIS, Prop'r.
New House, New Furniture, Old Landlord, Up-to-date and first-class throughout.

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Adjoining the Court House.
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The bar is stocked with Choice Wines, Beer and Liquors, and fine brands of Cigars. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Free Busto and from trains. Extensive stabling attached to the hotel.

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Half square from either depot. Livery connected with the hotel. Drive of 20 miles with four or more, over battlefield, \$1.85, including dinner.
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The undersigned, having purchased the warehouse on PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., he will buy all kinds of GRAIN, such as Wheat, Rye, Oats and Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Hay and Straw, etc. Will also keep on hand a full stock of Flour, Feeds, Salt, etc.

LUMBER AND COAL.—The Lumber and Coal business will be continued as heretofore, with a full stock of all kinds of Lumber and Coal, which will be sold at bottom prices. Thankful for the liberal patronage given me in the past, I will endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

A. SHEELY.

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Z. S. CUSHMAN,
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Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., Also

The Best Brands of Flour,
Coarse and Fine Salt, etc.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough.

Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday Afternoon for Baltimore; Returning leaves Hillen Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

IN BLOCKS OF THIRTY.

LANDING IMMIGRANTS AT THE NEW YORK BARGE OFFICE.

Boatloads of Foreigners Make Their Entry Into the New World—Italian and Polish Women the Most Picturesque Arrivals.—All Bear Burdens.

One of the most curious sights which the city has to offer is the scene which takes place almost daily at the barge office dock when the boatloads of immigrants from all parts of the world make their entry into this country. It is not, strictly speaking, the first time that they have set foot upon American soil, for they have been landed an hour or so previously at the pier of the steamship on which they came over, and after picking out their several pieces of baggage there, have been re-embarked, with all their worldly goods, upon the barge office boat which is waiting to receive them. But their arrival at the battery marks their formal entrance into the United States, and it is not until after they have successfully passed the careful inquiries of the registry office that they can be sure that the new land they have chosen is willing to adopt them.

As the barge office boat draws up to her dock there is usually great animation to be observed on her deck. The passengers are standing about in little groups, either talking earnestly, with the abundance of gestures characteristic of foreigners, or else gazing silently toward the new city as if fascinated by its appearance. Every man, woman and child manifests a desire to go ashore immediately, and if it were not for the wholesome respect which they entertain for the blue uniforms of the officials there would probably be something like a stampede upon the gangplank. To facilitate the work of the registry clerks, the immigrants are divided off while on the boat into groups of thirty, and intervals are allowed between the landing of the different groups, so that there may be no crowding. The only way in which the groups can be preserved intact is by fencing them apart with ropes, and the appearance of the deck thus divided into pens is amusing.

On the forward end of the boat are huge piles of the larger pieces of baggage, too heavy and unwieldy for the immigrants to carry in their arms. Judging from the poverty expressed in the costumes of the people, one would not expect them to bring many possessions with them, but the fact remains that there are bundles, baskets, boxes and budgets of all descriptions, in addition to the trunks and chests which must be moved by the expressman.

The most picturesque arrivals are the Italian and Polish women, with their resplendent shawls and the gaily decorated handkerchiefs which cover their heads in lieu of hats. Their gowns are always short enough to satisfy the most advanced dress reformer, and the most popular style of foot covering seems to be high-knee boots of stout leather, precisely like those worn by the men. The women march ashore with the heavy, clumping tread which the boots compel, frequently carrying huge bundles upon their heads and smaller ones in their arms. Sometimes, however, it is a baby which takes the place of the second bundle, and there may be two or three toddlers clinging to their mother's skirts.

The father of the family is not idle, either; his arms are full of what are presumably more family treasures in boxes and bags. The wrappings of the bundles are remarkable for their diversity. Besides the brown sacking, there are brilliant pink calicos and multi-colored plaids, corresponding in kind to the clothes of the owners. Not even the children are exempt from burden bearing. Nearly every one that can walk has something to look after, and many of them are seen to be hugging fast little wicker or wooden chairs, evidently their own private property. Sometimes a band of Hollanders are conspicuous among their poorer neighbors by reason of their clattering wooden shoes and general air of better health and prosperity.—New York Tribune.

A Mystery of the Heavens.

There is a curious light in the sky, which only a keen eye can detect, and which few astronomers even have seen, but which Prof. E. E. Barnard, who five years ago discovered the fifth satellite of Jupiter, has been studying for many years. His latest account of it comes from the new Yerkes observatory. It is a faint patch, roughly circular, several degrees in diameter, and keeping always in that part of the heavens which is directly opposite to the sun. The stars shine through it as they do through a comet's tail. German astronomers have given to this strange light the name of the gegenschein. Precisely what causes it remains to be determined.—Youth's Companion.

Atchison (Kan.) society people thirsting for novelty gave an imitation circus parade in trolley cars, which they had decorated as bandwagons, chariots of \$10,000 beauties and tanks and closed cages of aquatic and wild animals.

HUMAN OXEN.

Men and Women Who Carry Heavy Loads in Colombia.

In an article on "Difficulties of Transportation in the Tropics," in the Engineering Magazine, C. P. Yeatman tells some remarkable stories of the strength and endurance of pack-carriers in Colombia. Says Mr. Yeatman:

"There are professional pack-carriers on some roads who make a specialty of carrying burdens which the sturdy and much enduring mule cannot stagger under. On some of the roads you will see at times what appears to be a live box, staggering slowly and painfully down the mountain side ahead of you; as you draw nearer you may hear the box grunt, very much as an old pack mule does at each downward step on a steep road. There is something uncanny about the whole proceeding, if it is your first experience, and you happen suddenly to overtake the box, going down hill, for the moving, swaying and grunting mass has no visible means of support, and no apparent excuse for behaving in such a manner. Perhaps you may read on its back: 'Mason and Hamlin Organ company,' or some similar legend, but that is no help in solving the perambulating mystery, for whoever heard of a boxed-up organ wandering alone down a steep mountain path and grunting as it reeled along? Very likely the road is too narrow for your mule to pass your fellow traveler; so you are obliged to follow in its wake. But at last you are able to pass ahead, and you find that the organ is in no way to blame for moving, for it has a man under it. Short and stumpy he may be, but the muscle on him reminds you of the pictures of old Atlas holding the world on his brawny shoulders. In one hand he carries a long, stout cane, with which he steadies himself on the slippery clay, and, when he wishes to rest, he backs up to the bank on the side of the road, settles the lower end of his load against the higher ground, and props up the upper end with his stick; then he is free to slip the plaited magnery-fiber bands off his shoulders and forehead, and step out from under his burden.

"Up the next hill perhaps you will overtake a woman pack-carrier. Ask her now much weight she carries and you may get the answer, as if it were a child's load, 'echo arrobas, no mas'—equivalent to 'only two hundred and twenty pounds.' As you catch sight of her wrinkled face, you may thoughtlessly remark that it is a heavy load for one of her years; her answer is apt to be: 'You should see my grandmother; she does carry heavy loads; I am not full grown yet.' This is said with so injured an air that you ride on wondering why you had not remembered that a woman has a right to be touchy about her age, even if she is not dressed in the height of fashion. As to the grandmother, and the probability of her still being able to carry burdens in this world, you are apt to be strongly of the opinion that the pack-mulish old lady has drawn entirely on her imagination; but do not be too sure of that, for the glaring tropical sun brings wrinkles quickly, and, where women are frequently mothers at fourteen years of age, a great grandmother may still be a very active member of society.

"Is this sort of freight-carrying expensive? Rather! A twelve-arroba, 330-pound package, which is generally the maximum for men, as a nine-arroba is for women, may cost \$150 for one hundred miles, or \$10.18 paper per ton per mile."

REINDEER IN THE KLONDIKE.

Best Animals to Carry Heavy Loads in the Gold Fields in Winter.

The revenue cutter Corwin, which arrived in port last night from St. Michael, had on board the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, United States general agent of education in Alaska, and Lieutenant Jarvis, executive officer of the revenue cutter Bear. Dr. Jackson has been associated for years with the introduction of reindeer in Alaska for use among the native Indians.

In discussing the probable scarcity of food supplies at Dawson City this winter, Dr. Jackson said last night: "It has been proved by experience that the reindeer are the only animals which are fitted to render practical service in carrying heavy loads under the conditions of climate which prevail in Alaska. The time will come when the miners of the Yukon will rely altogether upon these animals in winter. The United States government owns about 1500 reindeer at present—625 at Port Clarence, 360 at Behring Straits, 168 at Cape Nome and 300 at Golovin bay. Unfortunately we are handicapped by lack of drivers. Of the six Laplanders who were sent to Alaska under contract with the government, four are expected to return on the revenue cutter Bear in a few days. As none of the Indians can be trusted alone to handle the reindeer on long trips, it is out of the question to attempt to use them this winter in transporting supplies to Dawson.

"The reindeer are peculiarly fitted by nature for work in that country, because they are self-supporting and need little care. At the end of a day's journey they can be turned loose to shift for themselves. Last winter Superintendent Kgelman made a trip of 2000 miles in midwinter without car-

rying a pound of fodder. One reindeer in ordinary good condition can draw a sled loaded with 500 pounds of freight, and one driver can handle ten sleds. When they are broken to pack, they will carry 150 pounds apiece.

"There is an unlimited quantity of the animals on the coast of Siberia, where they can be bought for \$3 in trade. Transportation across Behring sea is cheap, and I believe that before another summer passes, some enterprising trader will establish a freight line by the use of reindeer on the Yukon.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

Something About This Strange and Useful Plant.

The bread-fruit tree is a native of Southern Asia, the Pacific Islands and the Archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut; it grows to a height of forty or fifty feet, has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the bread-fruit grows; it is a soros's, is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds, and has a thick yellow rind. The fruit is the chief food of the South Sea Islanders—they seldom eat a meal without it. The eatable part lies between the rind and the core, and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. It is better for food before it is matured, and the natives gather it when the pulp is white.

Before it is ready for table use it must be roasted, when it looks like like wheat bread, and is both palatable and nutritious. Usually the fruit is cut into three or four slices and roasted or baked in an oven.

Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred bread-fruits may be baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without it costing any of them much labor. Prepared in this way the bread will keep for weeks.

The bread-fruit is in season eight months of the year; when the season finally draws to a close, the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste called "mahe." This paste will keep good for months and is made into balls, wrapped in leaves, and baked as needed.

Bread is not the only product of the bread-fruit tree; from it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with cocoanut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels. The lumber is light, of a rich yellow color, and is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this, the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled.—Philadelphia Times.

Buffalo Raising in Wisconsin.

Albert and Charles Huber, living a few miles south of Durand, Wis., have a herd of about twenty-five full-blood bison and some eighteen crossed bulls and heifers, bison and native cows.

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Teams given careful attention. Telephone
No. 122.

GRAIN and PRODUCE.

The undersigned, having purchased the
warehouse on PITT STREET, New
Oxford, PA., he will buy all kinds of
GRAIN, such as Wheat, Rye, Oats
and Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed,
Hay and Straw, etc. Will also keep
on hand a full stock of Flour, Feeds,
Salt, etc.

LUMBER AND COAL.—The Lum-
ber and Coal business will be con-
tinued as heretofore, with a full stock
of all kinds of Lumber and Coal,
which will be sold at bottom prices.
Thankful for the liberal patronage
given me in the past, I will endeavor
to merit a continuance of the same.

A. SHEELY.

GO TO----
Ceo. A. Klingel's
Barber - Shop,
For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair
Cut. Razors Honed and Concealed at
the Lowest Price.
Shop AT POST OFFICE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE
Z. S. CUSHMAN,
At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST.
NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all
kinds of

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats,
Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,
Chop, &c., Also

The Best Brands of Flour,
Coarse and Fine Salt, etc.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their ad-
vantage to give him a call. Free delivery to
any part of the borough.
Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday
Afternoon for Baltimore. Returning leaves
Hillien Station every Friday at 6 o'clock p. m.
All orders left with him will receive prompt
attention.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.—If your friends or neighbors are suffering from coughs, colds, sore throat, or any throat or lung disease including consumption, ask them if they have ever tried Otto's Cure. This famous German remedy is having a large sale here and is performing some wonderful cures of throat and lung diseases. E. C. Livingston will give you a sample bottle free. No matter what other medicines have failed to do, try Otto's Cure. Large size 25 and 50 cents.

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Baltimore, Dec. 21.—Flour inactive; western superfine, \$2.70; do. extra, \$3.25; do. family, \$4.40; do. winter wheat, patent, \$4.55; do. spring do., \$5.20; spring wheat, straight, \$4.80; do. wheat dull and easy; spot and month, 98¢; No. 2 red, 98¢; southern wheat, by sample, 98¢; do. on grade, 98¢; Corn dull; spot, 34¢; month, 33¢; December, new or old, 33¢; January, 33¢; February, 33¢; steamer mixed, 32¢; southern white and yellow corn, 29¢; Oats quiet; No. 2 white, western, 26¢; No. 2 mixed, 27¢; Rye firm; No. 2 nearby, 52¢; No. 2 western, 53¢; Hay quiet; choice timothy, \$12. Grain freights very dull; steamers easy, unchanged. Sugar strong, unchanged. Butter quiet, unchanged. Eggs and cheese steady, unchanged. Whisky unchanged.

East Liberty, Pa., Dec. 21.—Cattle steady; prime, \$4.80; do. common, \$3.50; do. bulls, stags and cows, \$2.70. Hogs active; best medium pigs and Yorkers, \$3.50; do. heavy, \$3.50; do. good roughs, \$3.50; do. common, \$2.50; do. sheep steady; choice, \$4.00; do. common, \$3.00; do. choice lambs, \$5.00; do. common to good lambs, \$4.50; do. Veal calves, \$6.50.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

without the knowledge of the patients. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century. It is safe, sure and reliable. Ten thousand testimonials, full particulars, in plain envelope, for two-cent stamp. STAR CHEMICAL CO. 111 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE ITEM. Only \$1

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best ointment in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. B. Wehler.

Furniture!

We wish to state to the citizens of New Oxford and the public in general that we have opened a Furniture Store

AT 113 BALTIMORE ST., HANOVER,

where you will find at all times a very large and complete line of all the various styles of PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS, TABLES of all descriptions, CHAIRS, of every kind, LOUNGES, BUREAUS, WASHSTANDS, MATTRESSES, BEDSTEADS, SPRINGS, and every article of furniture you may want.

We deal in no inferior goods, but give to every customer the full worth of his money. We challenge competition with the world, both for quality of goods and lowness of prices.

M. A. BAUGHMAN;
113 Baltimore St., HANOVER, PA.

TRY NAYLOR'S IMPERIAL FLOUR!

or have your wheat exchanged for it. Take your chopping to

NEW OXFORD FLOURING MILLS and when you want FEED of any kind, at low prices come to us; a full supply always on hand. We buy

WHEAT, RYE, OATS OR CORN, and always pay the highest cash prices. Give us a trial.

H. A. NAYLOR,
PROPRIETOR.

FRESH COWS WANTED!



I will pay the highest market price for FRESH COWS, Springers, Bolognas, Stock Bulls, Sheep, and Fat Stock of all kinds. Drop a postal to me at Littlestown, Pa., or leave word with Frank L. Fiehlman, at the Eagle Hotel, New Oxford, as I will be there on Tuesday of each week. Will be glad to see stock at any time. HOWARD J. SPALDING, Littlestown, Pa.



We recommend them, as they fit like a glove.

Price \$1.00
Sheely & Bro.

There's ONE DRESS STAY that Won't melt apart, Can't cut through the dress, Don't stay bent.

It is BALL'S PEERLESS.

All lengths; all colors.

Sheely & Bro.

Advertising in THE ITEM is a sure means of drawing trade. Rates low.

FINE HORSES

—AT—
Private Sale.



FRIDAY, DEC. 3, 1897,

I will receive 2 car loads of VIRGINIA HORSES at my stables in Abbottstown, workers and drivers, among them some good saddlers. Will be sold or exchanged at reasonable prices. Call and see them.

F. K. HAFFER.

Women's and Children's

Jackets and Capes!

This cool weather ought to make you think of a Jacket or Cape. We have many choice styles. Grace and beauty are combined in every garment this season, and at very moderate prices. We cordially invite you to examine them.

CARVER & LITTLE,

No. 8 Baltimore Street,
HANOVER, PA.

Western Maryland Railroad

—CONNECTING WITH—
P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. R. at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Hagerstown and Hanover; and P. W. & B. N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, M.D.

BALTIMORE & HARRISBURG DIVISION.

Schedule in effect Oct. 3, 1897.

DOWNWARD				STATIONS.				UPWARD			
P.	M.	A.	M.	P.	M.	A.	M.	P.	M.	A.	M.
2:07	7:02	—	—	Le Willmsport Ar	11:45	—	—	8:20	—	—	—
2:38	7:32	—	—	Hagerstown	12:15	—	—	8:00	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	Ar Edgmont Le	11:45	—	—	7:34	—	—	—
1:25	6:00	—	—	Le Shippsburg Ar	—	—	—	8:55	—	—	—
1:50	6:31	—	—	Chambersburg	12:36	—	—	8:28	—	—	—
2:19	7:07	—	—	Waynesboro	12:02	—	—	7:51	—	—	—
2:38	7:30	—	—	Ar Edgmont Le	11:45	—	—	7:35	—	—	—
2:41	7:36	—	—	Le Edgmont Ar	11:42	—	—	7:31	—	—	—
2:56	7:50	—	—	Ar Highfield Le	11:28	—	—	7:19	—	—	—
3:24	8:16	—	—	Le Highfield Ar	11:25	—	—	7:16	—	—	—
3:33	8:24	—	—	Fairfield	10:56	—	—	6:48	—	—	—
3:38	8:28	—	—	Ortanna	10:45	—	—	6:37	—	—	—
3:42	8:32	—	—	McKnightstown	10:40	—	—	6:32	—	—	—
3:53	8:43	—	—	Seven Stars	10:37	—	—	6:29	—	—	—
4:16	9:06	—	—	Gettysburg	10:28	1:12	6:20	—	—	—	—
4:20	9:10	A. M.	—	New Oxford	10:03	12:51	5:55	—	—	—	—
4:33	9:23	6:10	—	Berlin Junction	9:59	12:48	5:52	—	—	—	—
4:45	9:38	6:20	—	Hanover	9:46	12:37	5:9	—	—	—	—
4:49	9:42	6:25	—	Porters	9:32	12:25	5:27	—	—	—	—
5:01	9:54	6:35	—	Shippensburg	9:23	12:21	5:20	—	—	—	—
5:08	9:59	6:40	—	Green Ridge	9:15	12:10	5:13	—	—	—	—
5:12	10:04	6:44	—	Glenville	9:03	12:08	5:11	—	—	—	—
5:20	10:11	6:51	—	Lincolnton	8:58	12:00	5:00	—	—	—	—
5:31	10:21	7:01	—	Green Mount	8:47	11:42	4:41	—	—	—	—
5:35	10:25	7:05	—	Hampstead	8:43	11:38	4:37	—	—	—	—
5:42	10:31	7:14	—	Arcadia	8:36	11:32	4:30	—	—	—	—
5:54	10:41	7:27	—	Woodensburg	8:26	11:21	4:19	—	—	—	—
6:03	10:45	7:32	—	A. Em's Gro Le	8:22	11:17	4:15	—	—	—	—
6:00	10:46	7:32	—	Le Em's Gro Ar	8:20	11:15	4:15	—	—	—	—
6:07	11:29	8:40	—	Ar Baltimore Le	7:22	10:17	3:32	—	—	—	—
P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.

BERLIN BRANCH R. R.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.—Leave Hanover 5:15 p.m., Berlin Jc. 5:40 p.m., and arrive at Abbottstown 6:07 p.m., and East Berlin at 6:22 p.m.
Leave East Berlin at 8:00 a.m., Abbottstown at 8:15 a.m., and arrive at Berlin Junction at 8:30 a.m., and Hanover at 8:50 a.m.

HANOVER JUNCTION BRANCH.—Leave Porters 12:20 p.m. for Hanover Junction and intermediate stations. Leave Hanover Junction returning, at 1:25 p.m. daily, except Sunday.

EASTERN EXTENSION B. & H. DIVISION.—Leave Porters for York and intermediate stations at 7:30 and 9:38 a.m., and 12:29 and 5:27 p.m. Leave York for Porters and intermediate stations at 9:00 and 11:55 a.m., and 4:10 and 6:15 p.m.

POTOMAC VALLEY RAIL ROAD.—Leave Hagerstown for Charlton, Clear Spring, Big Pool and Cherry Run at 8:05 a.m., and 1:25 and 8:05 p.m. Leave Cherry Run for Hagerstown and intermediate stations at 5:37 and 10:10 a.m., and 5:05 p.m.

ON SUNDAYS ONLY.—Leave Hanover for Baltimore and intermediate stations at 8:50 a.m. Leave Baltimore for Hanover and intermediate stations at 9:30 a.m.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager.
B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.
H. D. SCOTT, Supt. B. & H. Div.
JOSEPH LEIB, Div. Passenger Agt.

Emlet's Drug Store.

We have a nice line of Perfumery and Perfume Atomizers for the Toilet, and all kinds of Soaps. Our Pure Skin Soap is steadily gaining favor because it is good and not so high in price.

Whisk Brooms, Cloth, Nail, Hair, Flesh, Complexion and Tooth Brushes in Great variety.

Hot Water Bottles, Throat Vaporizers, Fountain Syringes and Rubber Tubing, all sizes.

A well selected stock of DRUGS. All the popular Patent Medicines, and all articles usually found in a first-class drug store, at

EMLET'S DRUG STORE,
HANOVER, PA.

Telephone call, 173.

WATCH for Bargains in Christmas Toys and Candies, &c.

French mixture, 5c. per lb.

Yours With Respect,

E. G. LIVINGSTON.

Christmas Donations at our usual Low Prices

Umbrella Clasps.....25c	Pocket Books.....75c
Hat Markers.....50c	Pin Trays.....25c
Hat Brushes.....35c	Cigar Cutters.....75c
Nail Files.....25c	Letter Seals.....50c
Glove Hooks.....25c	Watches for boys, warranted.....\$2.50
Clothes Brushes.....\$1.00	Emery Bags.....25c
3-piece Manicure Sets.....\$1.00	Scissors.....\$1.00

SENT POSTPAID UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE. The above are all fine Silver Goods

JNO. L. WEAVER, JEWELER,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

REMEMBER your absent friends at Christmas.

REMEMBER that THE ITEM would make a most acceptable Holiday present to them, and will be the same as a weekly letter from home during the ensuing year—and \$1 will pay the bill.

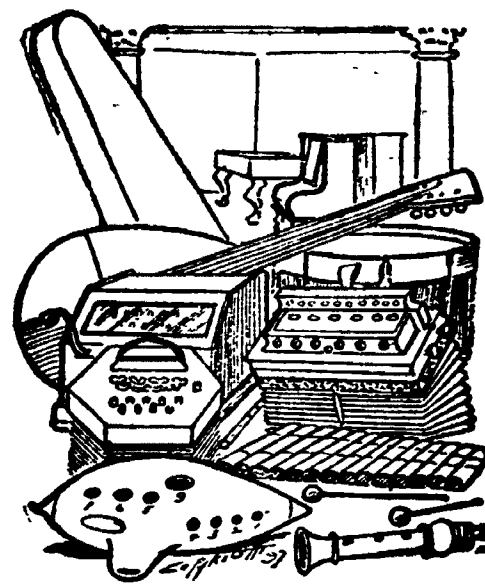
M. G. Colestock, Butcher,

MILLER'S BUILDING,
CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.,

has constantly on hand in season the best of

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Bologna, Sausage, Puddings, Smoked Meats, &c., &c.

His prices are the lowest. Give him a call.



EVERYTHING MUSICAL

can be found here. The youngest beginner or the finished musician can find instruments to suit their skill, taste or pockets. And we have roller organs and music boxes from \$5 to \$60 for those who have no skill, but like good music. All musical instruments are well represented. But a visit to the store would be found pleasing, even if you don't buy.

Spangler's Music Room, Gettysburg.

F. G. & W. L. McKinney, DEALERS IN

SHOES AND STATIONERY

HANOVER, PA.

In consequence of our strictly CASH system we are enabled to sell at surprisingly low figures.

Call and be convinced of the saving we can make you in the purchasing of your Footwear.

Clement Lingg, SURVEYOR,

NEW OXFORD PENN A
Charges moderate.

NEW OXFORD BAKERY,

C. J. HOOFFMAN, Proprietor.
HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA.

Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cakes, of all kinds, &c., constantly on hand.
Picnics, Festivals, and Gatherings of all kinds, furnished on short notice at bottom prices.

SPRING FURNITURE!

We are receiving and unpacking daily a new and complete line of Spring Furniture. Our trade this spring has been so good as to compel us to get in an entire new stock, so that everything in our store now is new and of the very latest style and design. We have a very good line of LOUNGES

—AND—
COUCHES. They are handsome! It would be worth your while to see them even if you don't want to buy.

Our SIDEBORDS, PARLOR TABLES, CHAMBER SUITS, DINING ROOM EQUIPMENTS, &c.,

combine the artistic with the useful. There are a large number of new designs in furniture now in our store that you ought to see. THE PRICES? You know that our prices are always right. Can we expect you in?

A. S. FEISER,
PHIADELPHIA STREET,
New Oxford, Pa.

REVIVO



RESTORES VITALITY..

Made a Well Man of Me. THE GREAT 30th Day. Produces the above results in 30 DAYS. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores from effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretions Lost Manhood, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power of either sex, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, Insomnia, Nervousness, which unfit one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a

Great Nerve Tonic and Blood-Builder and restores both vitality and strength to the muscular and nervous system, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Accept no substitute. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, in plain wrapper, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money in every package. For free circular address

Royal Medicine Co., 269 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
For sale by Randolph Wehler, druggist, New Oxford, Pa.

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD

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without the knowledge of the patient. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century. It is safe, sure and reliable. Ten thousand testimonials, full particulars, in plain envelope, for two-cent stamp, 874 CHEMICAL CO., 111 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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SUITS, TABLES of all descriptions, CHAIRS, of every kind, LOUNGES, BUREAUS, WASHSTANDS, MATRESSES, BEDSTEADS, SPRINGS, and every article of furniture you may want.

We deal in no inferior goods, but give to every customer the full worth of his money. We challenge competition with the world, both for quality of goods and lowness of prices.

M. A. BAUGHMAN,
113 Baltimore St., HANOVER, PA.

TRY NAYLOR'S IMPERIAL FLOUR!

or have your wheat exchanged for it. Take your chopping to NEW OXFORD FLOURING MILLS and when you want FEED of any kind, at low prices come to us; a full supply always on hand. We buy

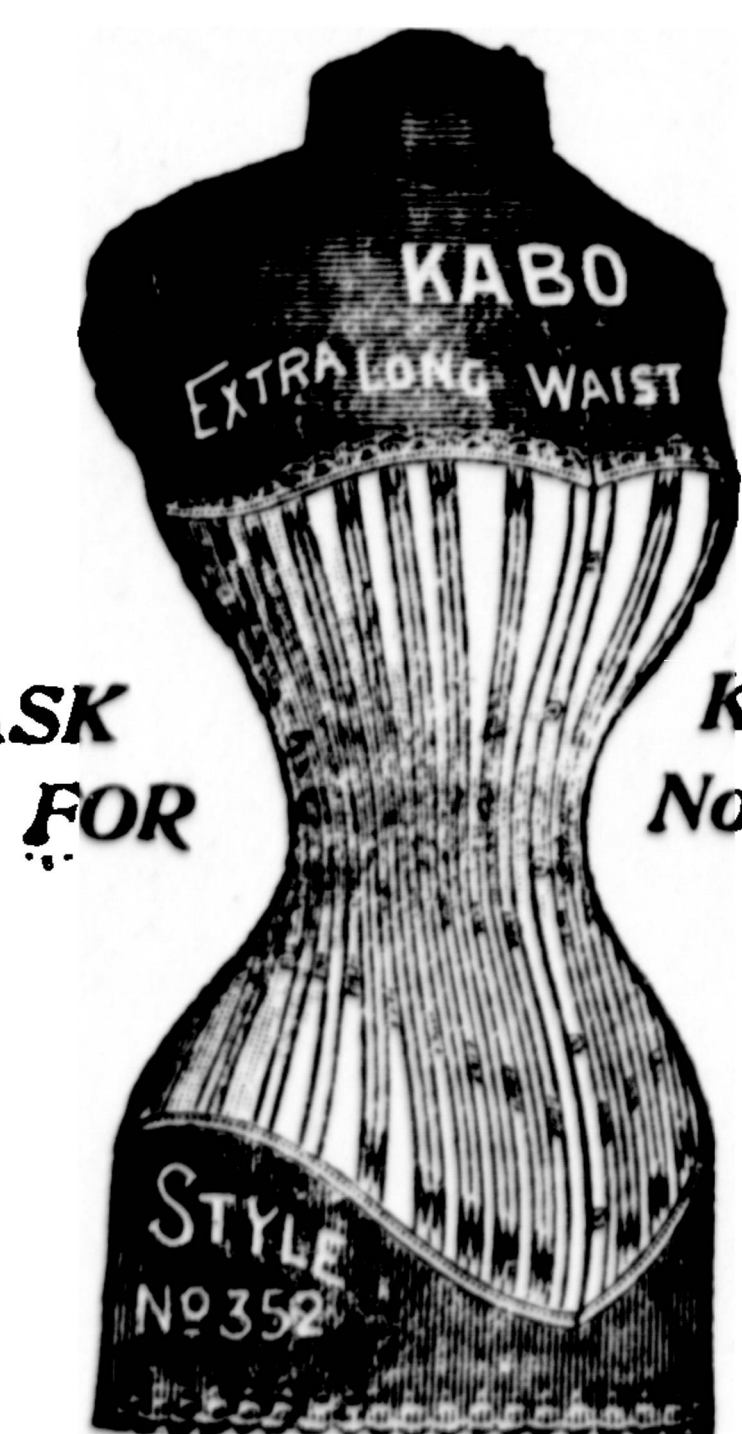
WHEAT, RYE, OATS OR CORN, and always pay the highest cash prices. Give us a trial.

H. A. NAYLOR,
PROPRIETOR.

FRESH COWS WANTED!



I will pay the highest market price for FRESH COWS, Springers, Bolognas, Stock Bulls, Sheep, and Fat Stock of all kinds. Drop a postal to me at Littlestown, Pa., or leave word with Frank L. Flehman, at the Eagle Hotel, New Oxford, as I will be there on Tuesday of each week. Will be glad to see stock at any time. HOWARD J. SPALDING, Littlestown, Pa.



We recommend them, as they fit like a glove.

Price \$1.00
Sheely & Bro.

There is one DRESS STAY that Won't melt apart, Can't cut through the dress, Don't stay bent.

It is BALL'S PEERLESS. All lengths; all colors. Sheely & Bro.

Advertising in THE ITEM is a sure means of drawing trade. Rates low.

FINE HORSES

—AT—

Private Sale.



FRIDAY, DEC. 3, 1897,
I will receive 2 car loads of VIRGINIA HORSES at my stables in Abbottstown, workers and drivers, among them some good saddlers. Will be sold or exchanged at reasonable prices. Call and see them.

F. K. HAFER.

Women's and Children's

Jackets and Capes!

This cool weather ought to make you think of a Jacket or Cape. We have many choice styles. Grace and beauty are combined in every garment this season, and at very moderate prices. We cordially invite you to examine them.

CARVER & LITTLE,
No. 8 Baltimore Street,
HANOVER, PA.

Western Maryland Railroad

—CONNECTING WITH—
P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. R. R. at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Bruceville and Hanover; and P. W. & B. N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.
BALTIMORE & HARRISBURG DIVISION.

Schedule in effect Oct. 3, 1897.

READ DOWNWARD			STATIONS.		READ UPWARD.		
A. M.	A. M.				P. M.	A. M.	A.
6 15			Le Willmst ^{pt} Ar		12 15		8
7 02			Hagerstown		11 45		8
7 32			Ar Edg ^{mont} Le				8
6 00			Le Ship ⁿ b ^g Ar				8
6 31			Chambersburg		12 36		8
7 07			Wagnersboro		12 02		7
7 30			Ar Edg ^{mont} Le		11 45		7
7 36			Le Edg ^{mont} Ar		11 42		7
7 50			Ar Highfield		11 28		7
7 50			Le Highfield Ar		11 25		7
8 16			Fairfield		10 56		6
8 24			Orrtanna		10 45		6
8 28			McKnightstown		10 40		6
8 32			Seven Stars		10 37	P. M.	6
8 43			Gettysburg		10 28	1 12	6
9 06			New Oxford		10 03	12 51	5
9 10	A. M.		Berlin Junction		9 59	12 48	5
9 23	6 10		Hanover		9 46	12 37	5
9 38	6 20		Porters		9 32	12 25	5
9 45	6 26		Shenando		9 23	12 21	5
9 54	6 33		Green Ridge		9 15	12 10	5
9 56	6 35		Glenville		9 13	12 06	5
10 04	6 44		Lineboro		9 05	12 00	5
10 11	6 51		Alexia		8 58	11 53	4
10 21	7 01		Green Mount		8 47	11 42	4
10 25	7 05		Hamstead		8 43	11 38	4
10 31	7 11		Acadia		8 36	11 32	4
10 41	7 27		Woodsbush rg		8 26	11 21	4
10 45	7 32		A Em ^y Gro Ar		8 22	11 17	4
10 46	7 32		Le Em ^y Gro Ar		8 20	11 15	4
11 29	8 40		Ar Baltimore		7 22	10 17	3
A. M.	A. M.				A. M.	A. M.	P.

BERLIN BRANCH R. R.—DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.—Leave Hanover 5 15 p. m., Berlin Jo. 5 40 p. m., and arrive at Abbottstown 6 07 p. m., and East Berlin at 6 22 p. m.
Leave East Berlin at 8 00 a. m., Abbottstown at 8 15 a. m., and arrive at Berlin Junction at 8 30 a. m., and Hanover at 8 50 a. m.

HANOVER JUNCTION BRANCH.—Leave Porters 12 29 p. m. for Hanover Junction and intermediate stations. Leave Hanover Junction returning, at 1 25 p. m. daily, except Sunday.

EASTERN EXTENSION B. & H. DIVISION.—Leave Porters for York and intermediate stations at 7 30 and 9 38 a. m., and 12 29 and 5 27 p. m. Leave York for Porters and intermediate stations at 9 00 and 11 55 a. m., and 4 10 and 6 15 p. m.

ON SUNDAYS ONLY.—Leave Hanover for Baltimore and intermediate stations at 6 50 a. m. Leave Baltimore for Hanover and intermediate stations at 9 30 a. m.

POTOMAC VALLEY RAIL ROAD.—Leave Hagerstown for Chariton, Clear Spring, Big Pool and Cherry Run at 8 05 a. m., and 1 25 and 8 05 p. m. Leave Cherry Run for Hagerstown and intermediate stations at 5 37 and 10 10 a. m., and 5 05 p. m.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager. B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.
H. D. SCOTT, Supt. B. & H. Div. JOSEPH LEIB, Div. Passenger Agt.

Emlet's Drug Store.

We have a nice line of Perfumery and Perfume Atomizers for the Toilet, and all kinds of Soaps. Our Pure Skin Soap is steadily gaining favor because it is good and not so high in price.

Whisk Brooms, Cloth, Nail, Hair, Flesh, Complexion and Tooth Brushes in Great variety.

Hot Water Bottles, Throat Vaporizers, Fountain Syringes and Rubber Tubing, all sizes.

A well selected stock of DRUGS. All the popular Patent Medicines, and all articles usually found in a first-class drug store, at

EMLET'S DRUG STORE,
HANOVER, PA.

Telephone call, 173.

LIVINGSTON'S BARGAIN STORE.

WATCH for Bargains in Christmas Toys and Candies, &c.

French mixture, 5c. per lb.

Yours With Respect,

F. G. LIVINGSTON.

Christmas Donations at our usual Low Prices

Umbrella Clasps.....25c	Pocket Books.....75c
Hat Markers.....50c	Pin Trays.....25c
Hat Brushes.....35c	Cigar Cutters.....75c
Nail Files.....25c	Letter Seals.....50c
Glove Hooks.....25c	Watches for boys, warranted.....\$2.50
Clothes Brushes.....\$1.00	Emery Bags.....25c
3-piece Manicure Sets.....\$1.00	Scissors.....\$1.00

SENT POSTPAID UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE. The above are all fine Silver Goods

JNO. L. WEAVER, JEWELER,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

REMEMBER your absent friends at Christmas. **REMEMBER** that THE ITEM would make a most acceptable Holiday present to them, and will be the same as a weekly letter from home during the ensuing year—and \$1 will pay the bill.

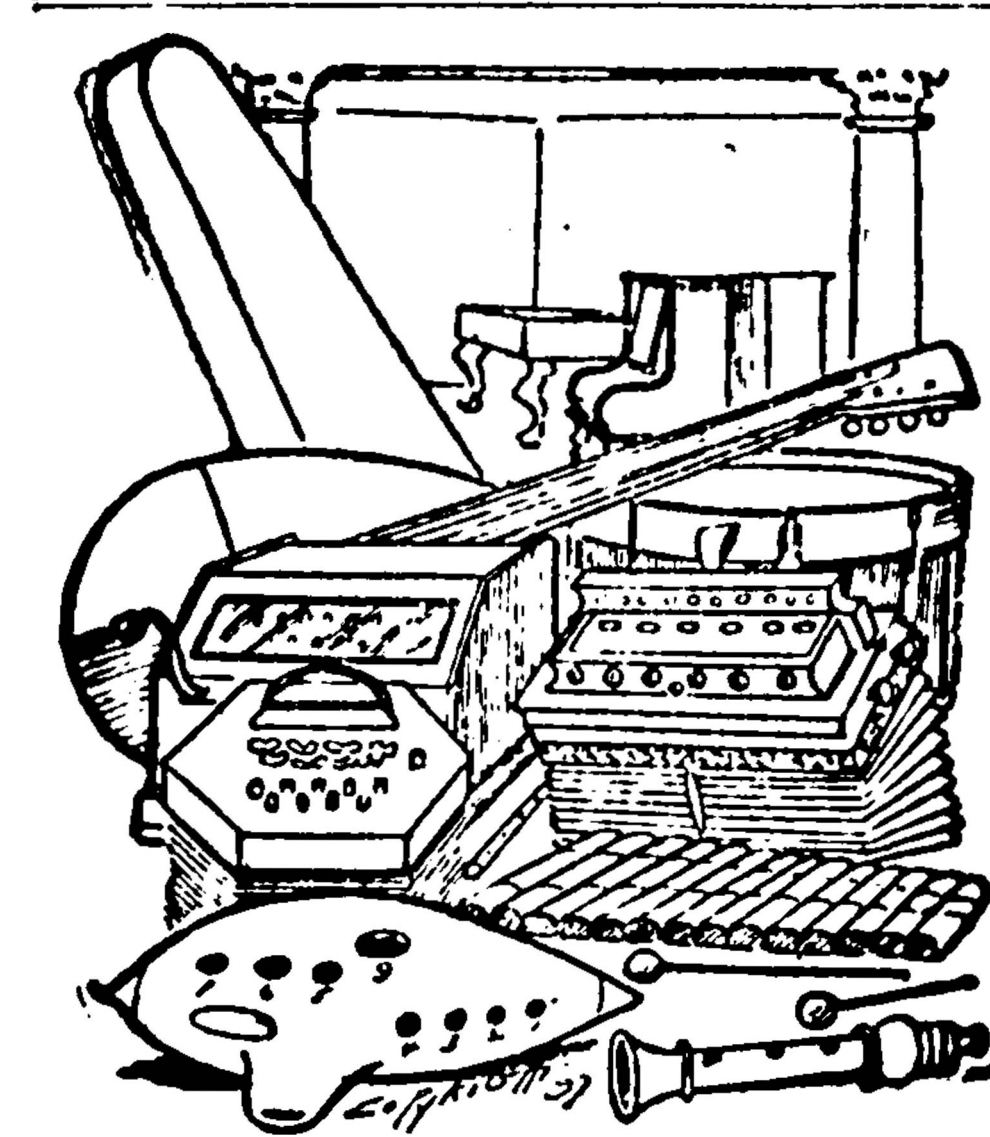
M. G. Colestock, Butcher,

MILLER'S BUILDING,
CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.,

has constantly on hand in season the best of

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Bologna, Sausage, Puddings, Smoked Meats, &c., &c.

His prices are the lowest. Give him a call.



EVERYTHING MUSICAL

can be found here. The youngest beginner or the finished musician can find instruments to suit their skill, taste or pockets. And we have roller organs and music boxes from \$5 to \$60 for those who have no skill, but like good music. All musical instruments are well represented. But a visit to the store would be found pleasing, even if you don't buy.

Spangler's Music Room, Gettysburg.

F. G. & W. L. MCKINNEY,
(SUCCESSORS TO ALBRIGHT & ALLEWELL),
DEALERS IN

SHOES AND STATIONERY

HANOVER, PA.

In consequence of our strictly CASH system we are enabled to sell at surprisingly low figures.

Call and be convinced of the saving we can make you in the purchasing of your Footwear.

Clement Lingg,
SURVEYOR,

NEW OXFORD PENN A
Charges moderate.

NEW OXFORD BAKERY,
O. J. HOFFMAN, Proprietor.
HANOVER ST., NEW OXFORD, PA.

Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cakes, of all kinds, &c., constantly on hand. Picnics, Festivals, and Gatherings of all kinds, furnished on short notice at bottom prices.

SPRING FURNITURE!

We are receiving and unpacking daily a new and complete line of Spring Furniture. Our trade this spring has been so good as to compel us to get in an entire new stock, so that everything in our store now is new and of the very latest style and design. We have a very good line of LOUNGES

They are handsome! **COUCHES.** It would be worth your while to see them even if you don't want to buy.

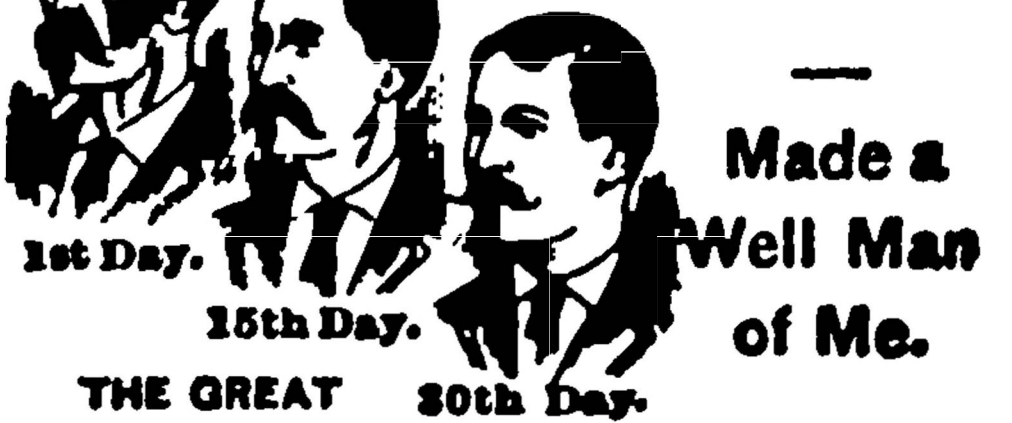
Our **SIDEBOARDS, PARLOR TABLES, CHAMBER SUITS, DINING ROOM EQUIPMENTS, &c.,**

combine the artistic with the useful. There are a large number of new designs in furniture now in our store that you ought to see. **THE PRICES?** You know that our prices are always right. Can we expect you in?

A. S. FEISER,
PHIADELPHIA STREET,
New Oxford, Pa.

REVIVO

RESTORES VITALITY..



Made a Well Man of Me. THE GREAT 30th Day.

FRENCH REMEDY,

Produces the above results in 30 DAYS. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores from effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretions Lost Manhood, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power of either sex, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, Insomnia, Nervousness, which unfit one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a

Great Nerve Tonic and Blood-Builder and restores both vitality and strength to the muscular and nervous system, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Accept no substitute. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, \$1.00 per package, in plain wrapper, or six for \$5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money in every package. For free circular address

Royal Medicine Co., 260 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
For sale by Randolph Wehler, druggist, New Oxford Pa.

New Oxford Item.

E. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

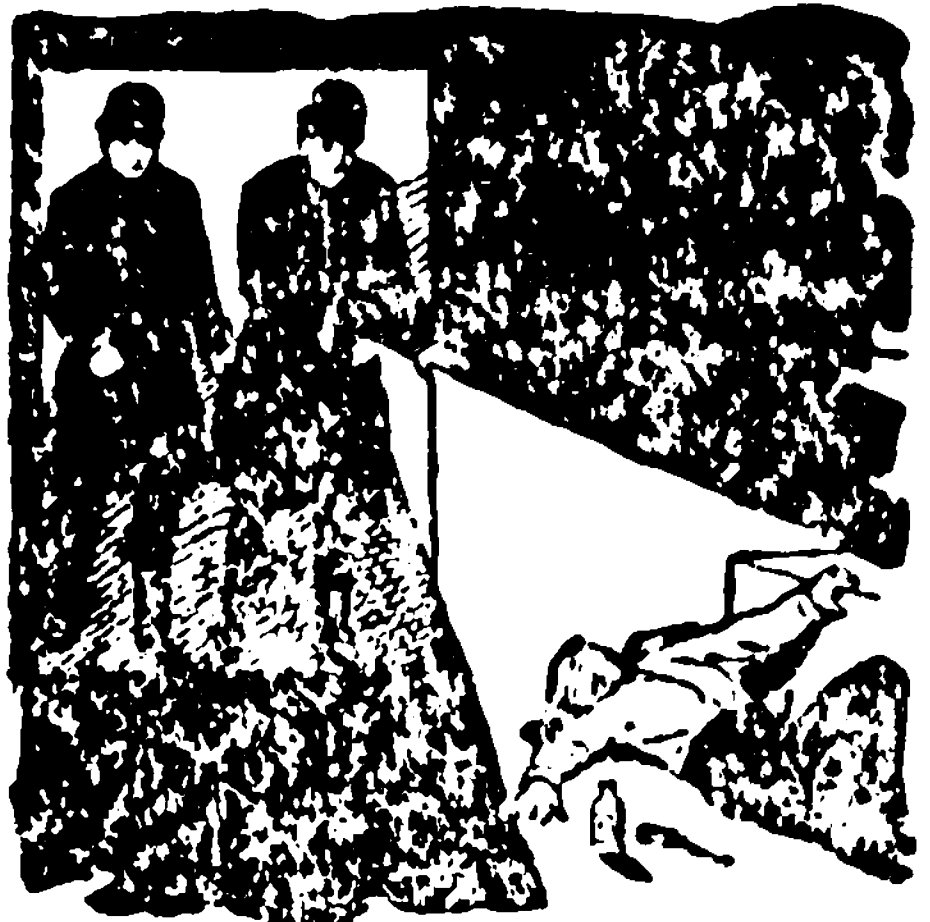
AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

Volume XIX.

New Oxford, Pa., Friday, Dec. 24, 1897.

Number 33



Every few days the papers tell of some man found dead. Many times the cause is accidental poisoning because among several medicine bottles the wrong was taken—the one containing deadly poison. If people only really understood disease this sort of thing would never happen.

Much of the sickness in the world is traceable to some disorder of the digestive organs, or to some impurity in the blood. Nine-tenths of all the illness in the world can be cured by purifying and enriching the blood, and restoring perfect digestion. The one sole and infallible medicine for this purpose is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It can be implicitly relied upon. There is no need having a dozen medicine bottles in the house. One is enough. There is no need of using poisons at all. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the most effective medicine ever prepared, and there is not an atom of poison in a million bottles of it. If you will be guided by Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, and use only Dr. Pierce's Medicines, you will always be safe.

E. James, Esq., of Brooklyn (P. O. Box 281), Cuyahoga Co., Ohio, writes: "We received the 'People's Medical Adviser' all safe and on time. We have looked it through carefully, and we are satisfied that the book will be of great value to us in raising our family of seven children. My wife has found great help from Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, as when she takes cold from any cause, it generally settles on her lungs. The 'Favorite Prescription' we keep on hand all the time. It is a wonderful medicine. My wife has great faith in it. By being careful in the way we live and by using Dr. Pierce's medicines when we don't feel just right, we have had to call a doctor only once in fifteen years in our family."

A VALUABLE PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE!

The undersigned offers his desirable property in Mount Pleasant township, at "The Farm House," on the Carlisle road, about 1 mile from the York & Gettysburg roads, and about 2 miles from New Oxford, at private sale. The property contains about 5 acres, improved with a good house and barn and necessary outbuildings. There is a thriving orchard on the property, and fruit of all kinds. Terms reasonable.

JOHN BROWN.

THE ITEM does neat Job Printing.

FINE HORSES

on hand at all times
—FOR—
Sale or Exchange
—AT—
C. J. SMITH'S
Sale and Exchange
Stables, HANOVER.

I would respectfully call the attention of the general public to the fact that I have at all times a choice selection of horses for sale or exchange. Every horse that I sell or exchange carries with him the guarantee that he must be as represented. When you are in need of a horse give me a call.

C. J. SMITH.

Chestnut St., opposite Brodbeck's warehouse, HANOVER, PA.

Mrs. Wm. B. GITT. E. J. CONYAD.
GITT & CONRAD,
Central Hotel Block, Fountain Sq., Hanover.

Greater, Larger and Better THAN EVER.

is the stock in this great Boot and Shoe Store.

The right goods at the right prices is bringing us greater success than ever this season.

Thanking you kindly for your past favors, and soliciting your patronage for this season, we remain,

Yours respectfully,
GITT & CONRAD,
Central Hotel Block, Fountain Square, HANOVER, PA.

The S-C. PAINT

is the proper paint to put on your house.

It will cover as good as any, will cost you less and is guaranteed for three years.

Lois are using it.

Moul Bros.,
CENTRE SQUARE, - HANOVER, PA.

When in HANOVER and in need of a HOTEL, drop in the

Hotel Abell.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN.

RESTAURANT ATTACHED.

T. L. ABELL, PROP'R.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

Klondike Relief Bill Passed—Adjournment for the Holiday Recess.

In the senate Wednesday of last week the bill prohibiting pelagic sealing by Americans was passed by a vote of 37 to 17. The bill appropriating \$250,000 for the relief of suffering Klondike miners was recommitted. The house adopted an amendment to the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, which reduces the clerical force at the pension office by 95 and reduces the salary list \$115,000.

On Thursday the house passed the bill appropriating \$175,000 for the relief of Klondike sufferers, and also the bill to prohibit pelagic sealing by Americans. The senate also passed a Klondike relief resolution.

On Friday last the house completed the consideration of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, except the civil service paragraph, which was postponed until after the holidays. The senate accepted an invitation, by joint resolution, to participate in Norway's fishery exposition next year.

The only business of importance transacted on Saturday was the adoption by both houses of the conference report on the Klondike relief bill, which appropriates \$200,000 for the relief of the suffering gold seekers. Both house and senate adjourned to Jan. 5.

OUR MINISTER TO CHINA.

C. P. Bryan to Be Nominated, Despite Senatorial Objections.

Washington, Dec. 22.—The president has definitely determined to carry out his original purpose of nominating Charles Page Bryan, of Illinois, to be minister to China. He has so informed one of Mr. Bryan's principal supporters. The nomination will be sent to the senate immediately after the holidays.

The president reached this decision after giving consideration to the protests of Senators Frye, Wolcott and Teller, and upon receiving assurances from Senators Mason and Cullom that Mr. Bryan would be immediately confirmed.

The Illinois legislature yesterday adopted a joint resolution strongly endorsing Bryan's selection.

AN EX-LEGISLATOR'S CRIME.

Murdered His Stepdaughter, Who Had Sued Him For Wages.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Dec. 22.—James Griner, proprietor of the Pullman hotel at Duryea, shot and killed his stepdaughter, Mrs. Caroline Schaeffer, yesterday. Griner gave himself up at once and was brought to the Wilkesbarre jail. The murderer is a veteran of the war and an ex-member of the legislature, representing Wilkesbarre in the house of representatives in 1895. When his term expired he went to Duryea, where he purchased a hotel. He declares his family drove him to desperation.

Griner has been financially embarrassed for some time past, and it made him downhearted. Yesterday he went to Scranton to confer with some creditors, returning home shortly before noon. He was then in good spirits, and told a friend that the meeting with his creditors had been in every way satisfactory, and that they had agreed to carry him along indefinitely. On arriving at his hotel he found a sheriff's sale notice tacked on the door. After a brief interview with his wife he went to the dining room and fired three shots at Mrs. Schaeffer, the third one killing her. The murdered woman was employed at the hotel as cook. She was 35 years of age. She claimed Griner owed her \$250 wages. She brought suit and got judgment.

Mrs. Pullman's Fortune.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—Mrs. George Pullman has decided to accept her dower interest in the estate of her husband instead of abiding by the terms of the will. According to the will she would be given \$50,000 in cash, the homestead in Chicago and the income from \$1,250,000 during her life, the sum to revert to the estate after her death. Her acceptance of the will would have made it practically impossible for her to leave anything to the two sons who were practically disinherited by their father. Her third interest as dower gives her \$3,000,000 in personal property and one-third interest for life in the real estate held by Mr. Pullman. This estimate makes the estate of Mr. Pullman aggregate at least \$15,000,000, instead of \$7,000,000, as announced immediately after his death.

John D. Hart Sent to Prison.

Philadelphia, Dec. 22.—John D. Hart, principal owner of the vessels of the Hart Steamship company, and against whom a verdict of guilty was found on charges of carrying a filibustering expedition to Spain, was yesterday sent to the Eastern penitentiary. Pending an appeal of his case to the United States supreme court he has been out on \$7,000 bail. Yesterday Jesse Eldridge, one of his bondsmen, desired to be relieved of remaining security, and Hart was surrendered. He will remain in prison until new bail is furnished.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Thursday, Dec. 16.

The Russian barkentine Bering took to San Francisco a cargo of fur skins valued at \$1,000,000.

It is said that Professor King, of Olivet college, Michigan, will be the next minister to Spain.

Byron Gilbert, aged 7 years, has been admitted to practice conditionally in the Kansas supreme court.

Greece has asked a month's extension of time for the ratification of the treaty of peace with Turkey.

Ex-Governor John Gary Evans, of North Carolina, was married last night at Waterbury, Conn., to Miss E. M. Plume.

Friday, Dec. 17.

Hon. Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, announces his candidacy for the United States senate.

M. Alphonse Daudet, the eminent French novelist, died at his home in Paris last night.

The date of the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Cincinnati, has been fixed for Sept. 5 to 10.

President McKinley sent to the senate the name of Attorney General McKenna for associate justice of the supreme court.

Forty years ago 165 barrels of whisky was lost in a steamboat wreck in the Missouri river, near Parkville, Mo. Yesterday it was unearthed in a sandbar by searchers.

Saturday, Dec. 18.

A new volcanic island has been discovered in the China sea near North Borneo.

A treaty between the United States and the Seminole Indian nation has been signed.

The jury for the trial of Luetgert, alleged Chicago wife murderer, has again been completed.

Major Walsh, administrator of the Yukon, is encamped at Big Salmon, short of supplies.

General Lew Wallace predicts a war between Japan and the United States unless we annex Hawaii now.

The bill passed by congress prohibiting pelagic sealing by Americans provides for the absolute exclusion of seal-skins hereafter.

Sunday, Dec. 20.

Washington Hising, ex-postmaster of Chicago, died suddenly in that city on Saturday, aged 48.

Alfred Sanford, of St. Louis, who was once engaged to Julia Dent, now General Grant's widow, is dying in that city.

Albert Hoff, arrested on suspicion of killing Mrs. Clute, at San Francisco, is believed to have also killed Emma Hawkes.

Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, says the adoption of Secretary Gage's financial scheme would defeat Republicans in 1900.

D. K. Parsons, of Chicago, has pledged \$25,000 to Olivet college, Michigan, on condition that \$75,000 more be raised during the year.

Tuesday, Dec. 21.

A restaurant at Chrisman, Ill., a prohibition town, was blown up by dynamite.

Lewis Leland, one of the family of the famous hotel men, died in New York, aged 65 years.

A bill is to be introduced in the Maryland legislature for the protection of the song birds in that state.

Governor Leedy, of Kansas, proposes a scheme to utilize arid lands by the construction of a \$360,000 canal.

Polish seceders from the Roman Catholic church in Chicago are said to be gaining many recruits all over the world for the Independent Catholic Church of America.

Wednesday, Dec. 22.

In spite of the new tariff the trade of Nuremberg, Germany, with this country has increased greatly.

Two men were buried in a snowslide on Pike's Peak. One of them was killed and the other is in a dying condition.

Stacey Betzler, a medical student at the University of Virginia, is charged with chloroforming and robbing a college caterer.

In a street fight between Ida Lemon and Queenie Skinner, at Anderson, Ind., the Skinner woman was fatally carved with a butcher knife.

The manager of Major's tar distillery at Hull, England, and four of the employees were killed by an explosion in the works last evening.

The Sweden-Norway Controversy. London, Dec. 20.—A dispatch from Christiania to The Daily Chronicle says the political situation, since the failure of the united committee on foreign affairs, has become critical, and it is feared that Sweden will seek an occasion for armed intervention in Norway.

The dispatch adds that the Swedish press hopes for assistance from Emperor William.

Indianapolis' Curfew Ordinance.

Indianapolis, Dec. 21.—The city council last night, by a vote of 12 to 7, two members being absent, passed a curfew ordinance prohibiting children under 15 from using the streets after 9 p. m. in the summer and 8 p. m. in the winter. An effort will be made to defeat it on a reconsideration.

SUICIDE OF MISS HERBERT.

Jumped From a Third Story Window After Severing an Artery.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Miss Lella Herbert, daughter of former Secretary of the Navy Herbert, of Alabama, died at her home in this city yesterday. She jumped from the third story of her home, which is situated on New Hampshire avenue, in the most fashionable part of the city, just off Dupont Circle. Miss Herbert at the time of the occurrence was suffering from acute melancholia. It developed several weeks ago as the final result of injuries received by being thrown from her horse in September.

Early yesterday morning the nurse on duty noticed a small spot of blood on the bed covering. She inquired what it meant, but the invalid endeavored to pass it by lightly. On making an investigation, however, the nurse found that the under bedclothes were saturated with blood, and that Miss Herbert had severed the artery of her wrist with a pair of scissors. Feeling that the emergency was great, the nurse hastened to the door and called an alarm. In this momentary absence from the bedside Miss Herbert leaped out and sprang from the window. The plunge was made headforemost, so that she lighted on the top of her head on the asphalt pavement. This injury alone was sufficient to have caused death from concussion, and it was doubtless the immediate cause. She died an hour after the leap.

Britons Want Our Fish.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 22.—The report of a combine of the menhaden interests of the country is true. It was learned today that menhaden factory steamers from Delaware to Maine have been bought by a syndicate of English and American capitalists. An Englishman named Stanley has invented a new process for cooking menhaden, extracting the oil and drying the guano. A model of the Stanley machine was brought to the United States last summer, and was shown to the fishermen here. Rather than meet an opposition with so much advantage over them they sold their business and goodwill to the capitalists that own the patent.

Francis Lingo Indicted.

Camden, N. J., Dec. 22.—The case of Francis Lingo, the negro who was held in \$17,000 bail on a number of charges in connection with the charge of enticing Miss Berry from her home in Philadelphia, was yesterday taken up by the grand jury and five indictments were found against him. Lingo's ostensible purpose was to engage the young woman as a companion for an aged woman, but his real purpose is believed to have been to accomplish the girl's ruin and death. He will be tried on Friday. The case against Eli Shaw, charged with the murder of his mother and grandmother, went over until today.

Trades Unionists in the Militia.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—Trades unionists are required by the Chicago Federation of Labor to leave the national guard at once. This was the unanimous decision reached by the delegates at their regular weekly meeting. It was said without contradiction that a union man could not consistently serve in the militia and incur the risk of being called out to shoot down his fellow tradesmen who were on strike for the betterment of their economic condition.

The Altoona Wreck Killed Three.

Altoona, Pa., Dec. 22.—Three lives were lost and \$75,000 worth of damage was done to property of the Pennsylvania railroad as a result of Monday night's freight wreck on the Pennsylvania road, which was caused by a runaway train. The dead are: S. Kuster, Hagerstown, Ind.; Charles J. Numer, brakeman; S. G. Corbin, brakeman. Numer could be heard talking for four hours, but could not be reached, and Corbin's body was found in a pile of debris 30 feet high. Kuster died shortly after midnight.

Mayor Quincy Re-Elected.

Boston, Dec. 22.—Mayor Josiah Quincy, Democrat, was re-elected yesterday by a decreased plurality over ex-Mayor Curtis, his opponent of two years ago, although the city went Republican at the state election last month. The attempt to split the Democratic vote in the city by vigorous work on the part of Thomas Riley, running as a Silver Democrat, proved futile, less than 3,000 voters supporting him at the polls. The city voted for license by an increased majority.

Proposed Whipping Post For Virginia.

Richmond, Va., Dec. 22.—A whipping post bill was introduced in the state senate yesterday. The measure provides "that all persons convicted of petit larceny shall, instead of being punished as now provided by law, be punished with not less than ten nor more than 30 stripes, but in cases of conviction of females or male infants under the age of 15 years it shall be optional with said female and the parent or guardian of said infant whether they shall be punished with stripes or according to statutes in force at this time." The act does not apply to persons over 65 years of age.

ITEMS OF STATE NEWS.

Shamokin, Pa., Dec. 22.—William McNamara died yesterday from the bullet sent through his left lung on Friday morning last by James Chalney, the confidence man. Chalney, who broke a leg in trying to escape, will be committed for murder as soon as he can be removed.

Pittsburg, Dec. 20.—Notices have been posted in the majority of the 40 lamp chimney factories of the country that instead of the usual two weeks' shutdown there will be only one day of idleness (Christmas) during the holidays this year. The extra work means thousands of dollars in the aggregate to the workmen in wages, and the Christmas gift is highly appreciated.

Stroudsburg, Pa., Dec. 21.—T. Charles Beatty, former supreme secretary of the A. P. A., and a prominent lawyer of the middle west, and Harry Howard, were taken yesterday to Philadelphia to serve a term of 15 months in the Eastern penitentiary for forgery. Before he left Beatty wrote in jail an account of his life, which he headed "Life's Experience of a Smart Fool."

Susquehanna, Pa., Dec. 20.—Flora Sweet, aged 40, about midnight shot her mother, Mrs. Elvira Sweet, aged 60, in the breast with a revolver, inflicting a wound from which the latter died in about an hour. The daughter said the shooting was the result of a quarrel. The mother, in her ante-mortem statement, said the daughter had been in ill health for many years, and was not to blame.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 21.—Dr. Charles A. Heinisch, of this city, has received a cablegram from Paris announcing that the late Dr. Thomas Evans, the celebrated American dentist, who recently died in Paris, left a will in which he bequeathed the greater portion of his estate to relatives in America. It is intimated in the cablegram that the deceased has provided for a memorial in Philadelphia. It is said that Dr. Evans left an estate valued at several millions. The heirs have already taken steps to send legal representatives to France to look after their interests.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 20.—Thomas H. Hanton, aged 68 years, died last evening at the County hospital as the result of swallowing a number of opium pills Saturday night, which he followed up by turning on the gas in the room of the hotel at which he was stopping and closing all the means of ventilation. Hanton came here about a week ago, and registered at the Hoffman House as from Washington. He represented himself as a pensioner, engaged a week's board at the hotel, paying in advance, and spent money liberally until he went broke on Saturday.

Harrisburg, Dec. 22.—There will be no more dragging the river for the body of the missing Rev. Samuel Spurrier, of Bainbridge, for the reason that Chief Western is in possession of information which leads him to abandon the suicide and foul play theories and inaugurate a search for a live man, as he believes. He thinks Spurrier wandered away with no other purpose than to find a more ready sale for his subscription books elsewhere. He may be out of range of the newspapers and totally oblivious of the sensation which his disappearance has created.

Pittsburg, Dec. 22.—Contracts aggregating in amount almost \$600,000 were awarded yesterday by Chief Engineer Brown, of the Pennsylvania railroad, for the improvement of the main line of that road between Altoona and Gallitzin tunnel, on the eastern slope of the Allegheny mountains. Almost 500 men will be given employment on the improvements, which will be started at once. Between Altoona and Bennington, a short distance east of the Gallitzin tunnel, the Pennsylvania will lay an additional track, making three main tracks for the ten miles west of Altoona.

Pittsburg, Dec. 20.—The initial step toward securing the G. A. R. encampment for Pittsburg in 1900 was taken Saturday night by the Allegheny County G. A. R. association, and the plan will be agitated at the coming Cincinnati gathering. In connection with the encampment, if it should be held here, it is proposed to unveil a grand soldiers' monument, to cost in the neighborhood of \$500,000. It is believed by the veterans hereabouts that 1900 will be the last year for encampments, and it is their ambition to have the organization wind up its career in this city.

Easton, Pa., Dec. 20.—President Warfield, of Lafayette college, has issued a call for a meeting of the local members of the board of trustees, when arrangements are to be made for continuing the different courses of study disturbed by the burning of Pardee Hall on Saturday. President Hallenbach, of the board, has instructed Dr. Warfield to make all necessary arrangements for temporary relief and to call a meeting of the trustees to arrange for rebuilding the structure without unnecessary delay. Among the property saved by the students have been found T. C. Porter's Pennsylvania flora and the new instruments lately added to the department of geology.

THE WIND THAT BLOWS.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so,
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas,
And what for me were favoring breezes
Might clash another with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to wait me on my way,
But leave me to a higher will
To steer or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every port past,
Within His sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so,
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

STEPHIE'S HERO.

BY ANNABEL DWIGHT.

"Stephie" was short for Stephana, which rather peculiar name had been bestowed upon her at baptism by her sponsors.

Her life was not very pleasant. After her mother's death, her father, a mild, shiftless man, had married again—a black-eyed widow, with four small children; and a year later a pair of twins were added to the number.

The girl's life became a round of household drudgery—washing, scrubbing, baking, and attending babies.

By nature she was dreamy and poetical, and cherished romantic notions, which she dared not speak of at home.

When she was nineteen, Roland Harvey went to Rome. Roland was her hero then.

They had promised to be true to each other until such time as he could make a home for her.

He was something of an artist, and had glowing visions of the future.

He was very enthusiastic, and Stephie's faith in him was boundless. So at last when his uncle from the city offered to take him across the ocean, the poor girl put aside her own pain at the thought of parting from him, and listened patiently to his rhapsodies.

It did not occur to Stephie that her lover was selfish, when he had no thought for her own sorrow. She would have resented such an insinuation indignantly. Roland was to her the embodiment of all that was noble and gracious. She felt sure that he would do great things some day—now that he had got away from that stupid little seaport where they lived. It was her place to wait and hope, living her dull life as best she could; soothing the riotous children, and doing her share of the housework.

Sometimes, however, after reading one of Roland's letters, she experienced an unutterable sense of disappointment. He wrote invariably of himself, his hopes, his pleasures, his hardships. There was no word of sympathy for her, and very few words of love; and Stephie had all a tender-hearted woman's longing for affection.

One afternoon, strolling along the beach, surrounded as usual by the children, she came suddenly upon a man lying at full length, with his head pillowed upon his hands, and his eyes fastened dreamily upon the distant horizon.

Johnnie—one of the twins—who was running at full speed, pursued by the other twin, Josie, pitched headlong across the stranger's breast.

"Hold up there, my little man!" said the gentleman, laughing a little, as he set the young hopeful upon his feet, and arose himself at the same time. "You are far from being killed, I'll be bound. What's your name, sir?"

"Name? Cunnin' dog," responded Johnnie, giving his father's pet appellation for him, while he forgot to cry, and eyed the gentleman boldly.

"Johnnie!" said Stephie, reprovingly, a tinge of mortification coming into her cheeks.

"Tis!" declared Johnnie, stolidly.

"Name, cunnin' dog!"

"He is only three years old, sir," said Stephie, apologetically.

The man patted Johnnie's head, and glanced in a kindly way at Stephie.

"You have a beautiful view here," he remarked, motioning seaward with one hand.

"Do you think so?" she returned.

"I get tired of it sometimes; I have seen it so much," with a little sigh.

"Roland used to call it pretty."

"And who is Roland?" queried the stranger, in a quiet, friendly voice, an amused expression drifting into his eyes.

"A friend of mine, sir."

He saw the color drift into her cheeks again.

"An artist. He has gone to Rome to study," she added.

"Ah? I hope he may have good luck. I paint a little myself sometimes."

"Oh, do you?" cried Stephie, looking at him with new interest.

And directly they drifted off into a long conversation, in which Stephie innocently revealed the whole story of her life, and almost unconsciously took on a patronizing tone as she spoke of Roland's talents and plans for the future.

It astonished her to discover how freely she could talk with this man;

never guessing that he was drawing her on all the time.

At the same time he contrived to make friends with the children, and promised them a boat-ride if they would come to the beach on the following day.

"I will bring some sketches made in Rome by an acquaintance of mine," he said, as he bade Stephie good-bye. "They may interest you."

Stephie thanked him, and went home with smiling eyes.

How pleasant he was! How pleasant the afternoon had been! How nice it would be to have an elder brother to talk to like that!

She was glad to have met him. He was spending a few weeks at the lower village, he had told her. He had a yacht there. His name was David Preston.

"Did he know the painter, Charles Preston, whom Roland had raved so about, and whose paintings commanded such prices?"

"Yes, he had heard of him—was related to him. Was inclined to think, though, that people rated him higher than he deserved."

They had a spirited argument over this point, and he seemed greatly amused at her earnest defense of Roland's paragon.

The next day, the children having informed their mother that a nice man had promised them a boat-ride, she declared that she should be glad to get rid of them, only Stephie must go to see that none of them tumble overboard.

So away they trooped, Stephie in the midst, and found their new friend awaiting them with a beautiful little yacht. And Stephie passed another delightful afternoon.

This was but the beginning. The long summer days drifted away one by one. Stephie worked eagerly at her household duties in order that she might spend a half-hour with David Preston on the beach.

A new life had come to her. It was delightful to have so congenial a companion. Even Roland had never talked with her and sympathized with her as David Preston did.

Roland could talk of nothing but his art. The children made him cross, and he frowned at poor Stephie's faded gowns and toil-stained fingers.

But, then, Roland was a genius. The commonplace of every-day life jarred and fretted against his finer tastes.

David Preston was altogether different, but Stephie was happier than she had ever been that summer.

Her new friend would talk with her and amuse the children at the same time. He was careful to select a comfortable seat for her on the beach. He brought a cluster of flowers at one time, a basket of fruit at another, a book at another. He treated her with a tender deference, with a kind and respectful familiarity that the poor girl had never known before in all her poor, cramped existence; and so naturally was this done, that she hardly noticed it at first, until one day she was looking back over her past life, and it came to her all of a sudden that this summer had been brighter to her because of David Preston.

Even then she did not see the whole truth.

For a long while she had heard nothing from Roland, and before that long silence his letters had been brief and unsatisfactory.

This did not cause her the pain and uneasiness that it would once have caused her. Roland had been absent a whole year, and, unconsciously to herself, Stephie had been growing away from him.

One day, she was sitting in her favorite niche of the rocks upon the beach, looking over a newspaper, which she had taken from the post-office on her way thither.

The twins were building miniature mountains of the white sand, while she glanced—woman fashion—through the list of "Deaths and Marriages."

Among the latter she caught sight of a name which brought her heart to her mouth.

"In Rome, Italy, on the 7th instant, Roland G. Harvey, of Seaport, Maine, to Ella D. Revere, of New York city."

This was the notice that Stephie read, and then she looked up, with quivering lips and flushing face, to see David Preston gravely observing her.

She tried to speak, but could not, and hot, indignant tears rushed to her eyes; yet, through her pain and mortification she felt a strange sensation of relief.

"Are you in trouble, my little friend?" Preston queried, kindly.

Then Stephie's voice returned to her.

"Well, no," she said, her tone faintly scornful. "At least it is nothing serious, though it is rather humiliating to my vanity. See!"

And she handed the paper, folded at the marriage notice, to him.

He read it and made no comment, but gave Stephie a strangelook—long and searching, and tender—a look that thrilled her with a vague sense of happiness.

Then, taking both her hands, he drew her up from her low seat, and said, gently:

"Stephie, I love you! Will you marry me?"

She could not answer him for a moment, the surprise was so great.

She knew absolutely nothing of

him, except his name; but while he waited patiently, with her hands in his, her thoughts flew swiftly back over their short acquaintance, and she began to realize how surely this plain, quiet man had taken Roland's place in her affections.

"How do you know," she said, obeying a sudden roguish impulse, "that I shall not accept you out of spite?"

He smiled quietly.

"You are a child, Stephie—you do not understand yourself. I know that you love me."

He said it simply. From another man such a statement would have been intolerable, but he was so utterly free from self-love that Stephie's momentary vexation died out instantly, and she said, softly:

"Yes, I believe I do."

His call upon her father that evening created a good deal of surprise.

The weak little man was quite taken aback, and Stephie's stepmother ran into the girl's room after David had gone and laughed merrily.

"Well, you are a pretty clever girl after all, Stephie! Dear, dear! to think of your making such a match! So he is the 'nice man' that the young ones have been telling about all summer? You'll be a fine lady now, sure enough!"

"Oh, no, mother," responded Stephie, trying not to show her annoyance. "Mr. Preston is only a poor man."

"A poor man! Why, Stephie Bryant, one of his paintings is worth more than your father's wages for a whole year!"

"Mother, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? For pity sake has the girl lost her senses? Don't you know that that man who wants to marry you is Charles D. Preston, the great artist? I heard a few days ago that he was boarding at the lower village, but I hadn't the slightest idea of this!"

Neither had Stephie.

Poor Stephie! She remembered with sudden shame how condescendingly she had talked to him of Roland's talents. How she had thought of him, even with her growing regard, as a matter-of-fact man, with not much poetry or appreciation of the beautiful in his nature. And he was a great landscape painter whose name was in everybody's mouth. And he asked her—a poor, little, lonely girl to marry him!

She pondered for a long while over this, and when he came to see her on the following day he found a very shame-faced little maiden.

They were married in the fall, and Stephie went away from the old, toilsome life into a comfortable home of her own.

Roland Harvey degenerated into an idle, seedy-looking fellow, his fancied talents amounting to nothing at all. He had jilted Stephie for an heiress who had been fascinated by his grace and beauty, and after having spent her money, they lived from hand to mouth, until David Preston got a situation for him at cabinet painting, where he managed to earn a fair salary.

As for Stephie she has found her real hero.—Saturday Night.

Trees and Men.

A single tree, according to a computation in Knowledge, is able, through its leaves, to purify the air from the carbonic acid arising from the respiration of a considerable number of men, perhaps a dozen or even a score. The volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a human being in twenty-four hours is put at about 100 gallons; but by Boussingault's estimate, a single square yard of leaf-surface, counting both the upper and under sides of the leaves, can, under favorable circumstances, decompose at least a gallon of carbonic acid in a day. One hundred square yards of leaf-surface then would suffice to keep the air pure for one man, but the leaves of a tree of moderate size present a surface of many hundred square yards.

Insisted on Her Rights.

The Duchess of Aosta, who is closely related to the King of Italy, is a woman with a distinct mind of her own. When she first began to cycle the king gave orders that she should not be saluted by a sentry as she rode by on her wheel. Obedient to the royal command, the first sentry ignored her presence, whereupon the duchess quietly dismounted and boxed the man's ears. Now, however, the omnipotent cycle rules the court of Italy, just as it does all the other courts in the world, and the sentry salutes the royal family as it goes wheeling by.

Her Uncertainty.

Ethel—Oh, dear me! I don't know what to think! Algy asked me last night if I wouldn't like to have something around the house that I could love and that would love me.

Edith—Well?

Ethel—Well, I don't know whether he means himself, or whether he is thinking of buying me a dog!—Tit-Bits.

Bergen, Norway, boasts a paper church large enough to seat 1000 persons. The building is rendered waterproof by a solution of quicklime, curdled milk and white of eggs.

CALIFORNIA OSTRICHES.

THE NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY THAT IS BEING DEVELOPED.

African Feathers Being Rapidly Driven Out of the Field by Our Own Product—How the Birds Have Been Put to the Front in This Country.

Ostrich farming is now one of the profitable industries of the country, there being in southern California several large farms, those of Pasadena, Norwalk and San Diego being particularly noticeable. Here birds of various ages, from the newly-hatched chick to the full grown, may be seen. The climate is particularly adapted to this bird, and the transplanted industry may be said to be a perfect success.

The first birds were brought here in 1885, an Englishman securing fifty-two South African ostriches. Forty-two arrived in southern California in good condition and formed the basis of all future operations, their descendants today numbering over 200 California-born birds.

The Pasadena ostrich farm is the most convenient to the general public, and lies on the north side of the Arroyo Seco—the river, often dry in summer, which forms the western boundary to the city. Here a large inclosure is divided off into yards and corrals, in which are found birds of all ages, while in a small building are exhibited the products of the farm. Up to within a few years all the ostrich plumes worn were brought from Africa, but now there is a duty of 28 per cent. on the plumes, and the young American industry is able to compete. At the Pasadena farm the feathers are to be had at cost. Here one may purchase a cape of feathers, if one wishes, for twenty-five or thirty dollars, or the plumes made into a variety of articles useful and ornamental, which are distributed all over the country.

A flock of fifty or one hundred birds presents a most interesting and singular appearance. They have a jaunty, debonaire air as they approach the fence, and when startled they rush away with wings and feathers erect, presenting a very peculiar appearance.

The birds in Pasadena are kept in small corrals, separated by a space of five or six feet to prevent them from fighting. In this pastime they strike with their feet forward with a force often sufficient to kill a man or horse, the long, sharp toe being a terrible weapon. When the Pasadena attendants are attacked they throw themselves upon the ground and lie flat, escaping for the singular reason that the birds cannot strike anything less than three feet from the ground. The old birds first attract the visitor's attention—a flock of fifty, each standing seven feet high and weighing about 250 pounds, their great, white, bare thighs working, their rich plumes falling gracefully from wing and tail. They appear to have unbounded curiosity, coming up to the fences and gazing at the observers with their mild eyes. In one pen sits a nesting bird in the hot sun. The nest is simply a depression in the soil. When the bird nests it deposits in all ten or fifteen eggs, over which she distributes a little sand. From now on the two birds devote themselves equally to the hatching process. The male bird takes his place at 4 p. m. and sets until nine in the morning; then the female, who has been feeding and exercising, relieves him. The male also relieves the female an hour in the middle of the day, that she may feed.

For forty days this regime is faithfully followed, when an observer will hear the tap-tap from the shells, and soon they begin to break, aided by the female, and the strange, wire-haired young appear. They are immediately taken from the mother and placed in a brooder, and the female will soon begin to lay again.

No feathers equal in beauty those obtained from the wild ostrich, but the California production meets the demand so well that it would be difficult to distinguish them.—Philadelphia Times.

Bennett's Coach Line.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the New York Herald, is an enthusiastic whip, and when in Paris or in the south of France a seat in his four-in-hand is free to anybody paying a regulation fare. The proceeds of his coaching tours are devoted to charitable purposes. A peculiarity of the millionaire driver is that he not only expects tips from his fares, but is much annoyed should any one dismount without "remembering the coachman," even to the extent of a very small "pourboire." What Mr. Bennett does with his tips is a matter of conjecture. Some people aver that he treasures them as ever-present evidences of his own hard work.

Well Matched.

"I'm a plain, every-day business man," said Meritt, "and am nothing if not practical. Miss Wisely, will you be my wife?"

"I admire your frankness, Mr. Meritt," replied the fair object of his affections, "because I am inclined to be rather matter of fact myself. How much are you worth?"—Chicago News.

AN EXPENSIVE HONOR.

It Costs Something to Be Lord Mayor of London.

The expenditures for subscriptions and entertainment are largely in excess of the salary and the official allowances. It costs every lord mayor anywhere from £10,000 (\$50,000) to £20,000 (\$100,000) to occupy the office. The outgoing lord mayor, Sir George Fandel-Phillips, has probably spent from £25,000 (\$125,000) to £30,000 (\$150,000) in excess of his salary and allowances. He has taken charge of the Indian famine relief fund and many of the jubilee funds, and has been the patron of all the charities during an "annus mirabilis" of subscription lists and systematic cadging. He has subscribed liberally to every fund. His gracious hospitality has been enjoyed by thousands of jubilee guests at the mansion house. The last year has been an exceptional one, but the office is always a costly one. Whoever accepts it expects to pay heavily for the honor. No lord mayor ever emerges from the office without being at least £10,000 (\$50,000) poorer for the experience, but the honor of knighthood is invariably bestowed upon him, and his wife enjoys the distinction of being addressed as Lady So-and-So. No alderman who has passed the chair ever returns to it. Re-election to the office never occurs. No alderman is willing to pay the tolls twice. He might be if he could get a peerage for a second term.

The election of the lord mayor is a burlesque performance, with touches of mediæval mummery, like the November procession, with its tinsel splendors and grotesque pageantry. Half a dozen ex-sheriffs have an informal conference, and one of them agrees to take the office and to pay the costs for a year. The common clerk, the recorder, the common sergeant, the mace-bearers, the sword-bearers and the chaplains appear for dress parade, and a small knot of liverymen gives assent. The lord mayor is elected by representatives of the liveryed guilds, and he exercises jurisdiction over a square mile of territory, with a resident population of 35,000. The Greater London, with its 700 square miles and 7,000,000 residents—a world within itself—has no executive head and no centralized system of government. It is the centre of a worldwide empire, yet it is an anomalous jumble of "dissected provinces" without unity of action or enlightened progressive municipal policies. The modern art of municipal government can offer no more startling contrast than that between the choice of the lord mayor of London by half a dozen rich gentlemen who have been sheriff and the popular election of a municipal dictator for Greater New York.—London Letter to New York Tribune.

A Battle Caused by Lightning Bugs.

G. H. Bell, a prominent merchant of Liberty, Neb., told an interesting story of how a swarm of lightning bugs caused a shot and shell engagement between two armies during the late war.

"I was a member of the Twenty-fifth Ohio regiment," said Mr. Bell, "and Mr. G. W. Harris, whom I met on my visit here, was with the Fifty-fifth Tennessee. I just discovered that we fought each other one night in May, 1864, at New Hope church, Ga. Lightning bugs in Georgia are more plentiful than watermelons in August by several millions to the square mile, and on more than one occasion they gave us trouble.

"About two o'clock in the morning as the two armies lay in their respective works, 400 yards apart, a nest of bugs hove in sight, as we afterward learned. The armies were too close for pickets. Suddenly there was a flash of light. Each side thought the other had opened fire in some mysterious way and we began to shoot. We blazed away at one another for an hour or more, and bedlam reigned with shot and shell. The timber between the lines was all killed as if belted with an axe. Fortunately, no lives were lost.

"It was only the other day that I learned the extent of the damage caused by that swarm of lightning bugs. I asked Harris how long his side was firing, and he said until their ammunition gave out. We were in the same fix, and if it hadn't been for our poverty in this respect, that engagement would have been very fatal."—St. Louis Republic.

Languages in America.

There are, according to an eminent archaeologist, says the New York Mail and Express, no less than from 120 to 130 absolutely distinct languages in North and South America. As the growth of language is very slow, he thinks the fact of the existence of so great variety of speech on the Western continent proves that the native red men have inhabited them for many thousands of years.

Frightened for a Moment.

He—They say that George Hartley has been talking a good deal behind your back lately.

She (turning pale)—I'd like to know what he's been saying.

He—Oh, you know well enough. It was all done on his tandem.

Then she drew a long sigh of relief.—Cleveland Leader.

Rheumatism

Caused Great Suffering—A Well Man Since Taking Hood's.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism and have been a great sufferer with this disease and also with stomach and heart troubles, but thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla I am now a well man. My wife has been cured of kidney disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla." **Aug. SCHWABER, 847 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.**

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, or by mail order.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Do You Love Music?

If so, secure one of the latest and prettiest (two-steps of the day, by mailing Ten Cents (silver or stamps) to cover mailing and postage, to the undersigned, for a copy of the "BIG FOUR TWO-STEP." (Mark envelope "Two-Step.") We are giving this music, which is regular fifty-cent sheet music, at this exceedingly low rate, for the purpose of advertising, and testing the value of the different papers as advertising mediums.

E. O. McQUEEN, Cincinnati, O.

Passenger Traffic Manager,

"Big Four Route," Cincinnati, O.

Fits permanently cured. No stooping or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. **DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.**

We have not been without Pico's Cure for Consumption for 20 years. —LIZZIE FURBER, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

One pound of Indian tea will make 170 strong cups of tea.

Chow Star Tobacco—The Best. Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

A Practical Test.

Dom Pedro, the last emperor of Brazil, was a man of a practical turn of mind, as the following story told of him well illustrates, says Harper's Round Table.

He once gave an audience to a young engineer who came to show him a new appliance for stopping railway engines. The emperor was pleased with the idea, but wished to put it to a practical test.

"Day after to-morrow," said he, "have your engine ready. We will have it coupled to my saloon-carriage and start. When going at full speed I will give the signal to stop and then we will see how your invention works."

At the appointed time all was in readiness. The emperor entered his carriage, the young inventor mounted his engine and on they sped for several miles as fast as they could go. There came no signal, and the engineer began to fear that the emperor had fallen asleep. Suddenly the engineer came to a sharp curve around the edge of the cliff, when, to his horror, on the track directly ahead of them the engineer saw a huge boulder.

He had just sufficient presence of mind to turn the crank of his brake and pull the engine up within a couple of yards of the fatal block.

Here the emperor put his head out of his car window and demanded to know the cause of the sudden stoppage. The engineer pointed to the rock, and, much to his surprise, Dom Pedro began to laugh.

"Push it to one side and go on," he said, calmly.

The engineer obeyed and kicking the stone was still further astonished to see it crumble into dust before him.

It was nothing more nor less than a block of starch which the emperor had had placed on the rails the night before.

A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly.

"For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. I had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt quite comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back.

"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying \$1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman it is!"—Mrs. JENNIE L. SMITH, No. 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Jelly for an Invalid.

A nutritious and appetizing jelly to tempt the capricious palate of an invalid—who rebels at broth and gruel—is made in this way: Take a quart of strong beef broth, without a particle of fat, and clear with the white and shell of one egg, as per bouillon. Season as you wish, with celery seed and thin shavings from a half lemon, or with cinnamon and other spices, and set away to harden. Turn out on a pretty dish and serve while cold and firm.

To Make Toast.

Lay the bread on top of a hot stove (in the toaster) or on a plate in the oven until it is well dried on both sides. If it can be entirely toasted on top of the stove, as it may easily be if the stove is very hot, so much the better. If not, when it has dried apply it to the coals. A few minutes will suffice to give it a delicate brown evenly distributed. Now lay it on a hot plate and do not cut off the crust; it need not be eaten if disliked, but should not be removed in the making. Pour enough hot water over the toast to soak it to the leathery stage. Now quickly butter and salt it on both sides. When that is done add more water if desired, but if all the water be put on at first it will be impossible to turn the slices. If the bread be buttered before it is wet, as most people do, it will not penetrate into the bread, but be washed off. The bread will also have a sort of crust over it. When all is done, pour over it hot milk or slightly warmed cream if desired. Take care not to get it too rich for a very delicate stomach. —Klara Kooke, in New England Homestead.

Chartreuse of Spinach.

Boil one large carrot and one large white turnip until tender. When cold cut lengthwise into strips one-quarter of an inch thick and one inch wide. Butter a medium-sized oval pudding dish about four inches high, and line the sides with alternate strips of carrot and turnip and arrange a few pieces cut in small fancy shapes in the bottom. Prepare the spinach as follows: Wash four quarts through a half dozen waters to remove all sand and grit. Have ready a large pot three-quarters full of boiling water, to which add one tablespoonful of salt. Put in the spinach, press well under the water, but do not cover. Cook fifteen minutes, drain thoroughly, then chop fine. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add the spinach, stir until the butter is well mixed through; sprinkle over it one tablespoonful of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper and stir again for five minutes; add one-half cupful of cream or rich milk and cook for five minutes longer. Fill the centre of the dish with the prepared spinach and press it down firmly and evenly; trim off the tops of the strips even with the spinach. Heat in a steamer or set the mold in a pan of hot water and place in the oven until hot through. Turn out on a platter and pour round it a white sauce to which a little lemon juice is added. —Chicago Record.

Household Hints.

Stone jars are far better than tin boxes for keeping bread during hot weather.

A little vinegar added to water in which salt fish is soaked will improve its flavor.

A tablespoonful of kerosene oil added to the boiler when scalding clothes will help to whiten them.

Lamp chimneys can be cleaned by rubbing with a clean, soft cloth and polishing with a piece of newspaper.

Two bottles should be kept for a bottle-fed baby. The one not in use should be filled with cold water and soda.

Ivory-handled knives should be kept in a cotton flannel bag having separate compartments for each knife.

If grease is spilled on the floor cold water poured on it at once will prevent the spot from soaking into the wood.

In wiping china dishes do not pile one upon another while still hot. Spread out to cool off, then pack. Piling together while warm is apt to make the glaze crack.

In making any of the desserts where milk and gelatine are employed, it must be remembered that if the gelatine is mixed with the sugar before dissolving it in the milk, there will be no danger of the milk curdling.

Pretty and effective lamp shades that can be readily changed when soiled are made from the little Japanese or Chinese umbrellas. These can be bought for a few cents at any of the Japanese stores. A round hole is cut in the centre to fit the globe, and the whilom umbrella is tied into position with a piece of baby ribbon.

When shaking heavy rugs hold from the sides, never from the ends. If possible, spread on clean grass or boards with the wrong side up; beat first to dislodge the dirt, then brush thoroughly and hang on the line to air, using judgment about leaving too long in the hot sun. This is the method employed by the Turks, who should be connoisseurs in the care of rugs.

SINCE BABY CAME.

Since baby came
The birds all sing a brighter, merrier lay,
The woary, darksome shades have fled away
And night has blossomed into perfect day
Since baby came.

Since baby came
The world is joyful and the home life sweet,
And every day with brightness is replete,
And time speeds by on swift and lightsome feet
Since baby came.

Since baby came
Dark, grim-faced sorrow is replaced by mirth,
At last I realize life's precious worth,
And far-off heaven seems very near to earth
Since baby came.

—Florence C. Baird, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HUMOROUS.

"No, sir, I never break my word."

"Too flexible, eh?"
Visitor—And who are you, my little man? Cuthbert (with conscious pride)—I'm the baby's brother.

"Any spicy features in the new play?" "Well," the lady answered, "John had his mouth full of cloves." "Rogers must have been fitting up a flat." "Why so?" "He's at work now trying to invent a folding butter dish."

"I see there is a county in Iowa that is free from debt." "How did the people out there get rid of their politicians?"

"I love you! Will you be mine?" "Why, yes, of course! What else did you think I was taking the cookery lessons for?"

"Bob says I grow more beautiful every time he sees me," said Mary. "Why don't you ask him to call often?" said Anne.

"Correct the sentence, 'Don't never look a gift horse in the mouth.'" "Don't never look a gift bicycle in the name plate."

Witness—Well, judge, I'll tell you all I know. Judge—All right, go ahead; there are two minutes yet before time to adjourn.

"Do you know, I'm quite worried about myself. I really believe I'm losing my nerve." "How do you notice it?" "I'm getting so I hate asking anyone for a loan. As soon as I saw you I began to tremble."

First Author—Do you always inclose a stamped and self addressed envelope when you send out a manuscript? Second Author—Not a bit of it. I don't want to make it too easy for the editor to send the contribution back.

Kind-Hearted Old Party—Hello, my little boy! Has some one been kind to you and given you that nice basket of eggs and vegetables? Little Boy—No, mum; pa worked for it. He played Hamlet at the theatre last night.

Wallace—The "13" superstition has been exploded at last. A fellow who located claim No. 13 on Eldorado creek made one of the richest strikes of the year. Perry—Yes, and a woman married him before he got out of the country. I guess "13" is still in the ring.

"Why," she finally ventured to falter, "do you look so sad when we are sitting thus?" "Because," he answered, gazing tenderly down into her troubled eyes, "a man always looks sad when he holds a lovely hand." She was something reassured, although she did not altogether understand.

Dogs for the Klondike.

There is a party of Philadelphians to start for the Klondike in the spring who take little stock in the innovations in the way of rapid transit in those icy regions. They intend to depend on a dog train to carry their outfit, and to that end have established a dog training school out on Willamette heights.

The training school or kennel is in a barnyard belonging to one of the members of the prospective party. The dogs number twenty-five, and are of various breeds. The trains are to consist of five dogs each, and they are trained each day to haul a sled.

The dogs seem to make little objection to being harnessed to the sleds, and haul the train around over the bare ground at a great rate. But like the "huskie" dogs of the Esquimaux, they are not averse to fighting, and each run usually ends in a lively row among the members of the teams.

The head of the enterprise, Charles E. Vest, estimates that a team of four dogs, aided by the driver, will haul 1500 pounds without difficulty over the greater portion of the route to the Klondike after the Chilkoot pass is crossed. For the ascent of the pass the dogs will each be provided with a pack-sack, in which from twenty to fifty pounds of freight can be carried. Thus the dogs will be utilized so well that the labor of crossing the pass will be considerably lessened. An allowance is made of one pound of prepared food a day for each dog. —New York Press.

Lighthouse Built by a Duke's Daughter
Penmarch lighthouse, on the Brittany coast, with its 10,000,000 candle power electric light, 180 feet above sea level and visible 60 miles away, is a monument to Marshal Davoust, Duke of Auerstadt, his daughter having given the French government \$60,000 for the purpose.



No. 233.
This quarter-bound oak writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 6-inch beveled plate glass in top and a deep drawer below. Artistic French legs; also finished in mahogany. **\$3.95** is our special price for this \$10 desk.

(Mail orders filled promptly.)
We will mail anyone, free of all charges, our new 112 page Special Catalogue, containing Furniture, Draperies, Lamps, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, etc. This is the most complete book ever published, and we pay all postage. Our lithographed Carpet Catalogue, showing carpets in colors, is also yours for the asking. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 50c. in stamps. There is no reason why you should pay your local dealer 60 per cent. profit when you can buy from the mill. Drop a line now to the money-savers.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
Baltimore, Md.

Please mention this paper.

Curative of Bad Temper.

"When the little girl is naughty," says Miss Jessie M. Fowler, giving a mother directions for curing her small daughter's bad temper, "put on her best gown, and you will see that she cannot withstand its influence."

CHILKOOT PASS.

President Wallcut says that with the completion of the rail and tram-way over the Chilkoot Pass, February first next, passengers and freight from Dyea can be landed at Lake Lindeman in twelve hours, which means via St. Paul and Northern Pacific R'y. to Lake Lindeman, from Chicago eight days. Send two cents postage to Chas. S. Free, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., for the latest and best map folder on the Klondike and Alaskan mining country. The Northern Pacific is the pioneer line in Alaska passenger business and has solid vestibuled steam-heated passenger trains to Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, with dining cars, Standard and Pullman tourist, and free colonist sleeping cars. Berth reservations can be made through any district passenger agent.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The Smithsonian Institution has just come into possession of the Hallett Phillips collection of Indian implements and antiquities from the Potomac Valley.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A Simple Fire Extinguisher.

Hand-grenades, the simplest form of fire-extinguisher, can be made at home cheaply and easily. And it is well to have at hand a simple contrivance for extinguishing a small fire at its start.

Take twenty pounds of common salt and ten pounds of sal ammoniac (nitrate of ammonia, to be had of any druggist), and dissolve in seven gallons of water. Procure quart bottles of thin glass, such as are ordinarily used by druggists, and fill with this, corking tightly and sealing, to prevent evaporation.

In case of fire throw so as to break in or near the flame. If the fire is in such a place as to prevent the bottle from breaking, as in wool or cotton, knock off the neck and scatter the contents.

The breaking of the bottle liberates a certain amount of gas, and the heat of the fire generates more, thus working its own destruction.

Clear Understanding at the Start.

Landlady—Have you a young man, Bridget?
Servant—No'm. He's older'n I be.—Boston Courier.

Whenever you see a man visiting a chiropodist there is something on foot.

HOW?

By soothing and subduing the pain. That's the way

St. Jacobs Oil

CURES Neuralgia.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,
(Established 1780.)
Dorchester, Mass.

"He That Works Easily Works Successfully." 'Tis
Very Easy To Clean House With

SAPOLIO

Nature Hates a Bachelor.
Some curious figures have lately been made public by a celebrated Berlin physician, which seem to point to the fact that if a man wants to live long and preserve his health and strength he ought to marry. Among unmarried men between the ages of 30 and 45 the death rate is twenty-seven per cent. Among married men between the same ages it is only eighteen per cent. For forty-one bachelors who live to be 40 years of age seventy-eight married men triumphantly arrive at the same period. The difference gets all the more marked as time goes on. At 60 years of age there are only twenty-two bachelors to forty-eight married men; at 70, there are eleven bachelors to twenty-seven who are married; and by the time they reach 90 the married men are three to one, for there are nine of them to every three bachelors.

New Tunnel Completed.
The Improvement on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 22 miles west of Cumberland at Falls Cut, will be completed by December 1st and trains will be running over it within ten days thereafter. Falls Cut is a cutting through a spur of the mountain and is about 60 feet in depth and has continually given trouble by rock sliding down on the track. It has had to be braced with heavy timber every few feet for its entire length, some 300 feet, and requiring constant care and watchfulness, was, therefore, very expensive to keep up.

In order to eliminate this cut it was necessary to build one mile of new roadway which involved the construction of a double track tunnel 530 feet in length and three bridges.

By this change the road was straightened considerably taking out some sharp curvature and introducing curves of a longer radii. The improvement is on what is known as the eastern slope of the Alleghenies and the grade is about 34 feet to the mile. The tunnel and bridges were constructed with the view of double tracking the entire Pittsburg Division sometime in the future.

A woman has far more chances of marriage at 23 than at 21.

HALL'S

Vegetable Sicilian

HAIR RENEWER

Cleanses the scalp and puts new life into the hair. It restores the lost color to gray hair. It means youth and beauty.

CANCER AND TUMOR

PERMANENTLY CURED

without knife, plaster or pain.

All forms of BLOOD DISEASES thoroughly eradicated from the system. Six weeks Home Treatment for \$10. Book of Information free.

NATURAL REMEDY CO., Westfield, Mass.

PATENTS

are Property. Represented by W. H. Smith, Esq., Can be Sold. Are Assignable.

INVENT improvements in tools, implements, household articles, etc. Write F. S. APPLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, 1000 H. Bldg., Washington, D. C. Free circular and advice. Low fees.

SHREWD INVENTORS!

Don't waste money on Patent Agencies advertising prizes, medals, No patent pay "etc." We do a regular patent business. **Low fees. No charge for advice.** Highest references. Write us. **WATSON E. COLEMAN,** Solicitor of Patents, 902 F. St., Washington, D. C.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use

Thompson's Eye Water

CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH

Are result of Contracted Nostrils. **Prigg's Catarrh Cure.** Send 50c. for NASAL INSPIRATOR or 10c. for pamphlet G. B. FARMER, Perth, Ont., Canada.

THIS GOLD PLATED SCARF PIN, Handle Bars for Bicycle, with our handsome CATALOGUE FREE to anyone sending 3 cents for postage.

D. M. WATKINS & CO.,
Mfg. Jewelers, Prov., R. I.

Life, Endowment and Tontine

INSURANCE POLICIES PURCHASED

Richard Herzfeld, 35 Nassau St., New York.

CANCERS AND TUMORS CURED

or no pay. Merrill's Inst., Middlebourne, W. Va.

P. N. U. 49 '97.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 24, 1897.

A Merry Christmas.

Ought to be Paid.

The bill to pay the war claims of citizens of York, Adams, and other border counties for property destroyed and taken during the rebel raids of 1863 and 1864, has again been introduced into Congress, but there is no prospect of its passage. The York County claims aggregate \$53,994.08 and the Adams County claims \$489,438.96 while Franklin County, including burned Chambersburg, asks \$2,741,408.85. There is no shadow of doubt about the justice of most of these claims, a State Commission having examined into each of them many years ago, soon after the war, and issued certificates for the amount of each claim then presented.

African Missionary Dead.

Rev. David A. Day, D. D., the veteran missionary of the Lutheran Church in charge of the African mission, died on Friday on the steamship Lucania, bound for New York from England and only a few hours from port. He was ill with cirrhosis of the liver when he left Africa for home, and was for some weeks sick in the Royal Infirmary at Liverpool. He had been laboring in Africa since 1874, and had lived longer than any other missionary in that deadly climate. He was a native of Huntington township, this county, aged 47 years, and educated at Selin's Grove. He had visited this country several times and was widely known in the Lutheran Church. He was twice married, his second wife to whom he was united a year ago, accompanying him on his voyage home. The body arrived in Baltimore, Sunday, and was taken to the home of Rev. Dr. George Schoil secretary of the Lutheran Foreign Missionary Board. The body was taken to Selin's Grove for interment on Wednesday morning.

William A. Hassler, foreman of the linemen of the Edison Electric Light Company, of York, was instantly killed Wednesday evening about 5.15 o'clock, while unloading telegraph poles just outside the Edison station. Death came to him in a peculiar manner. A load of large poles had just been hauled there, and Hassler and his men were engaged in unloading them. Hassler stood at the rear of the wagon and helped raise a pole with his back. When it was resting on the bridge of the wagon Hassler stood between it and another pole. Just as the men were about to throw it to the ground, the butt end which was to the front of the wagon slipped and swung out and the back end swung in, striking Hassler on the left side of his face. The blow broke his neck and fractured his skull at the base. He died instantly. The pole was immediately lifted and the lifeless body dropped to the ground. He was 34 years of age.

A daring robbery occurred the other night at Landis Hotel, Middletown, Dauphin county. Two men, with bandana handkerchiefs across their faces, committed the robbery. There were four men and a bartender in the bar-room when the robbers entered and one coolly backed himself against the door and covered the quartette with two revolvers, while his pal moved toward the bar. The bartender stooped as the men approached, but he straightened up with celerity as a shot flew by his head and a command was given to him to hand out the cash. At first he protested, but finally handed out about \$75. The robbers left immediately after, and no description of them could be secured.

William McCarty, blacksmith residing about one-fourth mile south of Bareville, Lancaster county, has been feeding a hog this year that has attracted a great deal of attention on account of its large size. On Thursday the hog was slaughtered and the butchering drew a big crowd as many were anxious to know how near they could guess its weight. The weight proved to be 1,012 pounds. There were 155 guesses and each guesser paid ten cents, making the total amount of the purse \$15.50. The guesses ranged from 741 to 1,125 pounds. Lloyd Hershey, a youth of Bareville, happened to come nearest the weight, his guess being 1,014 pounds.

Tramps have adopted the plan of breaking into country school houses and spending the nights by comfortable fires. By a recent act of the Legislature, the penalty for breaking into a school building is a fine of \$100 and six months imprisonment.

LATE LOCAL NEWS.

Died from a Scratch.

Mrs. Kate; wife of Elias Boyer, of near Lischey's church; York county, died of blood poisoning; Thursday night, the result of taking cold in a scratch on her hand, while assisting in butchering. She was about 68 years of age. Her hand was slightly scratched several weeks ago, while taking a chicken off a nest, but the wound was so slight that nothing was thought of it.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniments without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following, from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by Randolph Wehler.

Abraham Meals has been appointed post master at Gargol, a new post office established in Huntington township.

THE COMING WOMAN who goes to the club while her husband tends the baby, as well as the good old-fashioned woman who looks after her home, will both in health. They will be troubled with loss of appetite, headaches, sleeplessness, fainting or dizzy spells. The most wonderful remedy for these women is Electric Bitters. Sufferers from Lame Back and Weak Kidneys rise up and call it blessed. It is the medicine for women. Female complaints and Nervous troubles of all kinds are soon relieved by the use of Electric Bitters. Delicate women should keep this remedy on hand to build up the system. Only 50c. per bottle. Randolph Wehler.

The leaks in the Littlestown mains have been repaired and water will be furnished regularly on and after Jan. 1, 1898. The contract for the work on the new well for the additional supply of water has been given out.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Curtis Fleck of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as any one can be. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Randolph Wehler.

For many years science has studied liquors. Result, the whole world uses whiskey. It has proven the best stimulant and does not injure nerves and tissues like coco wines and other drugged compounds. And HARPER Whiskey is the ideal whiskey. Sold by F. L. Fleschman, New Oxford, Pa.

Hodnett's Yellow Pine Cough Syrup cures when all others fail, or dealers refund the money. For sale at Wehler's drug store.

FOR SALE.—100,000 hedge fence plants, at JACOB L. HARTMAN'S, near Pine Run school house, Hamilton township.

FOR SALE.—A No. 1 Top Spring Wagon; will sell cheap. For particulars call on F. W. Mauss.

A Letter from Alaska.

Isaac H. Miller, a son of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, of near Bendersville, Adams county, has written another letter to his parents, in which he gives some interesting statements regarding life in the gold country of the North. The letter is dated Bonanza Creek, July 18, 1897, and states that as yet, they have no regular mail service, but must await opportunities to send out letters by persons who will drop them into some postal station at a more settled point. At the time of writing his letter there were about 2,000 men at Bonanza Creek who expected to pass the winter there, many of them prospecting for 300 miles around, but making the creek their headquarters. Miners' wages, he says, were formerly \$10 a day; now a man who will work gets \$15 a day. About June, when a tremendous influx of new fortune hunters is expected, he says wages will go down again to \$10 a day, unless new and rich strikes are made. Everything is dear in the gold country. He quotes the following prices that prevailed in Dawson City when his letter was written, although up the creek, in the immediate vicinity of the mines, the prices were still higher: Flour \$12 per hundred pounds; corn meal 25 cents per pound; oatmeal and beans the same; eggs \$4 per dozen (the eggs were sold to a restaurant keeper who afterward sold them at \$1.25 apiece.) Mr. Miller says he doesn't intend to stay in that country more than two years. That he will not do much prospecting, but work at anything that pays best, and come home with all he can gather in that time. He was in good health, and asked his folks not to worry about him but write often to his address at Dawson City, N. W. Territory, British America.

The eighteenth annual report of the Carlisle Indian school is out. There are 425 male and 337 female Indians of 66 different tribes now there. In the year 156 were sent back to agencies and 197 were received: two girls died.

The net earnings of the Geiser Company, of Waynesboro, for the year were \$104,844.92, and for the Frick Co. the net profits were \$62,563.45.

Christmas is Coming.

DON'T MISS THIS.

For Bargains in Parlor and Banquet Lamps, call at E. C. LIVINGSTON'S.

Hodnett's Gem Soothing Syrup is the best thing for the baby! It is sold under a positive guarantee, at Wehler's drug store.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, set your urine aside for twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney, and bladder remedy is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At drug stores fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention THE ITEM and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

FOR RENT.

The large and commodious building, with grounds and stable, occupying the SOUTH WEST CORNER of the PUBLIC SQUARE in NEW OXFORD, PA. The location is unsurpassed for business purposes, as well as residence. The property will be rented as a whole, or in parts. For further information address, CHARLES F. HIMES, Carlisle, Pa.

WM. McCLEAN, WM. ARCH. McCLEAN, Late Pres. Judge. WM. & WM. ARCH. McCLEAN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Penna. Office west side of Baltimore street, 3rd door from Centre Square.

Administrator's Notice.

SARAH J. EMMERT'S ESTATE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of SARAH J. EMMERT, late of the Borough of New Oxford, Adams county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned residing at York Springs, Adams county, Pa. GEORGE W. EMMERT, Administrator.

An Amendment to Ordinance No. 54,

RELATING TO THE BETTER PRESERVATION OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

Be it enacted and ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of McSherrystown, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by authority of the same, That for the better preservation of the public health, and to prevent the spread of communicable diseases, all persons are forbidden to go into, or out of any premises in said Borough where any contagious or infectious disease exists, or to carry into or out of said premises, any material whereby any contagious disease may be conveyed, except by permission of the Board of Health under a penalty of not less than five (\$5) dollars, or more than twenty-five dollars, for any violation of this ordinance, said penalty or fine to be recovered before the Burgess or any Justice of the Peace, of the Borough, as all such fines are now by law recoverable. JNO. A. ELINE, President. Approved the 8th day of December, 1897. Attest: JOS. BURKE, Sec'y. JOS. M. LAWRENCE, Burgess.

GO TO J. J. WEIKERT

FOR YOUR PATENT MEDICINES AND JEWELRY!

REPAIRING OF Watches, Clocks and Jewelry will receive special attention. CALL TO SEE ME IN THE LIVINGSTON'S BUILDING, CENTRE SQUARE, NEW OXFORD, PENNA.

Go to the NEW OXFORD Monumental Works

FOR YOUR CEMETERY WORK.

I sell my work according to the times; guarantee good work and lower than anywhere else for good work. I deliver my work free of charge anywhere in the county. Come see me. I have some of the latest designs to pick from.

E. C. LOUGH, Proprietor

Established, 1871.

Rinehart, Childs & Briggs, Howard and Franklin Streets, BALTIMORE, MD.,

FLOUR AND PRODUCE COMMISSION HOUSE.

Solicit consignments of Pork, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, &c. Guarantee full market prices and immediate returns with the Cash. Refer to Z. H. CASHMAN, New Oxford, Pa.

PILES PERMANENTLY CURED

IN FROM 3 TO 5 DAYS' TIME

by the use of Lo-Mo. One bottle guaranteed to cure any case of Piles, regardless of how long standing, what you have tried, or what your physician may claim. Money refunded if permanent cure is not obtained in the most severe cases in less than 5 days. After all others fail get Lo-Mo and be cured. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all first class druggists, or sent prepaid to any address, on receipt of price. Address Harry Logus, Williamsport, P.

W. F. BLOODGOOD,

VETERINARY SURGEON & DENTIST, Graduate of Albany Veterinary College. Treating all diseases animals are heir to, Ring-bone, Spavin, Curb, Splint Quarter-crack, Split-hoof, and all dental work, such as fixing up of the teeth, etc. Surgical operations performed in a workman like manner. Calls promptly attended, day or night. Office second door from Eagle Hotel, Center Square, New Oxford.

MRS. D. I. SEASLEY,

FASHIONABLE

MILLINER AND DRESS-MAKER, NEW OXFORD, PA., has opened a millinery store in the house lately vacated by Mrs. Frank Miller, on Philadelphia street, to which the public is invited to inspect goods and learn prices.

GEO. F. RABINE, Practical Barber and Hairdresser EAGLE HOTEL BUILDING, Centre Square, New Oxford, Pa.

Having opened a first-class Barber shop in the above named place, I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. Give me a call

AUCTIONEERING

GEORGE L. COLESTOCK, offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, New Chester, Adams county, Pa.

REMNANTS!

Cambric, in all colors, 2c. per yard.

Ginghams, 3c. per yard.

The best calicos, 4c. per yard.

Double-width Dress Goods, 5c. yard.

All colors of cambric by the pound at 6c. per pound.

50c. and 75c. Ladies' shirt waists will be closed out at 25 cents each.

EMMERT & BRO.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

WE are showing now a rich and handsome line of NOVELTIES in colored and Black Dress Goods.

Our stock of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Wraps is now complete and owing to trade conditions this fall we are enabled to give lower prices now than at any later period when these lines must be duplicated by us.

THE LEADERS.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

To the Ladies!

These frosty mornings you will be wanting a Coat or Wrap of some kind, and we take great pleasure in informing you that our our beautiful stock is ready for your inspection. Prices and Styles are sure to suit you. May we expect you in?

SHEELY & BRO.

Christmas Candies!

1,000 pounds Finest Candy on the market, at prices from 5c. to 40c. per pound.

Also, Bananas, Oranges, Grapes, Nuts, &c.

at Plymire's Store, CENTER SQ., NEW OXFORD, PA.

THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE—
\$1.00 if not paid within the year. No sub-
scription discontinued unless at the option
of the publisher, until all arrearages are
paid. A failure to order a discontinu-
ance at the expiration of the time paid
for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at usual rates—
—liberal reduction to those who adver-
tise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from
the smallest label or card to the largest
handbill or poster.

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 24, 1897.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

George Reichert, of near Abbottstown,
killed a hog that weighed 583 lbs.

Patronize the merchants whose adver-
tisements are found in these columns.

Samuel Reed, of Arendtsville, lost a
hog which weighed 400 pounds, by chol-
era last week.

Reports from throughout the country
indicate that a great deal of petty thiev-
ing is going on.

The store building of Wm. Wantz, at
Highfield, was destroyed by fire on last
Thursday night.

The personal property of the late Jo-
seph Stambaugh, of McSherrystown, was
appraised at \$9,400.

William Shaffer, of East Berlin, has
shipped over two tons of shellbark ker-
nels to the city markets.

Mrs. Sarah Spangler, of Arendtsville,
underwent a successful appendicitis oper-
ation in Philadelphia, recently.

A barrel which fell on the hand of Aug.
Deatrick, of Reading township, Adams
county, cut off two of his fingers.

Stephen Straley last week sold to Wm.
Weigle of Heidlersburg, his farm of 30
acres in Reading township, for the sum
of \$800.

Next year there will be six eclipses,
three of the sun and three of the moon,
a number of which will be visible in this
country.

F. G. Sneeainger, of Edge Grove, on
Monday slaughtered two Berkshire hogs,
104 months old, and weighing 449 and
471 pounds respectively.

One physician at Smith's Station, a few
miles below Hanover, has 22 cases of
diphtheria in charge. There are still new
cases being reported in Hanover.

Recently, while Jerry Miller, of Foun-
tain Dale, was chopping wood in the
mountain his axe glanced and lodged in
his foot, inflicting a serious wound.

Mrs. Edw. McSherry, an aged lady, liv-
ing with her husband a short distance
from Red Land, died last Tuesday, and
was buried at Bonneauville on Thursday.

Friday afternoon, John Barnitz, resid-
ing along the Carlisle pike, in Berwick
township, was kicked by a horse on the
right leg, near the knee, bruising the
limb badly.

One day last week while Augustus
Deatrick, of Reading township, was as-
sisting to put barrels in his cellar, a bar-
rel fell upon one of his hands and cut
off two of his fingers.

Cornelius McGrail, of Orrtana, had his
foot badly injured at the horse shoe bend,
on the W. M. railroad, near Maria Furn-
ace, while unloading bridge stringers
from a truck a few days ago.

A telegram was received last Tuesday
by I. M. Simpson, of Reading township,
conveying the sad intelligence that Bert
Miller, of Ashton, North Dakota, a form-
er resident of this county, had died.

On last Friday night the house of Mr.
Cox, in Latimore township, was entered
by burglars through a second story win-
dow by means of a long ladder, two rooms
were entered and the contents of a large
chest was misplaced. To the amount
and what all was carried off is not fully
known.

Rumor has it that Ignatius Carbaugh,
formerly of Hanover, recently of York,
has deserted his wife and family. The
story is that he left his wife and four small
children, about Dec. 1st, taking his old-
est daughter, Miss Vergie, aged about 16
years, with him, and has not been heard
of since.

At East Berlin, Sunday morning, the
wife of Rev. Paul Spangler, pastor of the
Reformed church, that place, died of con-
sumption, aged about 80 years. She was
a Miss Lichty, of Spring City, Chester
county, and had been married three years
last June. She leaves a baby son, three
months old.

A correspondent at Two Taverns says:
One night last week the family of Harry
A. Snyder was shocked by having a fire
in one of the bed rooms of the house.
The four children were sleeping where a
candle was left burning which burned
down the holder and then caught some
clothing, doing damage to the amount of
about \$20. The children escaped injury.

Mrs. Henry Kauffman, widow, an aged
lady died Saturday at her home near York
Springs, and was buried Monday morn-
ing at East Berlin. She was formerly
Miss Swartz, and was born and raised at
Hanover.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Mary A. Smith, as
attorney in fact for the heirs of the late
Jacob Smith, dec'd, sold the farm of de-
cedent, near town, at private sale to Hon.
F. G. Sneeainger, of Edge Grove, on
private terms.

Monday night Hebron Lodge, No. 465,
F. and A. M., of this place, held their an-
nual banquet at the National Hotel, on
Pitt street. Guests were present from all
neighboring lodges, and a royal good
time was had.

A horse blanket was stolen from the
buggy of John Melhorn, of near this place,
Monday, during the funeral services of
Mrs. John Essick, at St. Joseph's Catho-
lic church, Hanover.

Howard Fisher, of Hanover, received a
dog from Chambersburg some time ago.
Last Friday at noon he left the animal
out in his yard, and before night the dog
was back at his home in Chambersburg.

Mr. Harrington, of Frederick, who is
visiting at Conewago Chapel, Monday
evening badly cut the second toe of the
right foot while cutting wood. Dr. A.
C. Rice, of McSherrystown, rendered pro-
fessional service, which included the am-
putation of the injured toe.

The large barn of John Lehman, one
mile east of Franklintown, York county,
was destroyed by fire Monday night, to-
gether with its contents—10 head of cat-
tle, 110 bushels of wheat, 175 bushels of
corn, 137 bushels of oats, 40 bushels of
rye and a large lot of hay and straw.
Loss about \$2,000.

On Monday morning Albert Rinehart,
of near Granite Hill, met with a painful
accident. Mr. R. was on his way to this
place, coming down the pike. When near
Brush Run Station he reached into his
pocket for a chew of tobacco, and during
the instant his hands were off the lines
his horse got to the side of the road, and
upset Mr. R. over an embankment, cut-
ting two severe wounds in his scalp. Dr.
Snyder dressed the wounds.

Miss Minnie Ewalt, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. George Ewalt, of Ortanna, eight
miles from Gettysburg, died at Todd
hospital, Carlisle, last Saturday, aged
about 30 years. Miss Ewalt only became
seriously ill on the Sunday previous and
on Wednesday was admitted to the hos-
pital. The direct cause of her death was
peritonitis. In spite of all the physicians
could do for her she suffered greatly un-
til death came to her relief.

One day last week Mr. Noah Beaven-
our of Paradise twp., near Abbottstown
came near losing the meat of several
hogs and his buildings besides. They
were smoking the meat when one of the
pieces fell down into the fire and in a
short time the interior of the building
was filled with flames and smoke of burn-
ing meat. Fortunately the fire was no-
ticed in time to save part of the meat and
the building. The smoke house stands
only a few feet from the dwelling house.

Thrown from a Carriage.

The following is taken from the Wich-
ita, (Kansas,) Daily Beacon, of December
9th.

"Mr. and Mrs. William Wyrick were
thrown from a carriage and severely hurt
near their home, three miles northwest
of the city, this morning. Mr. Wyrick
had one of his ankles badly sprained, and
Mrs. Wyrick had her shoulder fractured
and received other injuries. Mr. Wyrick
is one of the prominent farmers of this
county, and well known among the busi-
ness men of the city. He and Mrs. Wyrick
got into their carriage this morning to
come to this city. When a short distance
from home the horse took fright at some-
thing by the side of the road and turned
quickly round, upsetting the carriage and
throwing Mr. and Mrs. Wyrick violently
to the ground. Some neighbors near by
where the accident occurred, hurried to
their assistance and Mr. and Mrs. Wyrick
were taken to their home and Dr.
Cave was called to attend the injured
man and woman. Dr. Cave said this af-
ternoon that the injuries received by Mrs.
Wyrick may prove serious or cause her a
good deal of suffering."

Mrs. Wyrick is a daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Henry J. Hemler, of near Brush
Run, Mountpleasant township, and with
her husband and two daughters spent
several months with friends in this vicin-
ity this fall.

From Granite Hill.

Mr. W. J. Duttera, residing on Mr.
Baughman's farm, near this place, killed
an owl which he says was after his chick-
ens and lit on the barn roof. He procur-
ed his gun and shot the owl, which was
perfectly white and measured 4 feet 8
inches from tip to tip of wings.

Public Sales.

If you intend making public sale of
your stock and farming implements next
spring now is the time to select your day
and have a notice inserted in THE ITEM.
The notice costs you nothing in case you
get the bills printed at this office. Call
to see samples and learn prices.

A Merry Christmas.

PERSONAL.

The students have a short vacation.
Messrs. Harvey Hoover and George Liv-
ingston are home from Selins Grove, to
spend the Christmas holidays with their
parents. Miss Myrna Miller from Na-
tional Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md.;
Miss Rhoda Swartz from Dickinson Sem-
inary, Williamsport, and Miss Anna
Himes from Swathmore College, Phila-
delphia, are also home spending their
vacation.

Miss Elmyra Ruff, a student of the
Shippensburg Normal School, is also
spending the holidays with her parents,
Prof. D. Ruff and wife, Hanover street.

Mr. Jas. L. Staubb, of Lancaster, vis-
ited his parents near town, and gave us a
pleasant call on Monday evening.

Miss Eva Stock returned from a visit
to her brother in Munhall, near Pitts-
burg, where she spent some time.

Mrs. Minnie Hersh returned from a
two weeks' visit to her sister at Mount
Carmel, Pa., before the Christmas holi-
days.

W. A. Himes and son William, have
returned from a trip to Georgia and Ala-
bama.

Mrs. A. W. Himes spent some days
with friends at York.

Miss Nettie Swartz has returned from
a visit to friends in Pittsburg and An-
nville.

Mr. J. H. Brown, of Baltimore, spent
a few days with his many friends in this
place.

Met a Horrible Death.

Miss Millie Wolf, an orphan girl aged
16 years, making her home with her cou-
sin, Mrs. Edward Devine, at Edge Grove,
was burned in a horrible manner Mon-
day morning by the explosion of a coal
oil can, the explosion taking place while
she was pouring oil on the fire to make it
burn. The accident happened about 5:45
a. m. in Mrs. Devine's cigar shop. The
girl was sent to make the fire. She start-
ed to do this, but it seems the fire did not
burn freely, so she took the coal oil can
and began pouring oil on the fire. In-
stantly the flames got on the inside of the
can, which exploded. The young lady's
clothing was covered with the burning
oil, and the girl ran screaming into the
yard, where Mrs. Devine and a neighbor,
Mrs. Kuhn, ran to her aid, and after hard
work, with the aid of a blanket and wa-
ter, succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

The girl was taken into the house and
Dr. J. L. Sheetz, of this place, summon-
ed. He found the girl was burned princi-
pally about the abdomen, although the
flames had eaten their way as low as the
knees and up to the shoulders.

The girl suffered intensely during the
day and died about 5 o'clock in the after-
noon, but was conscious up to within a
short time of her death. She was form-
erly of near Kingsdale, where her par-
ents died a few years ago. Her nearest
relative is a step-brother, Oscar Lipsey,
who lives with his uncle, Samuel Noel,
near Kingsdale. The funeral took place
on Wednesday morning, services being
held at St. James church, near Little-
town, Rev. Ferdinand Hesse, of this
place, officiating.

In endeavoring to extinguish the flames
Mrs. Devine was burned about her breast
and hands, and is suffering much pain
from the effects.

Found Dead in Bed.

Mrs. John Krug was found dead in
bed at her home in Hanover on Sunday
morning. Although Mrs. Krug had been
a sufferer from dropsy and heart trouble
for some time, she was in comparatively
good health on Saturday evening, when
she retired. Sunday morning when her
husband awoke he called her several
times and receiving no reply, touched
her, and to his horror discovered that she
was cold in death.

Mrs. Krug's maiden name was Agnes
Keagy, a daughter of the late Joseph
Keagy and wife of Conewago township.
Five years ago she became the third wife
of John Krug, formerly of Oxford town-
ship, now of Hanover, who survives her.
Her age was about 58 years.

Death of Mrs. John Essick.

Mrs. Annie, widow of John Essick,
died at her home in Hanover early Friday
morning, of consumption, after an illness
of fourteen weeks, aged 40 years and 3
months. Deceased was born near this
place, in 1848, and was a daughter of the
late William Melhorn, Sr. Some years
ago she was united in marriage to John
Essick, and moved to Gettysburg. Nine
children were born to them, six of whom
survive her. Her husband died in 1887,
and three years ago she moved to Hano-
ver with her family, where she has since
resided. She is also survived by her moth-
er, Mrs. William Melhorn, Sr., of High
Street, this place, and three sisters and
two brothers. The funeral took place
Monday morning, the remains being tak-
en to Gettysburg, where interment was
made in the Catholic Cemetery.

The New Oxford Postoffice.

On Friday, Mr. Wm. H. Emmert was
appointed postmaster of New Oxford to
succeed Mr. Geo. A. Klingel. Mr. Em-
mert will remove the office about Janu-
ary 1st, to the room formerly used as a
tailor shop, in the Emmert building, on
Centre Square, and we feel satisfied that
"Billy" will make a very clever and oblig-
ing postmaster. We understand that it is
his intention to open out the office with
an entire new outfit, in the way of office
fixtures, letter boxes, etc. Of course he
will retain the services of "Jimmy" Barn-
itz as head clerk.

Thieving.

On last Thursday night, sometime after
9 o'clock, thieves entered the store of
John L. Sheads, Gettysburg, through a
window in the rear of the store and took
about \$30 worth of fancy case pipes, gold
mounted, some tobacco and cigars. This
was rather a bold robbery as the electric
light is always left burning in the store
during the night.

On the same night the new dwelling of
Amos Newman, which is furnished, but
not tenanted, was entered and articles
of table use, such as chinaware, glass-
ware, etc., were stolen.

Carpenter tools were also taken from
the new college dormitory building, the
same night, some of which were found
the next day on the campus.

Some of the cigars and tobacco, the
property of Mr. Sheads, were found the
next morning scattered over the lot in
the rear of his factory. The guilty par-
ties have thus far escaped arrest.

Gored to Death by a Bull.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Samuel S. Werner,
of near Green Ridge, York county, was
gored to death by a vicious bull. Mr.
Werner's three children were at school
and he went to Green Ridge with milk,
leaving his wife alone. When he returned
he noticed that a door of the stable was
open, and on investigation found his
wife's dead body in the stable terribly
mutilated. Mr. Werner at once saw
what had happened, for the bull's horns
were spattered with blood. She had let
the cows out and the bull was also un-
chained, which proved she had loosened
him and was attacked by the animal.
The sad news spread rapidly and the en-
tire community was shocked.

Sheriff Sales.

On last Saturday Sheriff Miller sold
the following properties:

Tract of land No. 1, in Berwick twp.,
sold as the property of Amos Leahy, to
Andrew Rudisill, Penn township, York
county, for \$450.

Tract No. 2 of Amos Leahy to same
party for \$295.

A lot of ground in East Berlin, the prop-
erty of Nathaniel Nickey, to Daniel P.
Wagner and Wm. T. Spangler, of East
Berlin, for \$1025.

A tract of land in Huntington town-
ship, sold as the property of Moses Stam-
baugh, to Clinton D. Gardner, of York
Springs, for \$125.

Money Wanted.

Those of our patrons who know them-
selves indebted to us for subscription,
advertising or job printing, will do us a
great favor by sending us at least part of
amount due.

CHURCH NOTICES.

There will be preaching in St. Paul's
Lutheran church Sunday evening at 7 o'-
clock; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6 p. m.; Junior
C. E. at 2 p. m.; Sunday school at 9 a. m.;
catechetical class on Saturday (Christ-
mas) morning at 10 o'clock; prayer meet-
ing every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.
The Sunday school Christmas Services
will be held on Saturday evening at 7 o'-
clock.

REV. FERDINAND HESSE, Pastor.

Divine Services in St. Paul's Reformed
church Sunday at 2 p. m.; Sunday
school at 9 a. m.; C. E. Society at 6 p. m.
Christmas Celebration Saturday even-
ing at 6:30. This service promises well
under the various leaders, and all are in-
vited to be present.

REV. P. E. HEIMER, Pastor.

There will be only one Mass in the
Catholic church Sunday morning—Low
Mass at 8 o'clock.

On Saturday, the Feast of the Nativ-
ity of our Savior, Jesus Christ, (Christ-
mas,) the Masses will be at 6 o'clock and
at 10 o'clock. The 6 o'clock Mass will be
the High Mass, and the music at this Mass
will be with orchestral accompaniment.
The latter Mass—at 10 o'clock—is at that
hour so that those who are unable to at-
tend the Mass at 6 o'clock, are given a
chance to attend services on this day.

REV. P. P. HEMLER, Pastor.

Preaching in the M. E. church Sunday
morning at 10 o'clock; Sunday school at
9 a. m.; Epworth League at 6 p. m.

REV. GEORGE M. GLENN, Pastor.

[We have not been informed as to the
time and character of the Christmas ser-
vices in the M. E. church.—Ed.]

Holiday Goods.

Before purchasing your Holiday Goods
don't fail to visit the store of C. E. Diehl,
Carlisle street. Here is to be found the
largest assortment of Christmas Toys,
Fancy Articles, and Holiday Goods of all
kinds of any store in town, at bottom
prices.

How To PREVENT PNEUMONIA.—At
this time of the year a cold is very easily
contracted, and if left to run its course
without the aid of some reliable cough
medicine is liable to result in that dread
disease, pneumonia. We know of no bet-
ter remedy to cure a cough or cold than
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have
used it quite extensively and it has always
given entire satisfaction.—Olajah, Ind.
Ter. Chief.

This is the only remedy that is known
to be a certain preventive of pneumonia.
Among the many thousands who have
used it for colds and la grippe, we have
never yet learned of a single case having
resulted in pneumonia. Persons who have
weak lungs or have reason to fear an at-
tack of pneumonia, should keep the rem-
edy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes
for sale by Randolph Wehler.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
All Druggists refund the money if it fails
to cure. 25c.

Lookout for Him.

Farmers and stock raisers should be on
the lookout for the glib-tongued stranger
who is making the round again selling
stock food. You soon know the specta-
cle man, and to the same sorrow you will
learn to know the stock food man, if you
don't turn him out before he starts his
practiced tongue. Think for yourself a
moment. He cannot travel around and
pay his horse hire and hotel bills for less
than \$5 per day. He wants fancy wages
and gets for himself not less than \$3 per
day. He has his man to take him to your
house whom he must pay \$2 per day,—
his expenses therefore are not a cent less
than \$10 per day. This \$10, his employ-
ers profit and advertising expenses, re-
tailers profit and all must come out of a
stock food that is sold at 10c. a pound.
Now if you want to cheat your poor an-
imals, throw your money away, and help
this fancy "dude" to buy better clothes
than you and I can afford to wear, then
buy from him and when he is gone with
your money he'll laugh and call us coun-
try jakes.

But if you want the worth of your
money buy Sulphur, Glauber Salt, &c.,
from your druggist, bran and salt from
your warehouse man or miller, and for 3
or 4 cts. a pound you can make a far bet-
ter Stock Food, or on the other hand you
can get the Champion Stock Food—
known for years and sold under a guar-
antee, from us at the drug store for 5c.
a pound. Remember I am not only after
your money, but I am after your friend-
ship and custom which I can only do by
treating you fair, and therefore I invite
you to try my plan.

RANDOLPH WEHLER.

FREE OF CHARGE TO SUFFERERS—Cut
this out and take it to your druggist and
get a sample bottle free of Dr. King's New
Discovery, for consumption, coughs and
colds. They do not ask you to buy be-
fore trying. This will show you the great
merits of this truly wonderful remedy,
and show you what can be accomplished
by the regular size bottle. This is no ex-
periment, and would be disastrous to the
proprietors, did they not know it would
invariably cure. Many of the best phys-
icians are now using it in their practice
with great results, and are relying on it in
most severe cases. It is guaranteed. Trial
bottles free at Wehler's drug store. Reg-
ular size 50 cents and \$1.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman	
Choice Wheat.....	\$0.90
No. 2 ".....	87
Raked ".....	45
Rye.....	38 @ 43
Corn.....	28 @ 26
Oats.....	16 @ 20
Clover seed, per lb.....	5 9
Timothy seed.....	1.00 @ 1.25
Timothy hay.....	5.80 @ 6.00
Rye straw.....	5.00 @ 6.00

MARRIED.

Dec. 7, at Hanover, by Rev. Marsby J.
Roth, Wm. I. Leister, of Cumberland
township, to Miss Sarah M. Bender, of
Hanover.

Dec. 10, at Bonneauville, by Rev. W.
Martin, Wm. McSherry to Miss Sarah A.
Wagerman, both of Mountpleasant twp.

Dec. 10, in Gettysburg, by Rev. A. N.
Horn, John Peter Walters to Miss Jennie
A. Arentz, both of Mountpleasant twp.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, services, &c., 50 cents a line.

Dec. 20, in this place, of pneumonia,
Mrs. Lydia, widow of the late Philip
Thomas, aged about 70 years.

Dec. 17, in Hanover, Mrs. Anna Es-
sick, a daughter of Mrs. Sarah Melhorn,
of this place, aged 49 years and 8 months.

Dec. 16, at Hunterstown, William H.
Harman, aged 56 years, 9 months and 1
day.

Dec. 15, in Gettysburg, Cyrus A., son
of Wm. and Laura Herman, aged 3
years and 11 months.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO YOU ALL.

In these the closing days of this year
I wish to express my highest gratitude to
all for your esteemed patronage during
the year 1897. Hoping that the New
year will bring to all greater prosperity
and that our social and business inter-
course during 1898 may continue amiable
and prove to be of mutual benefit.

RANDOLPH WEHLER,

Druggist and Apothecary.
New Oxford, Pa.

The doctors agree that noises may be as injurious to health as bad smells or heaps of refuse.

A Chicago paper offers a cornet as a prize in a popular voting contest, but very wisely provides that the winner must be a man who lives in some other town.

Observers of German political phenomena have noticed that every year a greater proportion of the parliamentary representatives of the Socialist party are professors and other brain workers, who displace the laborers.

The price the farmer will get for his wheat ought to help good roads in the South and West, for the farmer in his hurry to get his product to market will learn the value of rapid transportation, and if he has a long distance to haul over a bad road, as is usual, he cannot compete with his rival on the good road.

The report of a special investigation of the private institutions in New York city that are paid to care for poor and sick shows that \$1,313,491 has been expended on unworthy people. There were 26,561 people being supported. Of these Mr. Bauer has approved 113,776 and disapproved 13,258. The sum saved is \$1,313,471.

As indicating what vigorous, systematic effort can accomplish in fighting noxious insects we note that in '92, the gypsy moth (a very difficult insect with which to deal) infested an area in Massachusetts of 200 square miles; and through the efforts of the board of agriculture of that state the pest is now confined to a area of about seventy-five square miles.

If any one were to undertake to walk, one way only, through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of 2600 miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of the distance one would have to go to see thoroughly even the greater part of the city of London—the largest city in the world.

Widespread discussion is growing out of a statement or appeal made by President Woodruff, the head of the Mormon church, in a recent conference at Salt Lake. His words were: "The day has come when the mouths of Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, Joseph Smith, and the twelve apostles should not be closed. God Almighty requires you to unite in your temple work and unite in your politics. You should unite to elect your city council and all the state organizations. You must put aside Democracy and Republicanism, and as Latter Day Saints unite and you will not be taxed to death." This, coming from the head of the church, is practically an order to all Mormons to stand together politically.

As compiled by United States Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, of the department of labor, the figures bearing on the number of persons engaged in the various industrial and professional lines of employment in the United States are decidedly interesting. According to the latest report of Commissioner Wright, based upon the census of 1890, there are now 22,132,648 persons employed in what are known as the gainful occupations. Of this number 18,420,504 are males and 3,712,144 females. Divided into five comprehensive groups the showing is as follows:

Agriculture, fisheries and mining...	8,673,389
Professional service.....	943,425
Domestic and personal service.....	4,232,505
Trade and transportation.....	3,281,796
Manufacturing and mechanical industries.....	5,001,429

Total..... 22,132,648
Although it appears from the foregoing table that agriculture heads the list a comparison with the figures for 1880 shows that manufacturing enterprises have steadily increased since that time in the number of men employed. In 1880 only 6.81 per cent. of those employed in the gainful occupations were found in the various manufacturing industries. In 1890, however, the number had increased to 8.13 per cent., which shows a decided gain. The number of those engaged in agricultural pursuits at the present time aggregates 14.39 per cent., against 15.96 per cent. for 1880, showing something of a decrease.

SWEET CHRISTMAS TIME.

Oh Christmas chime! O Christmas time!
The sweetest and the brightest;
When hearts beat high and pulses fly,
And childhood's steps are lightest!
When ruddy cheeks are ruddiest,
And red lips like a cherry,
O Christmas cheer! O Christmas here!
So sparkling and so merry!

Old Santa Claus—with ample cause,
For children all adore him—
While they're asleep, takes many a peep
At trundle-beds before him;
And then he laughs—not in his sleeve,
For that is full, believe it,
Of Christmas toys, for girls and boys,
And could not well receive it.

The good old man will plot and plan
Like any great commander,
Or swim deep seas—the young to please—
As did the brave Leander.
Not only packs of jumping-jacks
Adorn his ample shoulders,
But hats and boots and stylish suits
Astonish all beholders.

O Christmas bells, your music tells
A tale of joy and gladness—
Of freedom, peace, of sweet increase—
And not a tale of sadness;
For even Poverty lifts up
Her thousand, thousand voices,
And for this time, this one bright time
Of goodly cheer, rejoice!
—Mrs. M. A. Kilder.

SMALL PERTATERS' CHRISTMAS PARTY.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.



wished I had one."

But he might as well, poor little fellow, have wished for the moon (he would have stood as good a chance of getting it), for not one cent was there, either in the ragged pockets of his ragged trousers, or the ragged pockets of his ragged coat. (This coat had once been the spring overcoat of some one twice as big as Small Pertaters, and it was worn to a fringe all around the bottom from trailing on the ground.)

"I'd rather," said Small Pertaters, "have one of them nor any thin' else. They's meat an' vegetables an' candy an' cake all to wunst, they is. An' how brown their kivers is. I never seen sich werry brown kivers on a pie afore."

At this moment a gentleman and a lovely fair-haired little girl, followed by a small white dog, went into the shop, stayed there a short time, and coming out again, hastened up the avenue. Small Pertaters gazed after them.

"Her hair was jist like shiny gold," he said. "S'pect she has mince pie every day of her life. But it's no use me standin' here. It makes me hunger an' hunger lookin' at them pies. I'll go home an' eat my supper; an' tain't every boy what's got a soup-bone, with a lot of marrer in it an' a hunk of gristle an' meat a-hangin' to it, an' a fresh biscuit, an' a cole biled pertater, in his coat tail pocket."

And, turning quickly from the window, he spied the small white dog which had been following the gentleman and the golden-haired child sniffing at the same coat-tail pocket.

"Jimmy Jinks!" said Small Pertaters; "if that hog of a dog ain't a-tryin' to hook my bone. An' I s'pect he has more soup bones nor what he knows what to do with where he lives, for he's a nobby dog, he is. Git out, you swell pup."

And the "swell pup," starting to get out, discovered that he had lost his master and mistress, and ran to and fro, with nose to the snow-covered pavement, eagerly seeking a trail of them, for five or ten minutes. Then, giving up in despair, he seated himself before the boy, who stood watching him, and shaking his muddy little paws, looked up into his face in the most beseeching manner.

"It's too bad," said Small Pertaters, patting his head with a very dirty hand. "Guess they must have got on to a car, ole feller; an' the best thing you kin do is to come home with me, an' we'll look for 'em to-morrow."



"THEY SMELLS BULLY GOOD," HE SAID.

And, as though he understood his new friend perfectly, the dog trotted after him as he went a few blocks down the avenue, and turned, first into Thirteenth street, and then into Gansevoort street. Here the boy strode quickly along, whistling cheer-

ily, his hands in what was left of his trousers pockets, until he stumbled over something that was lying on the sidewalk. Stooping to see what it was, he found a brown hen, with her legs sticking up straight and stiff.

"It's got shut out of its lodgin'!" said he, "an' it's froze. But p'r'ps tain't a hull goner. I'll git it loose an' take it home with me, anyhow."

So he searched about until he found a stone, with which he broke the ice around the hen, and, setting it free, with the loss of a few feathers, he went on again, carrying it with him, the dog still following. But he had only gone a block farther, when he heard a pitiful mewing come from an ash-barrel that stood before a tenement house, and, peeping in, he saw a black and white kitten sitting on the ashes.

"Pears to me I'm boun' to have a party ter-night," said Small Pertaters. "Here's another young friend a-waitin' to come home with me. All right, pussy; here goes." And he lifted her out of the barrel, and stowed her away inside of his big coat. "There's nothin' mean 'bout me, 'specially roun' Christmas times."

And in another minute or two he and his three guests had arrived at the end of the street, and the end of their journey. They had reached



"MERRY CHRISTMAS, SMALL PERTATERS."

Small Pertaters' home—"sweet, sweet home," indeed, in one sense of the word; for what do you think it was? An old molasses cask lying upon its side on the wharf, near the river. Getting down on his hands and knees, Small Pertaters, by the aid of a street lamp that stood near by, took a survey of the inside of the cask, and finding no intruder there, crawled in, laid down the hen and kitten, and then went back for the dog, who lingered at the entrance.

"Come in, ole feller," said he coaxingly.

But the dog suddenly turned tail, and was making off, when Small Pertaters sprung out and flourished the bone before his nose. The temptation was too much. Master Dog joined the party in the molasses cask; and, when the supper was served, Small Pertaters gave him the larger part of the meat and gristle, and, spreading the marrow as well as he could—for it was hard and cold—on the biscuit, he fed half of it to the kitten, keeping the other half and the cold potato for himself. As for the hen, she lay on her back as stiff as ever.

"Guess she must be froze all through," said Small Pertaters; and then, with a sigh, he murmured: "I ain't so werry full as I might be. Wished—I—had—one—of—them—mince—" and fell fast asleep, the cat and dog snuggled up, one each side of him.

Bright and early Christmas morning a gentleman and a lovely little girl called upon the owner of the bakery into the window of which Small Pertaters had been looking the night before.

"Did you see anything of a little white dog, after we left your shop last night?" they both asked, in the same breath.

"No; I did not, I am sorry to say," was the answer.

The tears started to the child's eyes.

"Don't cry, dear," said her papa. "We haven't half looked for him yet. We'll find the policeman who was no

this beat at the time we lost him, and very likely he can tell us something about him. If he can't, I'll advertise in all the papers to-morrow."

But, fortunately, the policeman, whom they soon found, remembered seeing a small white dog trotting after a boy, between 9 and 10 o'clock the night before.

"The boy was Small Pertaters," he said, "and that's the reason I didn't ask anything about the dog. He's an honest, good-hearted little chap, though he is a reg'lar street-boy, with no friends except such as he makes in the street. They call him 'Small Pertaters' 'cause he's no bigger than a boy of 6 or 7, though he must be 9 or 10. But, small as he is, he can beat and boy I ever saw at climbing and jumping. And, as I was saying, when I saw the dog with him I didn't give it a second thought."

"Where does he live?" asked the child, eagerly.

"Most anywhere, I guess, Miss," answered the policeman. "He ain't got any reg'lar home."

"And you can't tell us where to find him?" said the gentleman. "My little girl's Christmas won't be a very merry one unless she gets some tidings of her pet."

"Well, sir, you might make a try for it. Go along the north side of Gansevoort street till you come to the river; Small Pertaters has a sleeping place somewhere in that neighborhood, and maybe you'll meet him coming over to the avenue looking for his breakfast."

So, leaving many thanks and a silver dollar for the officer's baby son behind them, the child and her father started off again, and, reaching Gansevoort street, turned into it, walking slowly along and watching both sides of the way, when, just as they arrived at the last corner, they met another policeman.

"Small Pertaters?" said he, in answer to a question of Mr. Mitchell's (that was the name of the little girl's father). "I guess you'll find him at home."

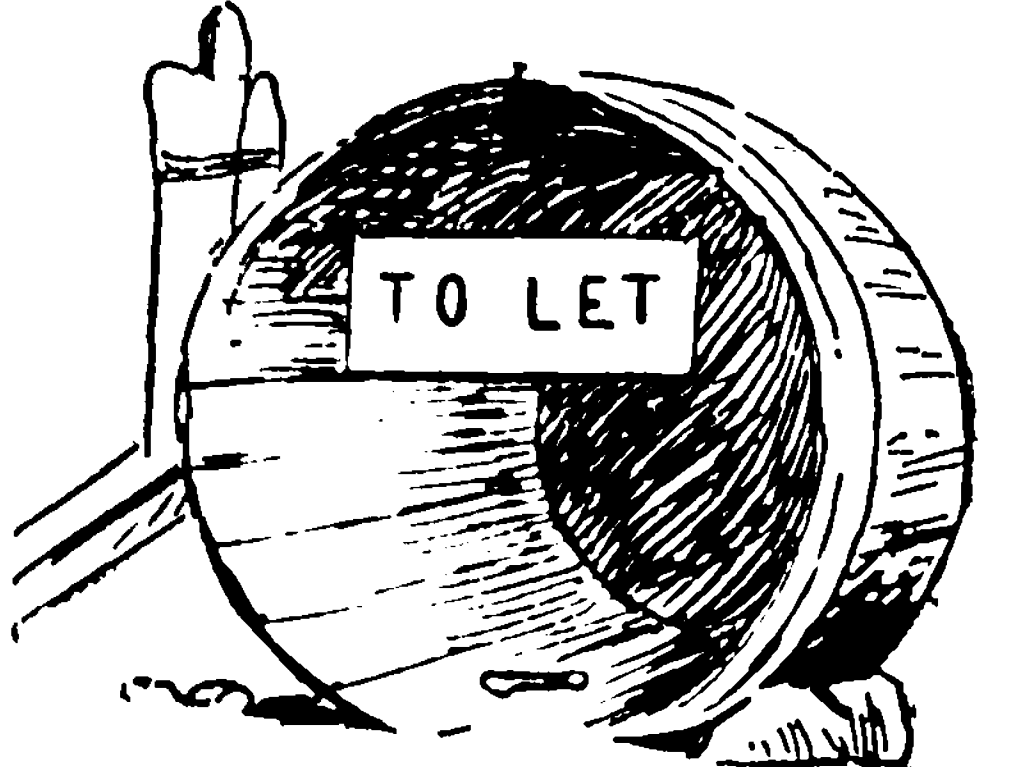
"And is his home near?" asked Dolly (that was the name of the little girl herself).

"Right over there," replied the policeman. But, as there was no house where he pointed, the gentleman began to laugh. "Do you see that molasses cask?" said he. "Well, that's Small Pertaters' home."

"What a queer home!" said Dolly;

breast. And after they reached the gentleman's house it wasn't long before the unexpected visitor had had a warm bath and a warm breakfast, and only a little longer before he found himself dressed in new clothes from head to foot.

And the next day a bright-faced, neat-looking lad tacked a paper, on which was printed the words "To Let," on the big molasses cask that lay on the wharf, and then, stepping backward a few steps, he made a flying leap over it, and ran away from his old street life forever.



Two Legends of the Christ-Child.

The following quaint story is from the history of "The Nativity of Mary," a work that has for centuries furnished themes for poets and artists: "Mary and the child Jesus were resting in a cave with Joseph and a maid and three boys, who were with them on their journey. There came suddenly out of the sides of the cave a great number of dragons, and when Jesus, slipping down from his mother's knee, stood on His feet before them, the dragons fell down and worshipped Him. Then the Divine Child, seeing that Mary and Joseph were filled with terror lest He should be harmed, said to them, 'Do not be afraid and do not consider Me as a little child, for I am and always have been perfect, and all the beasts of the field must be tame before Me.' Many of the old painters have given us the terror stricken group in the cave, including the girl and the three boys, but minus the monsters who caused them such a fright.

The most beautiful of all the legends is "The Light of the World," which Bouguereau has so exquisitely pictured for us in his "Repose in Egypt." Some travelers crossing the desert saw a brilliant light proceeding apparently from the Sphinx. Knowing that the altar of the sun stood there, they asked of one another in amaze, "Can the people be sacrificing again to the sun?" And when they drew nearer they saw that a little group of wanderers was resting beneath the shadow of the mystery of the desert. A man of middle age, dusky and travel-stained, was feeding a small gray ass, while on the arms of the Sphinx rested a young woman holding an infant to her breast. The radiant light which had dazzled them shone from the face of the young child with a great and exceeding brilliancy. Now the travelers going on their way, were filled with awe and astonishment. Yet they did not know that they had beheld the "Light of the World."—Demorest.

Leather Unlucky at Christmas.

Christmas being the period in which gifts are numerous it seems rather curious that it should be thought unlucky to bring shoes or leather articles into the house at this period, but such things are forbidden in an English county. In another it is counted unlucky to bring any holly into the house before Christmas Eve, and in London it must all be burned on Twelfth Day morning.

On Christmas.

"The church-bells of innumerable sects are all chime-bells to-day, ringing in sweet accordance throughout many lands and awaking a great joy in the heart of our common humanity."—Rev. Dr. Chapin.

The Christmas Tree.

A stately fir tree rears its head,
With stars and tapers all ablaze;
And quivering in the fairy ray,
The glittering loaded branches spread.
And childish eyes are sparkling bright,
And childish hearts with joy o'erflow.



And on that Birthday long ago
They ponder with a grave delight.

Then to their gifts they turn once more,
And in the present sunshine lost,
They fear no future tempest tuss'd,
But into fairy regions soar.

IN BLOCKS OF THIRTY.

LANDING IMMIGRANTS AT THE NEW YORK BARGE OFFICE.

Boatloads of Foreigners Make Their Entry Into the New World—Italian and Polish Women the Most Picturesque Arrivals.—All Bear Burdens.

One of the most curious sights which the city has to offer is the scene which takes place almost daily at the barge office dock when the boatloads of immigrants from all parts of the world make their entry into this country. It is not, strictly speaking, the first time that they have set foot upon American soil, for they have been landed an hour or so previously at the pier of the steamship on which they came over, and, after picking out their several pieces of baggage there, have been re-embarked, with all their worldly goods, upon the barge office boat which is waiting to receive them. But their arrival at the battery marks their formal entrance into the United States, and it is not until after they have successfully passed the careful inquiries of the registry office that they can be sure that the new land they have chosen is willing to adopt them.

As the barge office boat draws up to her dock there is usually great animation to be observed on her deck. The passengers are standing about in little groups, either talking earnestly, with the abundance of gestures characteristic of foreigners, or else gazing silently toward the new city as if fascinated by its appearance. Every man, woman and child manifests a desire to go ashore immediately, and if it were not for the wholesome respect which they entertain for the blue uniforms of the officials there would probably be something like a stampede upon the gangplank. To facilitate the work of the registry clerks, the immigrants are divided off while on the boat into groups of thirty, and intervals are allowed between the landing of the different groups, so that there may be no crowding. The only way in which the groups can be preserved intact is by fencing them apart with ropes, and the appearance of the deck thus divided into pens is amusing.

On the forward end of the boat are huge piles of the larger pieces of baggage, too heavy and unwieldy for the immigrants to carry in their arms. Judging from the poverty expressed in the costumes of the people, one would not expect them to bring many possessions with them, but the fact remains that there are bundles, baskets, boxes and budgets of all descriptions, in addition to the trunks and chests which must be moved by the expressman.

The most picturesque arrivals are the Italian and Polish women, with their resplendent shawls and the gaily decorated handkerchiefs which cover their heads in lieu of hats. Their gowns are always short enough to satisfy the most advanced dress reformer, and the most popular style of foot covering seems to be high-knee boots of stout leather, precisely like those worn by the men. The women march ashore with the heavy, clumping tread which the boots compel, frequently carrying huge bundles upon their heads and smaller ones in their arms. Sometimes, however, it is a baby which takes the place of the second bundle, and there may be two or three toddlers clinging to their mother's skirts.

The father of the family is not idle, either; his arms are full of what are presumably more family treasures in boxes and bags. The wrappings of the bundles are remarkable for their diversity. Besides the brown sacking, there are brilliant pink calicos and multi-colored plaids, corresponding in kind to the clothes of the owners. Not even the children are exempt from burden bearing. Nearly every one that can walk has something to look after, and many of them are seen to be hugging fast little wicker or wooden chairs, evidently their own private property. Sometimes a band of Hollanders are conspicuous among their poorer neighbors by reason of their clattering wooden shoes and general air of better health and prosperity.—New York Tribune.

A Mystery of the Heavens.

There is a curious light in the sky, which only a keen eye can detect, and which few astronomers even have seen, but which Prof. E. E. Barnard, who five years ago discovered the fifth satellite of Jupiter, has been studying for many years. His latest account of it comes from the new Yerkes observatory. It is a faint patch, roughly circular, several degrees in diameter, and keeping always in that part of the heavens which is directly opposite to the sun. The stars shine through it as they do through a comet's tail. German astronomers have given to this strange light the name of the gegenschein. Precisely what causes it remains to be determined.—Youth's Companion.

Atchison (Kan.) society people thirsting for novelty gave an imitation circus parade in trolley cars, which they had decorated as handwagons, chariots of \$10,000 beauties and tanks and closed cages of aquatic and wild animals.

HUMAN OXEN.

Men and Women Who Carry Heavy Loads in Colombia.

In an article on "Difficulties of Transportation in the Tropics," in the Engineering Magazine, C. P. Yeatman tells some remarkable stories of the strength and endurance of pack-carriers in Colombia. Says Mr. Yeatman:

"There are professional pack-carriers on some roads who make a specialty of carrying burdens which the sturdy and much enduring mule cannot stagger under. On some of the roads you will see at times what appears to be a live box, staggering slowly and painfully down the mountain side ahead of you; as you draw nearer you may hear the box grunt, very much as an old pack mule does at each downward step on a steep road. There is something uncanny about the whole proceeding, if it is your first experience, and you happen suddenly to overtake the box, going down hill, for the moving, swaying and grunting mass has no visible means of support, and no apparent excuse for behaving in such a manner. Perhaps you may read on its back: 'Mason and Hamlin Organ company,' or some similar legend, but that is no help in solving the perambulating mystery, for whoever heard of a boxed-up organ wandering alone down a steep mountain path and grunting as it reeled along? Very likely the road is too narrow for your mule to pass your fellow traveler; so you are obliged to follow in its wake. But at last you are able to pass ahead, and you find that the organ is in no way to blame for moving, for it has a man under it. Short and stumpy he may be, but the muscle on him reminds you of the pictures of old Atlas holding the world on his brawny shoulders. In one hand he carries a long, stout cane, with which he steadies himself on the slippery clay, and, when he wishes to rest, he backs up to the bank on the side of the road, settles the lower end of his load against the higher ground, and props up the upper end with his stick; then he is free to slip the plaited magnery-fiber bands off his shoulders and forehead, and step out from under his burden.

"Up the next hill perhaps you will overtake a woman pack-carrier. Ask her how much weight she carries and you may get the answer, as if it were a child's load, 'echo arrobos, no mas'—equivalent to 'only two hundred and twenty pounds.' As you catch sight of her wrinkled face, you may thoughtlessly remark that it is a heavy load for one of her years; her answer is apt to be: 'You should see my grandmother; she does carry heavy loads; I am not full grown yet.' This, I said with so injured an air that you ride on wondering why you had not remembered that a woman has a right to be touchy about her age, even if she is not dressed in the height of fashion. As to the grandmother, and the probability of her still being able to carry burdens in this world, you are apt to be strongly of the opinion that the pack-mulish old lady has drawn entirely on her imagination; but do not be too sure of that, for the glaring tropical sun brings wrinkles quickly, and, where women are frequently mothers at fourteen years of age, a great grandmother may still be a very active member of society.

"Is this sort of freight-carrying expensive? Rather! A twelve-arroba, 330-pound package, which is generally the maximum for men, as a nine-arroba is for women, may cost \$150 for one hundred miles, or \$10.18 paper per ton per mile."

REINDEER IN THE KLONDIKE.

Best Animals to Carry Heavy Loads in the Gold Fields in Winter.

The revenue cutter Corwin, which arrived in port last night from St. Michael, had on board the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, United States general agent of education in Alaska, and Lieutenant Jarvis, executive officer of the revenue cutter Bear. Dr. Jackson has been associated for years with the introduction of reindeer in Alaska for use among the native Indians.

In discussing the probable scarcity of food supplies at Dawson City this winter, Dr. Jackson said last night: "It has been proved by experience that the reindeer are the only animals which are fitted to render practical service in carrying heavy loads under the conditions of climate which prevail in Alaska. The time will come when the miners of the Yukon will rely altogether upon these animals in winter. The United States government owns about 1500 reindeer at present—625 at Port Clarence, 360 at Behring Straits, 168 at Cape Nome and 300 at Golovin bay. Unfortunately we are handicapped by lack of drivers. Of the six Laplanders who were sent to Alaska under contract with the government, four are expected to return on the revenue cutter Bear in a few days. As none of the Indians can be trusted alone to handle the reindeer on long trips, it is out of the question to attempt to use them this winter in transporting supplies to Dawson.

"The reindeer are peculiarly fitted by nature for work in that country, because they are self-supporting and need little care. At the end of a day's journey they can be turned loose to shift for themselves. Last winter Superintendent Kgelman made a trip of 2000 miles in midwinter without carrying a pound of fodder. One reindeer in ordinary good condition can draw a sled loaded with 500 pounds of freight, and one driver can handle ten sleds. When they are broken to pack, they will carry 150 pounds apiece.

"There is an unlimited quantity of the animals on the coast of Siberia, where they can be bought for \$3 in trade. Transportation across Behring sea is cheap, and I believe that before another summer passes, some enterprising trader will establish a freight line by the use of reindeer on the Yukon.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

Something About This Strange and Useful Plant.

The bread-fruit tree is a native of Southern Asia, the Pacific Islands and the Archipelago. In appearance it resembles somewhat the wild chestnut; it grows to a height of forty or fifty feet, has dark green leaves, many of them two feet in length, which are deeply divided into pointed lobes.

Hidden among the great leaves the bread-fruit grows; it is a sorosis, is nearly spherical, often weighs four or more pounds, and has a thick yellow rind. The fruit is the chief food of the South Sea Islanders—they seldom eat a meal without it. The edible part lies between the rind and the core, and when fully ripe is yellow and juicy. It is better for food before it is matured, and the natives gather it when the pulp is white.

Before it is ready for table use it must be roasted, when it looks like like wheat bread, and is both palatable and nutritious. Usually the fruit is cut into three or four slices and roasted or baked in an oven.

Frequently the people of a village join in making a huge oven, in which several hundred bread-fruits may be baked at one time. Thus they are all supplied with bread without it costing any of them much labor. Prepared in this way the bread will keep for weeks.

The bread-fruit is in season eight months of the year; when the season finally draws to a close, the last fruits are gathered and made into a sour paste called "mahai." This paste will keep good for months and is made into balls, wrapped in leaves, and baked as needed.

Bread is not the only product of the bread-fruit tree; from it cement, cloth, tinder and lumber are also obtained. A glutinous, milky juice oozes from the trunk of the tree, which makes an excellent cement when boiled with coconut oil. From the fibrous inner bark a kind of coarse cloth is made, and the big leaves make good towels. The lumber is light, of a rich yellow color, and is used for building houses and many other purposes. Besides all this, the dried blossoms are used as tinder when fires are kindled.—Philadelphia Times.

Buffalo Raising in Wisconsin.

Albert and Charles Huber, living a few miles south of Durand, Wis., have a herd of about twenty-five full-blood bison and some eighteen crossed bulls and heifers, bison and native cows.

About six years ago they were hunting in the western part of North Dakota and succeeded in capturing alive three young bison, a bull and two cows, and these they brought to their farm here. The animals grew and thrived amazingly, and are pastured in an enclosure of about four hundred acres, running down to the valley of Rose creek, where they have ample room and shelter. Experiments were early made with crossed breeds, and it has now been found that the cross is very successful, the half-breed combining the docility of the domestic animals with the endurance and large size of the bison. They are also very fine fur producers, and grow to maturity in less time than domestic cattle. The flesh of crossed animals is very palatable, and the fur has all the good qualities of that of the bison, and is softer and more silky. The crossed bloods can also stand far more exposure in winter than can the native cow.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Clock Ticks for Insomnia.

"For several years," said a commercial traveler, "I had never been away from home over night, when I got my present position and was compelled to travel about a great deal. At first I found it extremely difficult to go to sleep nights. I stopped at the best hotels and usually had fine rooms and good beds, but there seemed to be something the matter.

"One day I mentioned the fact to a friend, who said, 'Get a clock.' I always have a clock in my room at home, and I am accustomed to the sound of its ticking. It is curious how silent and strange a room may seem without it. That was what I wanted, a clock, and I bought one. Now, when I go to my room in a hotel usually the first thing I do is to put my clock on the mantelpiece or table. It ticks away bravely, a friendly and familiar sound, and I go to sleep without any trouble whatever."—Washington Star.

Colonel Chandler, secretary of state of Georgia, once saved the life of Neal Dow when the latter was a war prisoner in Pensacola, Fla., and an enraged mob was clamoring for his life.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Among the noteworthy announcements made at the recent medical congress at Moscow was that the lungs had recently been operated on successfully.

Electricity is used to ignite the wick of an oil lamp recently placed on the market, the battery and push button to turn on the current being mounted in the base of the lamp.

Fountain brushes for painting are made with a socket in place of a handle, and screw over the neck of a paint can, from which paint feeds through an orifice to the bristles.

Schoolboys should beware of licking pens or blots with their tongues. According to Mr. Marpmann of Leipzig there are microbes in ink, and it may be dangerous to prick the skin with a pen.

The insect which is destroying cabbage in Howard county, Maryland, has been identified as the harlequin cabbage bug. It came originally from Central America and first appeared in this country in Texas in 1866.

The lightning specialist connected with the government weather bureau maintains that rods are no protection, and that most precautions taken by people to keep out of the path of a possible electrical discharge are useless.

A scientific expedition has gone from Australia to the Ellice islands, 700 miles north of Fiji, to test Darwin's theory that coral reefs are constructed on gradually sinking islands. The expedition will make deep borings into the reefs.

Sir William Thompson calculates that the number of molecules in a cubic inch of any gas is 100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, and in each of these molecules there are several atoms moving among themselves at the rate of 70 miles a minute.

There has recently been cast by the Bethlehem Iron foundry a nickel-steel ingot weighing 222,300 pounds, said to be the largest ingot ever cast in this country. It is 16 feet 7 inches long, 74 inches in diameter, and from it will be made a 16-inch gun for coast defense.

To facilitate the transportation and preservation of hay an apparatus has been devised at Buenos Ayres for compressing it to one-tenth its normal bulk. In this form, as hay bisonits, it can be preserved dry and sound for an indefinite period, without losing its flavor or value as food.

A citizen just returned from Paris describes a very ingenious device that has been adopted there for use in cabs. It is a register that indicates the exact distance, automatically, the cab travels on a trip, and at the end displays the amount of the legal fare for that distance for the information of the passenger.

Facts in Regard to Appendicitis.

The position is taken by Dr. McBurney, in the London Medical News, that there really is no medical cure for appendicitis, even though some cases recover without operation; he considers, too, that, though appendicitis is a surgical disease, yet operation may not be necessary in every case, the fact being that this ailment is a stoppage of the drainage from the appendix to the colon, and preliminary treatment is often worse than useless. Thus the opium treatment relieves pain and discomfort, but entirely masks the symptoms at a most important time, for it is in the first twenty-four hours from the beginning of the attack that physicians can decide not only as to the diagnosis, but as to the result and course probably of the case. If, for instance, there is no increase in urgency in five or six hours, the patient is not in immediate danger if kept at perfect rest in bed; on the other hand, if in twelve hours there is still no increase in the severity of the symptoms, the patient should begin to improve. But, if the urgency of the case has steadily increased in twelve hours from the time when the diagnosis was made, an operation will probably be called for. After two attacks, a patient is sure to have a third, and each attack renders operation more difficult and dangerous; all the advantages lie with operation between the attacks, and in an operation during an acute attack the prognosis is worse.—New York Tribune.

Cheap Electric Light.

In spite of the fact that Chicago is generally associated with the idea of municipal ownership in the consideration of all questions of public lighting, it is a fact that the city depends upon central station companies for considerable current to operate street lights, particularly in the southern part of the city. Two of the companies, the People's Electric Light and Power company and the Hyde Park Electric Light and Power company, have been engaged in a spirited rate-cutting war for some time, and wherever the lines of both companies were to be found the people secured their service at a very small cost. The city controller, becoming cognizant of this fact, determined to secure some advantage for the city, and he has accordingly asked both companies to bid upon the city lighting for the district which they occupy.—Western Electrician.

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DENTIST.—Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Bango—No. 3 Canal street, HANOVER, PA.

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Dinette thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling.

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One Sq. from Depot, Littlestown, Pa.
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New House, New Furniture, Old Landlord. Up-to-date and first-class throughout.

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The bar is stocked with Choice Wines, Beer and Liquors, and fine brands of Cigars. The table is supplied with the best the market affords. Free Bus to and from trains. Extensive stabling attached to the hotel.

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Half square from either depot. Livery connected with the hotel. Drive of 20 miles with four or more, over battlefield, \$1.35, including dinner.
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LUMBER AND COAL.—The Lumber and Coal business will be continued as heretofore, with a full stock of all kinds of Lumber and Coal, which will be sold at bottom prices. Thankful for the liberal patronage given me in the past, I will endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

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Geo. A. Klingel's
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For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair Out. Razors Honed and Concealed at the Lowest Price.
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Z. S. CUSHMAN,
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Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., Also
The Best Brands of Flour,
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Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough.
Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore. Returning leaves Hiltien Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

Five million dollars are spent each year in England on the game of football.

Queen Victoria for the last year or two has manifested an inclination to direct the affairs of her own Government, much to the disgust of her Prime Minister.

The Chicago Physicians' Club has decided that "organized charity means a wild desire on the part of some people that other people should help the poor," and that the doctors generally get the heavy end of the stick.

It is claimed that the large gold fields, covering several thousands of acres in Buckingham County, Virginia, have recently been investigated by experts and that the average of the ores gives a much better percentage of gold than either the South African or Cripple Creek districts.

According to William E. Curtis, New York City is alarmed at the possibility that Chicago may capture most of the trade with the South if the proposed Chicago and Southern States exposition is held next fall. A counter demonstration is therefore being planned in Gotham. This will take the form of a monster parade of the blue and the gray. Negotiations to secure cheap excursion rates over all railroads for the masses and passes for merchants, producers, shippers, bankers and leading Grand Army of the Republic men in the South and West are being made. By these means it is expected that a big crowd can be secured and the Chicago project nullified or at least prevented from accomplishing all its promoters' anticape.

In a recent address before the Liberal Club, of Buffalo, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Labor Commissioner, made some interesting statements regarding the wealth and progress of the South. The strip of territory stretching from Pennsylvania to Alabama, Mr. Wright said, contained forty times the coal accessible to economic production and distribution that was contained in Great Britain before a pick was struck. He estimated that the production of cotton in the South is double what it was before the war; in twenty years the manufacture of pig iron has increased 1000 per cent., the railroad mileage is 150 per cent. greater now than in 1880, and the passenger traffic 500 per cent. greater, and the freight tons moved 400 per cent. larger. He says that since 1880 the Southern railroads have more than doubled their earnings, the banking capital has increased in like proportion, and the money spent in the support of schools has also been doubled.

In 1894 there were in the United States 12,731 mercantile failures. The number increased last year to 13,013, 2.2 per cent. more than the number for the previous year. The per cent. of failures during 1895 was 1.23 as compared with 1.21 for 1894 and 1.50 for 1893. The percentage of assets was fifty-five in 1895, as against fifty-three per cent. in 1894 and sixty-five in 1893. Bradstreet's, commenting on these figures, says that the "increase in business failures in 1895 contrasted with 1894 amounts to only 292, for which gains the Western, Northwestern and Middle States are responsible, they having been respectively 333, seventy-seven and sixty-four. While the increase in the total number of business failures in the Western States was apparently large—about eleven per cent.—the increase in total liabilities of failing traders did not amount to more than seven per cent., from which it may be perceived that commercial and industrial embarrassments in that region were largely among smaller concerns. It will be seen from the figures given above, observes the Atlanta Journal, that the number of failures in the South last year was much less than the number for 1894. The increase in the number for the whole country was 292, but the increase in the Northern and Western States was 472. Therefore, the South shows a decrease of 182 in the number of mercantile failures last year. This speaks remarkably well for our part of the country and is another proof that the South endured the panic better and came out from it with less injury than any other section.

AFTER MANY DAYS

I sit beside my flying loom.
I toss the shuttle to and fro;
The sunlight floods the quiet room,
Making the pattern gleam and glow.
Without, autumnal glories shine;
Through warp and woof rich shadows play—

Would God it were more fair and fine,
This web that groweth day by day!

I weave and weave till day is done—
But who will bleach the linen white,
By alchemy of rain and sun,
Hot summer noons, and dewy night?
And who its shining length will wear?
Under its fold what heart will hide
Its stress of passion, or of prayer,
Of worldless bliss, or love denied?

I plant a tree beside my gate;
Slowly it rises, fair and tall;
With prophecy of royal state
It towers above the old gray wall!
But who will see it in its prime?
What lovers seek its leafy ways?
What bard unborn, with song and rhyme,
Weds its green boughs to deathless lays?

I build a mansion wide and fair;
I rear its towers of fretted stone;
But who shall breathe its happy air?
Who call its sheltering roof his own?
What guests shall throng its chambers free?
What feet youth's joyous measures tread
When I have drained life's last red wine,
And grass grows green above my head?

On the soft air I loose a song;
From pole to pole it drifteth far;
It floateth fast, it floateth long,
Inconsequent as breezes afloat!
But who will hear it as it flies
Through shadowy spaces, vast and dim,
And lure it from the lonely skies,
When I have done with song and hymn?

—Julia C. R. Dorr, in Independent.

SELINA'S MODEL HOME.

BY SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

JOSEPH and I took a great fancy to the Mechums when they first settled down on a little place in our neighborhood.

Tom Mechum was a good-natured, easy-going soul, and his wife—they had been married about two years—was as bright and pleasant a little body as one would wish to know. I thought I'd never seen a happier or more contented young couple.

Our two families soon grew intimate; for Joseph and Tom had known each other when they were at school, and Selina's mother was second-cousin to my Aunt White's husband; so there seemed to be a sort of family relationship between us.

Well, it happened that I went to stay a couple of weeks with Cousin Betsey, who was having a trying time with her sick children; and when I came back, Selina was the first to call to see me.

I thought she looked changed somehow—restless and dissatisfied, it might be—and when I asked how she and Tom were getting along with their spring work, she answered pretty shortly.

By-and-by she says:

"Mrs. Bigger, did you ever see a book—a new publication—called the 'Woman's Model Home'?"

I had heard of it. Betsey had told me that a woman agent had been around her neighborhood, selling the book, and that when she had insisted upon Betsey's husband buying a copy, saying that with its help their home could be made a deal nicer and more genteel looking, he had replied that in his opinion a model home was one where meddlesome strangers and trashy books ought not to be admitted—on which she called him a "soulless clod," and gone off with an air.

"Trashy books, indeed!" said Selina. "Why, it's one of the most delightful as well as valuable books that a family can possess. It teaches how to make home beautiful and attractive; how to economize in cooking and household matters; and even how to make old dresses look as good as new. By following its instructions the plainest home can be made pleasant and attractive—a model home, in fact."

"And have you followed the instructions?" I asked.

"In some respects, yes; but I need help. A woman can't do everything with her own weak hands."

"Where's Tom? I should think he would help you."

Selina heaved a deep sigh.
"That's the trouble," she said. "He could help me if he would, but he doesn't appreciate my efforts, and has so little taste for the beautiful. He says he's quite satisfied with our home as it is, and calls all the pretty little knick-knacks that I have put about the house trash, and he's really so dreadfully lazy!"

"Lazy? Why, I always thought him so industrious and attentive to things. He keeps the place in such nice order."

"But when his work is over in the evenings," says Selina, "he could easily help me if he would. Instead of doing so, he prefers to sit on the porch in his shirt-sleeves, reading books and papers—the picture of laziness. And he pretends not to see me going about with hammer and nails and hoe and rake, trying to improve things and make his home attractive

and pleasant for him. And he is so obstinate! Now, for one thing, he insists upon having the pig-pen in sight of the kitchen window, that he may see that the pigs are safe; and he's got a horrid barrel under the side-spout—you can see it from the road—to catch rain water in."

"Well, I didn't know exactly what to say, but to satisfy myself about the real state of things, I went over next day to the Mechums."

I found Selina in the front garden, with a paint brush in her hand, and all sorts of things lying around.

She was painting an old iron pot bright red. It was hanging on three cross sticks, and underneath it she had set out some of those plants with pointed colored leaves, red and yellow and orange, which she told me represented flames.

She called it a gipsy kettle, and she showed me a picture of it in the "Model Home," with directions how to make it.

Then she pointed out an old wash-tub, painted green, full of a tiny little blue flower, which she said represented water. In the middle was stuck a pole, with a soap-box on top, painted blue.

In this she had planted some long, trailing moss, which was to hang down in straight lines; and she called the whole a fountain, and explained to me that the chief beauty of these decorations lay in the fact that they cost nothing—nothing except the paint and such trifles—though she did long for a cheap garden vase, such as Mrs. Martin had in her front yard. But it would cost a dollar, and she didn't like to put Tom to the expense, now that she was learning from the "Model Home" how to economize.

Just then Tom himself came around from the barnyard.

"Lina," says he, "what on earth has become of the pigs' swill-pot?"

"Why, Tom, I took it for another purpose. Just come and look at it now! Isn't it pretty?"

Tom stared at the gipsy kettle. He looked half vexed and half amused.

"It is to be filled with earth," continued Selina, "and something pretty planted in it. What do you think would be suitable?"

"Well," says Tom, slowly stroking his chin, "if it's a gipsy kettle, I should think that a dwarf-head cabbage and a lot of carrots and onions would be appropriate; and as the pot is gone, I shall have to buy me a trough."

"How much will that cost?" says I. "About a dollar or so," he answered, as he walked off.

Selina pretended not to hear, and led me into the house.

I had to stoop a little to avoid the basket of graybeard moss which she had hung in the passage, and I wondered how Tom could help upsetting the big pickle jar, all varnished and stuck over with pictures, which she had put in a corner just in front of where he kept his hat and umbrella.

And the parlor was just transformed. The pictures had flags draped over them, and there were screens in the windows; and Tom's big chair, that I knew he liked to sit in when they had company, was all fixed up with a satin tidy and bows of ribbon; and everywhere grasses and peacocks' feathers, and Japan fans spread out, and I don't know what other stuff; and Selina told me that the dining room and bed rooms were all the same way.

She had only yesterday made Tom a beautiful wisp holder out of red cloth, tacked on to a common picture frame covered with gilt paper (she showed me a picture of it in the "Model Home"); and he had said it would take him too long to get the wisp in and out, and he'd rather have it hanging on its nail.

Then she told me how she had been cooking after the recipes in the "Model Home." It taught her not to waste stale bread and other little scraps that she generally gave to the pigs and chickens. She had made a splendid pudding of half a loaf of stale bread, with plenty of milk, butter, eggs, sugar and spices. And for supper they were to have, instead of cold lamb, fairy croquettes, made of the scraps from yesterday's ham bone, mixed with eggs, milk and spice. She thought them so refined-looking; and then it was a good thing to learn to economize.

Well, after this I noticed that a sort of cloud began to gather over the Mechums. Selina was continually complaining of Tom's not helping her—of Tom's laziness and want of gratitude for all she had done to make home pleasant; and Tom took to going round now and then in the evenings to the neighbors, instead of staying at home as usual, and, of course, the people noticed it and talked, as people will.

One day as I sat knitting and thinking it all over, and wishing that something could be done to restore the old happiness at the Mechums, suddenly bright ideas flashed upon me. I didn't say a word, but put on my bonnet and stepped over to see Selina.

She was turning an old merino dress, and making it over after the directions in the "Model Home." She had bought enough silk and things to trim it up with as would almost have purchased a new dress; and had had far more trouble ripping and pressing and placing than a new one would have cost.

I was so eager to try my experiment that I began right away.

"I saw last Sunday that you'd fixed up your blue dress," says I. "Mrs. Holiday says that Tom ought to give you a new one, instead of your being forced to make over your old."

"Tom would give me whatever I asked for!" said she, in a dignified sort of way.

"Folks don't seem to think so. They think he neglects you, and puts too much work upon you. Miss Perkins says she goes by here and sees him lolling on the porch, reading, while you are working round in the garden like a slave."

She was silent at this. Her color came, and she gave a little choking gulp in her throat.

Then she said:

"Suppose he does. What has Miss Perkins got to do with it?"

"Well, people can't help seeing and talking, you know, and do say that Tom Mechum's dreadfully lazy, and no account, and that they pity you having a husband who can't appreciate you."

"I'd thank them to keep their pity for those that need it!" said Selina, very sharply. "No account, indeed! If Tom Mechum was as good for nothing as half the men about here, I would never have been his wife—not I!"

"Well, some people take his part. The other Sunday, when you and he stayed to dinner at the Browns, Miss Hannah Woods noticed that she never saw him eat so heartily before; and Sam Carter said it was because he didn't get enough to eat at home, and that that was the reason he'd been going round lately among the neighbors. Of course, it's a shameful thing to say; but people will talk."

Then how Selina did flare up!

"I never heard of such impertinence. What could induce Sam Carter to say such an outrageous thing?"

"Why, there was something about your making dishes out of scraps, or something of that sort. Hannah Woods said that she went in for good, fresh, wholesome victuals, and plenty of it. And then somebody remarked that if Tom Mechum had married Hannah—you know they used to tease her about him—he would have been in the right place. And Hannah's cousin, Mrs. Brown, said she always thought that Tom and you wouldn't get on very well together—you're so different in your tastes and ways. Tom goes for real comfort, and you like to make a little show and have things pretty around you. She said she felt sorry for you both."

"Mrs. Brown is a fool," burst out Selina; "and as for Hannah Woods, everybody knows that she did her best to catch Tom, and he despised her. Tom marry that great, coarse woman! And Tom and I not suited to each other, and not happy together! Why, he's the kindest, most affectionate husband a woman ever had, and there's not a thing he would not do for me if I asked him."

She was so excited, angry and mortified, that I thought I'd gone far enough. So I folded up my knitting and went home, and took care not to go near the Mechums again for some time.

They were at church the next Sunday—Selina in a brand-new dress. She looked around, a little flushed and distant, at the neighbors; but Tom looked happy and good-natured, as usual, and was mighty kind in his ways to her.

And when I went over, a day or two after, I found the gipsy kettle gone back to the pig-pen, and the pickle-jar disappeared from the passage, and the ribbon bows from Tom's parlor chair. I happened to ask to look at the "Model Home" for a pattern for a wall-pocket, and Selina said she had put away the book in the attic, but she would find it, and send it to me next day.

Tom has moved the pig-pen out of sight of the kitchen window, and would have moved the barrel, but his wife proposed, instead, to make a simple honeysuckle screen in front of it, which, to my idea, is far prettier than the gipsy kettle and the fountain.

I told Joseph of my experiment and its success. He says I had no business to meddle in other people's affairs, or to go round telling a woman what the neighbors say about her. But if I can prevent a great evil by the timely application of a lesser one, I think I am justified in doing it. And then the neighbors are well enough disposed to the Mechums, though some of them do talk, and Selina is good-natured—so it will all be right after awhile.—Saturday Night.

New Department of Science.

There is no end to modern invention. Physicians are now using electricity in a large variety of ways. Electrotherapy is a department of science that is likely to result in great benefit to mankind. For instance, a doctor locates a disease by means of electricity. He turns on the light, and a man's body is illuminated. But he is not satisfied with that, for when he knows just where the trouble is situated he puts an electrode there, charged with the required medicine, and when the current is on it carries the particles of the drug with it. This discovery opens up a large field, and our wide awake physicians are exploring it with immense success.—New York Press.

A FRAGMENT.

Should flickle hands in far-off days
No longer stroke thy hair,
And lips that once were proud to praise
Forget to call thee fair,
Sigh but my name and though I be
Mute in the churchyard mold
I will arise and come to thee
And worship as of old.

And should I meet the wrinkled brow
Or find the silver tress,
What were't to me, it would be thou—
I could not love thee less.
'Gainst love time wages bootless strife
What now is would be then;
The cry that brought me back to life
Would make thee thou young again.

—Alfred Austin.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A lady's man—The new woman.
A blessing in disguise is only half a blessing.

A cynic is a man who is satisfied with his dissatisfaction.

Madge—"Why did you paint your wheel black?" Kate—"Dear me, didn't you know I was in mourning?"—Puck.

He—"If I could but be installed in your heart as—" She—"My heart is no installment house."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He—"Why do they call women the fair sex?" She—"To distinguish them from the unfair sex, no doubt."—Roxbury Gazette.

Teacher—"Suppose you were a king, Tommy, what would you do?" Tommy—"I'd never have to wash my face any more."—Texas Siftings.

Reggy (quoting Hamlet)—"If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool." Maude—"Oh, Tom, this is so sudden."—New York Evening World.

"Gussie, why did you refuse Smithett? Did he show the cloven foot?" "No, but he showed the cloven breath."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Teacher—"What is the chief end of man?" Pupil—"The barber thinks it is the head, but the bootblack thinks it is the feet."—Boston Transcript.

The Thin One—"Dear me, you are losing all your outlines." The Fat One—"And you are getting to be nothing else."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Snoppleigh—"Is it any trouble to you to show goods?" Mr. Cashcall—"No, ma'am. But it's a good deal of trouble to sell them sometimes."—New York Herald.

In the Restaurant: Waiter—"What shall I get for you?" Professor (absent-minded, reading the bill of fare)—"I am busy now; ask me after dinner."—Fliegende Blaetter.

He—"Yes, I was out sleighing. And froze all my fingers." She (who wasn't along)—"I don't see how a young man can get the fingers on both hands frozen."—Indianapolis Journal.

Squidly—"What doctor did poor Jaysmith have?" McSwilligen—"He had two of them. One was Dr. D., but I forgot the name of his accomplice."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegram.

Miss Passeur—"I understand you do handsome work and make very pretty pictures." Photographer—"Yes, miss; but I could make a natural likeness of you, if you prefer it."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Henry Peck—"Bah! I only married you because I pitied you when nobody else thought anything about you." Mr. Henry Peck (wearily)—"Ah, well, dear, everybody pities me now."—Tunch.

Dealer—"This violin, madam, is a Stradivarius. It is nearly 200 years old." Mrs. Newrich—"You don't suppose I would take that? I can afford the latest style, let me tell you."—Philadelphia Record.

Would-be Cyclist—"I thought you said that after twelve lessons of an hour each I should know how to ride." Cycling Instructor—"So you would, sir, if you hadn't spent the best part of the time on the ground."—Fit-Bits.

"Miss Birdie," faltered young Moore, "is there any hope for me? Do you think you could ever learn to—?" Then Birdie said, mockingly: "Never, Moore! And the youth went away ravin' mad."—Chicago Tribune.

Novel Reading by Proxy: Baroness (to lady companion)—"The beginning of this novel is horribly dull. Have the goodness, Fraulein Brockhardt, to read the first two or three chapters for me; I will then go on with the fourth."—Feierabend.

She—"Do you see that man who has been staring at me for quite an hour?" George (with blood boiling)—"The scoundrel! Shall I go and—give him my card?" She (shyly)—"No, go and—give him mine."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Remember that politeness always pays, my boy," said the benevolent old gentleman to the bootblack, "Mebbe," replied the practical boy, "but I'd rather have a nickel than a 'thank ye' for blacking shoes."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegram.

Wife—"I can remember the time when you followed me wherever I went; now you do not care to go anywhere with me. I never thought that your love would so soon grow cold." "Nonsense! A man doesn't run for a street car after he has caught it."—Boston Transcript.

SOUTH AFRICA'S GATEWAY

CAPE TOWN AND ITS CURIOUS MIXTURE OF INHABITANTS.

The Portal Which Leads to the Land of Gold—The Noble Zulu and the Loathsome Hottentot.

WHILE famous explorers, Livingston, Stanley, De Brazza and others, have plunged into the heart of Darkest Africa, and have returned with wondrous tales of endless forests, Nations of pigmies and other strange things, as yet no explorer has given an adequate report of what may justly be termed Brightest Africa. We have heard much of cannibals and the fearful rites indulged in by savages; but, strange to say, writers have been comparatively silent upon the country stretching from Cape Town north to the Zambesi River. It is true that trade papers and even magazines have published statistics concerning this land, but little or nothing has been said of its characteristics, its inhabitants and their idiosyncrasies.

Yet that same Brightest Africa is richer in legend, and far richer in the gifts of nature than many a country better known to fame and history. It has diamonds, gold, sheep and cattle, iron, silver, coal, asbestos, magnificent seaports, great wheat growing districts, vineyards that groan under the weight of their fruit—everything, almost, that can be desired, except civilization; and for that it has little use until its resources are further developed.

Just why the discoverer of the point of land lying between Cape Town and Simonstown christened it the Cape of Good Hope is somewhat of a mystery, unless it be hope for the ultimate reformation of that part of the world. As for Cape Town itself, it looks truly beautiful at a distance, but a closer acquaintance dispels the illusion. It is rather picturesquely situated at the foot of Table Mountain—so called, perhaps, because it does not resemble a table—and at a distance looks like a self-respecting town containing proper, church-going people, with civilized instincts. The dominating feature in a long distance view is the green effect, due to the number of trees. The town stretches over a distance of about three miles and ends in salt marshes toward the west. The eastern end is lost somewhere in the direction of the Indian Ocean, but no one with any social aspirations lives there. In one corner is the bay, which affords good anchorage and is splendidly protected by a breakwater, built by convict labor. At a distance Cape Town resembles nothing so much as a Swiss town, with its many cottages built on the slope of Table Mountain. The whole effect gives rise to feelings of pleasant anticipation; the realization is doubly bitter.

The closer one gets to Cape Town the more completely is the illusion dispelled. Intimacy with Cape Town is only conducive to disgust, for a great part of the town is so filthy and vile as to be fit only for Malays and Kaffirs.

Cape Town is subject to wind storms, which blow in all directions at once, and have an unpleasant habit of gathering up dust and depositing half a street full in your ears and nostrils. These wind storms are often accompanied by tremendous falls of rain, and give the place a very unpleasant climate. In fact, one can get half a dozen climates a day in Cape Town.

You can find any Nationality in Cape Town, for it is the Mecca to which all sorts of adventurers, and the scum of the earth generally are drifting from everywhere. You can find every walk of life represented; but no matter where you go you will find the one predominating trait—the greed for gold.

Human beings would not go to Cape Town unless there was a strong magnet to attract them. Gold is that magnet; and as the gold is not to be obtained in Cape Town itself there is a constant migration through the town northward—so that while the arrivals number a hundred thousand and even more a year, the population never gets above 40,000. The greater part of this population consists of whites, but many are darker than our octoroons, and many could not honestly say that they are pure blooded Caucasians. These are called Afrikanders, and are proud to be known as such. They are physically a fine race, but mentally they are below par.

Next in point of numbers come the Malays. The men are under sized, bilious looking and insignificant. The women are superb. Their skin is of a velvety yellow, and their hair as black as night and of a texture fine as unspun flax. Their features are of a Caucasian cast, their figure supple, graceful and well developed. The men wear European clothes with turbans on their heads. The women wear loose flowing gowns, consisting of bright colored silks wound tightly around their bodies.

Next to the Malay come the native tribes. There are some 1200 of them, and they are known by the generic name of Kaffir. The Zulu is a gentleman by birth; his skin is brown, but beneath it can be seen coursing the red blood of a pure and noble race. In his eyes shines the intelligence of

the child of nature—he is a child in more ways than one. The Zulu is one of the noblest animals that nature created. He is honest, virtuous, courageous, self-respecting, obedient when necessity arises, faithful unto death and always knows his place.

How different is the Hottentot. The Hottentot is to the Zulu what the Turk is to the American—the name of all that civilization loathes and despises.

The smallest part of the population of Cape Town is made up of foreigners, many of whom have gone there for the good of their respective countries. Much of the retail business is in the hands of the Malays. The Kaffirs are the servants, and their masters treat them little better than slaves, paying them about \$3 a month, and furnishing food and a piece of bare board for a bed.

Cape Town is the seat of the Government of the Cape Colony, and contains the houses of Parliament and the Governor's residence. The Governor is appointed by the Foreign Office in London. The Parliament consists of an upper and lower house, antagonistic to each other. They have, however, found a master of late in the person of Cecil Rhodes. The houses of Parliament where he rules are situated in the Botanical Gardens in the upper part of the city, and are the finest buildings in Cape Town. They are three-story red brick, and are still large enough to contain Mr. Rhodes.

The one interesting thing about Cape Town is Table Mountain. It rises abruptly and perpendicularly behind the town, towering up into the clouds 1500 feet above the level of the sea. From its summit, which can be reached by an easy incline through the Lion's Kloof (gully), or by a perilous ascent up its almost perpendicular front facing the sea, a magnificent view rewards the climber. To the south and west reaches the Southern Atlantic, green and forbidding in aspect; to the east lies the Indian Ocean, with its legends of the Flying Dutchman and its pirates; to the north are seen the undulating hills that lead to the land of diamonds and of gold—that bourne to which every traveler is drawn, upon which all hopes are centered, where marvelous fortunes have been made and lost, where the strangest comedies and tragedies have been played—the region upon which the entire future of Brightest Africa depends.—New York Recorder.

City Tree Destroyer.

How many New Yorkers know that the metropolis possesses, pays for and encourages what is officially known as a tree destroyer? Never heard of him, eh? Yet he exists, or rather, he grows stouter in person and purse day by day as the desire for extending the business interests of the city increases. The individual who has the disreputable reputation of ignoring Longfellow's appeal of "Woodman, spare that tree," is connected with the Bureau of Incumbrances, and judging from the rapid demolition and disappearance of stately oaks, stout limbed elms and majestic spruce throughout the city, he has an active and capable corps of assistants in his heaving occupation.

His field of harvest might be extended even now to the upper district were it not that there is a sort of check on his doings. That is to say, he is not permitted to cut down at random every tree that he happens to sight on his marauding expeditions. There must be a formal complaint made, personally or through letter to the Board of Incumbrances, before any tree can be razed. A complaint from the resident of some street reaches the bureau, calling attention to the fact that a certain tree is a menace to life and property in the neighborhood. The complaint is sometimes signed by the initials of the complainant, but it receives the official cognizance of the bureau, nevertheless. Invariably the tree occupies a majestic site in front of some house whose owner values its presence. This being the case, the official tree destroyer and his suite meet with a pretty cold reception when they come along and present the complaint. There are records of where owners have pulled off their coats and inaugurated a genuine hand-to-hand battle. Then the limb of the law is brought into activity and the limbs of the tree come down.

Public safety demands the services of the official tree destroyer, and he receives \$3.50 for every tree he chops down. "It's a very profitable business, too," said one of the destroyers to-day.—New York Mail and Express.

Survived a Bullet in His Lung.

A man with a bullet hole through his left lung is living in Milton, Ind., and is fast recovering from the injury, which all the doctors thought would result in his death within a few days of his receiving it. His name is Joseph Revellee. Last February he was shot in a quarrel, the bullet piercing his left lung. For several days he was apparently at the point of death, and the doctors said he could not recover. But after a week or so he began to improve, and now, though still in hospital, is said to be on the way to certain recovery. The injured lung has hardened, and the heart has been pushed slightly out of place.—New York Sun.

WISE WORDS.

We enjoy ourselves only in our work—in our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment.

When people attempt the habits of angels, it is very easy for them to disgust ordinary mortals.

Some men are like some dogs; they are only fit to hunt deer, and there are no deer in the country.

How often events, by chance and unexpectedly, come to pass, which you had not dared to hope for.

How it does hurt us all to find out that we are not of as much consequence as we had supposed we were.

There is nothing that a man can less afford to leave at home than his conscience or his good habits.

It is an easy matter to get your fellowmen to speak well of you; all you have to do is lie down and die.

Every occasion will catch the sense of the vain man, and with that bridle and saddle you may ride him.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.

There are people who cannot distinguish between the notoriety itch and a real desire to reform something.

General abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it man is blind—it is the eye of reason.

There are so many funny people in the world that it finally occurs to a man that maybe he is funny himself.

True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses what one might be capable of doing before all the world.

Public sentiment powerfully restrains men from doing wrong; but, when they have done wrong, sets itself as powerfully against them.

If we must accept fate, we are not the less compelled to assert liberty, the significance of the individual, the grandeur of duty, the power of character.—The South-West.

Origin of Jingo.

The origin of the word "jingo" is interesting at this time, when one is confronted with it so often. At the time of the close of the Russo-Turkish war, which, as all readers of history know, terminated so disastrously for the Turks, and caused a feeling of apprehension in England that the Russians were bent on taking Constantinople and ultimate dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, a change which could not be tolerated, the public feeling found expression in England upon the stage in pantomimes and in the music halls by numerous patriotic songs. One of these was as follows:

"The dogs of war are loose, and the rugged Russian bear, Full bent on blood and robbery, has crawled out of his lair. It seems a thrashing now and then will never help to tame That brute, and so he's out upon the same old game. The lion did his best to give him some excuse To crawl back to his den again—all efforts were no use. He hungered for his victim, he's pleased when blood is shed, But let us hope his sins may recoil on his own head."

Chorus: "We don't want to fight, but, by jingo, if we do, We've got the men, we've got the ships; we've got the money, too. We fought the bear before, and while we're Britons true The Russians shall not have Constantinople."

The song became most popular and was heard on every street corner, from every organ grinder, and was whistled by every bootblack. Shortly after this the election campaign began, in which Gladstone, the head of the Liberals, attacked the Tory party, then led by the Earl of Beaconsfield, who was in power. The Tory foreign policy was ridiculed, and they were stigmatized by the Liberals as "the party of bloodshed, glory and jingo."

From the time of this election campaign, which resulted in the defeat of the Tories and the accession of the "peace party," Gladstone's 1883 administration, the word "jingo" has been used to denote an individual or section of a party ready to rush, without mature consideration, into all the horrors of war.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Hunts up a Congregation.

After studying for some time the problem of how to get the people into his church, and after trying a number of old schemes, a Methodist minister of Thompsonville, Mich., hit on the not altogether novel idea of going to the people who would not come to him. He went into the principal saloon in the town and preached an eloquent sermon to the crowd about the bar, and has since been following up this practice, undisturbed by the owner of the places in which he pitches his pulpit.

Chinese Artillery and Dinner.

It is the custom of the best Chinese artillerymen to go to dinner punctually as the hour strikes, even in the middle of an engagement. The better-disciplined sailors do not leave their guns, but they growl horribly if their meal hour finds them unavoidably engaged. The men are cool enough to eat leisurely with shell flying round them.—Blackwood's Magazine.

ROYAL FIGHT AT SEA.

Elephants Indulge Their Angry Passions on Board an Ocean Steamer.

William Newman, known as "Elephant Bill," arrived yesterday on the Hamburg-American liner Persia, with seven of the smallest elephants known to be in captivity.

"I went to London last May," Newman said, "with the two big elephants, Juno and Modoc, and left them with Kralffy, for his show. After I saw that they were well behaved I started out to get small elephants and I got them beauties, every one. I have seven that I picked up in Hamburg. They are worth \$25,000. They are from one and a half to twelve years old and from three and a half to five and a half feet high. The darling of the lot is Baby Ruth. She is the youngest and the smallest and is as gentle and playful as a kitten. The only others that are named are Pilot and Albert, the two males of the herd. They are bounding young fellows, weigh about 3,500 pounds each and have no affection for each other."

"We had them all in a great box stall between decks, each chained by the foot to the floor. Everything went peaceably and quietly with them until the 21st, when all at once we heard most vicious trumpeting in the stall and then I knew that something had given away. I called my helper and some of the sailors, opened the stall door and found my seven pets in an uproar, and Pilot and Albert pummeling each other in the most approved jungle style. They were both loose and were slashing at each other with their trunks and battering away with their heads. Before we could separate them they had banged their heads together two or three times and made a noise that could be heard all over the ship. We had to take pitchforks and iron rods to separate them, and, even though they were small, it was no easy matter. When we would think we had them in control they would break away again and crash their heads together in a way that would make the stall tremble and start all the others trumpeting again. We had a hard time of it before we got them chained. Their fight and anger made them somewhat dyspeptic, I think, for a time they did not care to eat, but simply snapped their little eyes at each other as much as to say: 'You just wait till next time.'"—New York Times.

Within 100 Years.

The total Indian population at this time, according to estimates made by the officials of the Indian Bureau, is 248,253, exclusive of the Indians of Alaska. In 1820, before the annexation of Texas and Mexico, the estimated Indian population of the country was 400,000. In 1855 the number was said to be 350,000 and the same estimate is made for 1871. The most rapid decline in numbers has been in the last quarter of a century. The fact that the Cherokees and Chippewas, both comparatively powerful tribes, have actually increased in numbers makes the decrease in the other tribes all the more remarkable.

It is believed that the principal loss has been among the Sioux and other tribes of the Northwest. More than two-thirds of the total number, or 237,478, in 1871 were on the reservations. At the beginning of 1895 the number on the reservations had been decreased to 133,417, or about one-third of the total number. Less than 30,000 of these are self-supporting, the Federal Government issuing supplies to most of them. If the rate of decrease which has been maintained for the last quarter of a century or so be continued there will not be a single full-blooded Indian in the country, except possibly in dime museums, by the end of the twentieth century.

A Dangerous Passage in the Rhone.

Below Viviers the Rhone breaks out from its broad upper valley into its broader lower valley through the Defile of Donzere. Here the foot hills of the Alps and the foot hills of the Cevennes come together, and behind this natural dam there must have been anciently a great lake which extended to the northward of where now is Valence. The defile is a veritable canyon that would be quite in place in Sierra Madre. On each side of the sharply narrowed river the walls of rock rise to a sheer height of 200 feet. The rush of the water is tumultuous. In midstream, surrounded by eddies and swirling waves, is the Roche des Anglais, against which the beat of a luckless party of English travelers struck and was shattered a hundred years ago. Indeed, so dangerous was this passage held to be of old, when faith was stronger and boats were weaker than in our day of skepticism and compound engines, that it was customary to tie up at the head of the defile and pray for grace to come through it safely; but nowadays (with one same practical result) they put extra men at the tiller and clap on more steam.—Century.

For a Clean, Easy Shave
or a Fashionable Hair Cut
—GO TO THE—
Center Square Tonsorial Parlor,
In the Eagle Hotel Building.
Harry Kehn, Barber.

Professional Cards.

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DENTIST.
Hanover St., near Center Square,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Graduate of University of Maryland. Teeth
extracted without pain. Artificial teeth fitted
by all the latest improved methods. Filling
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Dr. H. ROSS BLACK,
DENTIST.—Office in rooms formerly occupied
by the late Dr. Faber Bange—No. 5 Car-
leisle street, HANOVER, PA.

Dr. Wm. HOLLINGER,
DENTIST. Office and Residence,
ABINGSTOWN, PA.
Will be at Sunday's hotel, New Oxford, every
Wednesday. All the latest appliances. 23jun05

WM. McCLEAN. WM. ARCH McCLEAN
Late Pres. Judge.
WM. & WM. ARCH McCLEAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
west side of Baltimore street, third door from
Center Square.

J. L. KENDLEHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Lately
practicing in Philadelphia, has removed to Get-
tysburg, and resumed practice in the several
courts of Adams county. Office on Baltimore
street, opposite the court house, in the room
recently occupied by the Hon. S. Mc Swope. All
legal business promptly and carefully attended
to.

WM. HERSH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collo-
cations and all legal business promptly at-
tended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposit-
e court house, in room lately occupied by Hon. S.
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S. S. NEELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
on York street, next door to Gettysburg Na-
tional Bank. 19oct04

WM. McSHERRY, JR.,
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county, Pa. Will cheerfully and promptly at-
tend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office
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J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Span-
gler building on Baltimore street. Prompt at-
tention given to settlement of estates of deced-
ents, minors, etc.; also to conveying, liens and
collections.

J. A. KITZMILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
Gettysburg, Pa. Office on second floor of Span-
gler building on Baltimore street. Will prompt-
ly attend to collections and all other business
entrusted to him.

G. J. BENNER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
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pied by Dr. Brennehan's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

NATIONAL HOTEL, New Oxford,
GEORGE H. LITTLE, Proprietor.
All modern conveniences. Cheapest wines,
liquors and cigars. Beautiful lawn and shade
trees. Ample stabling. Moderate rates. Pitt
street, convenient to depot.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford,
GEORGE SUNDAY, Proprietor.
House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The
bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and
cigars, while the table will be supplied with the
choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample
stabling. 24jan05

WASHINGTON HOUSE, Gettysburg,
ELIAS FISSEL, Proprietor.
The Hotel has lately been improved and refit-
ted. Parlors on second floor. Restaurant con-
nected with the hotel where everything in sea-
son will be furnished to gentlemen on the first
floor and ladies on the second floor. Bar stocked
with all new goods. First-class hostler will take
best care of transient horses. Opposite W. M.
Depot, one square from P. & O.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Littlestown.
JAS. W. OCKER, Proprietor.
Centrally located, being on the northwest cor-
ner of the Diamond. Large sample rooms.
Heated throughout. Terms moderate.

HOTEL GETTYSBURG,
Located on Centre Square, where McClellan
House formerly stood, Gettysburg, Pa.
H. & D. K. MILLER, Proprietors.
Headquarters League American Whistman.
Headquarters of Capt. Jas. T. Long, guide and
delineator. Steam heat, electric light and
call bells. A first-class livery attached to hotel.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Gettysburg.
Second door from Court House.
Having purchased, remodeled and refitted the
above well known Central Hotel, I take plea-
sure in asking you to call and give me a trial.
Special rates to jurors and those attending
court. Satisfaction guaranteed, as I am con-
fident that you will again patronize me after
giving me a trial. Table supplied with all the
market affords. Respectfully,
JAMES O. McAVITT, Proprietor.

HOTEL COLUMBUS, McSherrytown,
J. H. McMaster, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in
every respect. Convenient to all business
places. Large sample rooms, good stabling
and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

NATIONAL HOTEL, Littlestown.
GEO. W. RIFFLE OF J. PROMETON;
At the railroad on Baltimore street. First-class
in every respect. Convenient to all the busi-
ness places. Large sample rooms, good stabling
and attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE

Z. S. CUSHMAN,
At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER ST.
NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all
kinds of

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats,
Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,
Chop, &c., &c.

The Best Brands of Flour,
Course and Fine Salt, etc.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their ad-
vantage to give him a call. Free delivery to
any part of the borough.

Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday
afternoon for Baltimore. Returning leaves
Hilton Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m.
All orders left with him will receive prompt
attention.

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Geo. A. Klingel's
Barber - Shop,
For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair
Cut. Razors Honed and Concealed at
the Lowest Price.
Shop AT POST OFFICE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD

FRIDAY EVENING, DEC. 24, 1897.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.—If your friends or neighbors are suffering from coughs, colds, sore throat, or any throat or lung disease including consumption, ask them if they have ever tried Otto's Cure. This famous German remedy is having a large sale here and is performing some wonderful cures of throat and lung diseases. E. G. Livingston will give you a sample bottle free. No matter what other medicines have failed to do, try Otto's Cure. Large size 25 and 50 cents.

Pittsburg Miners Postpone Action.
Pittsburg, Dec. 22.—The joint convention of coal operators and miners of the Pittsburg district, which met here yesterday to fix a rate for mining for the ensuing year, decided to postpone the matter of a rate for this district pending the outcome of a movement for an interstate convention, at which a uniform rate for Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois would be fixed. The convention was one of the largest ever held in this city.

Spain Honors Dr. Zertucha.
Havana, Dec. 21.—Dr. Zertucha, who was the physician of the late General Antonio Maceo, has been appointed mayor of Bejucal, this province. Dr. Zertucha is believed to have lured Maceo, the insurgent general, to his death.

Walked 597 Miles to Be Rejected.
Topeka, Kan., Dec. 22.—Reuben Lane walked on crutches from Barnsborough, Pa., to Topeka, a distance of 597 miles, to marry Mrs. Eliza Ann Parker. When he arrived here she refused to have him. He has employed a lawyer and will commence action for breach of promise. He is a widower, 33 years old. She is a widow, 40 years old. They became engaged through a matrimonial agency. It took Lane 36 days to make the trip.

Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 22.—Right Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, who was elected bishop of the Episcopal diocese of central Pennsylvania on Nov. 10, yesterday notified Rev. James F. Powers, chairman of the notification committee, of his acceptance of the new charge. Bishop Talbot has been missionary bishop of Wyoming and Idaho for more than ten years. Several years ago he declined to become bishop of Georgia.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 21.—William Leibold, the 18-year-old boy who was on Sunday convicted of forging the name of Charles B. Grubb to 67 checks, and of issuing the same, was yesterday sentenced to the Huntingdon reformatory. Judge Brubaker, in sentencing Leibold, said he could be sent to the penitentiary for five years on each of the 134 indictments under which he was convicted, or a maximum of 570 years.

Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 22.—The mangled body of James Scott, a traveling salesman of the nursery firm of S. D. Willard & Co., of Geneva, N. Y., was found on the track of the Lancaster and Quarryville road in this city. Both arms were cut off, and one side of his body was sliced away by the wheels of a train, which had struck him. It is supposed, while he was trying to board it. Scott was about 50 years of age, and has a family living here.

THE PRODUCE MARKETS

As Reflected by Dealings in Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Philadelphia, Dec. 21.—Flour quiet; winter superfine, \$3.25; do. extra, \$3.25; do. Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.10; do. straight, \$4.40; do. western winter, clear, \$4.10; do. straight, \$4.50; do. city mill, extra, \$3.30; do. Rye flour sold in a small way at \$2.50; do. for choice Pennsylvania, Wheat firm, No. 2 red, spot, 98% 99% 100%; No. 2 Pennsylvania and No. 2 Delaware red, spot, 98% 99% 100%; Corn dull; No. 2 yellow, 33c; No. 2 mixed, 33% 34c; Oats quiet and steady; No. 2 white, 29c; No. 2 white, clipped, 29c; No. 1 white, clipped, 30c. Hay in fair demand for desirable grades; Beef firm; beef hams, for large sales; family, 11c 12c. Lard \$22. Fork quiet; family, 11c 12c. Butter easier; western creamery, 15c 22c; do. steady; western creamery, 15c 22c; do. factory, 12c 17c; Elgin, 22c; imitation creamery, 13c 18c; New York dairy, 13c 20c; do. creamery, 15c 21c. Cheese steady; large, white and colored, September, 8c; small do. do., September, 9c 10c; light skims, 6c 7c; part skims, 4c 5c; full skims, 3c 4c. Eggs steady; New York and Pennsylvania, 21c 24c; western, fresh, 20c 23c.

Baltimore, Dec. 21.—Flour inactive; western superfine, \$2.70; do. extra, \$3.35; do. 4.10; do. family, \$4.40; do. 4.65; winter wheat, patent, \$4.50; do. 4.70; spring do., \$4.50; do. 4.70; do. 4.80; do. 4.90; do. 5.00; do. 5.10; do. 5.20; do. 5.30; do. 5.40; do. 5.50; do. 5.60; do. 5.70; do. 5.80; do. 5.90; do. 6.00; do. 6.10; do. 6.20; do. 6.30; do. 6.40; do. 6.50; do. 6.60; do. 6.70; do. 6.80; do. 6.90; do. 7.00; do. 7.10; do. 7.20; do. 7.30; do. 7.40; do. 7.50; do. 7.60; do. 7.70; do. 7.80; do. 7.90; do. 8.00; do. 8.10; do. 8.20; do. 8.30; do. 8.40; do. 8.50; do. 8.60; do. 8.70; do. 8.80; do. 8.90; do. 9.00; do. 9.10; do. 9.20; do. 9.30; do. 9.40; do. 9.50; do. 9.60; do. 9.70; do. 9.80; do. 9.90; do. 10.00; do. 10.10; do. 10.20; do. 10.30; do. 10.40; do. 10.50; do. 10.60; do. 10.70; do. 10.80; do. 10.90; do. 11.00; do. 11.10; do. 11.20; do. 11.30; do. 11.40; do. 11.50; do. 11.60; do. 11.70; do. 11.80; do. 11.90; do. 12.00; do. 12.10; do. 12.20; do. 12.30; do. 12.40; do. 12.50; do. 12.60; 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